A. N. C.

MAY

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

1935
GARDEN

ARTICLES

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FRANK C. HANIGHEN
JOHN GUNTHER
W. BERAN WOLFE, M.D.
MAJOR PAUL BROWN
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LAWTON MACKALL
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MANUEL KOMROFF
ALVAH C. BESSIE
LOUIS PAUL
FRANZ HOELLERING
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BURNHAM CARTER
KING VIDOR

POETRY

E. E. CUMMINGS

SATIRE

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STACY JONES
ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

SPORTS

ROBERT S. DOWST
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RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
JAY IRVING
GEORGE PETTY
TY MAHON
ROLAND COE
ABNER DEAN
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(COVER)

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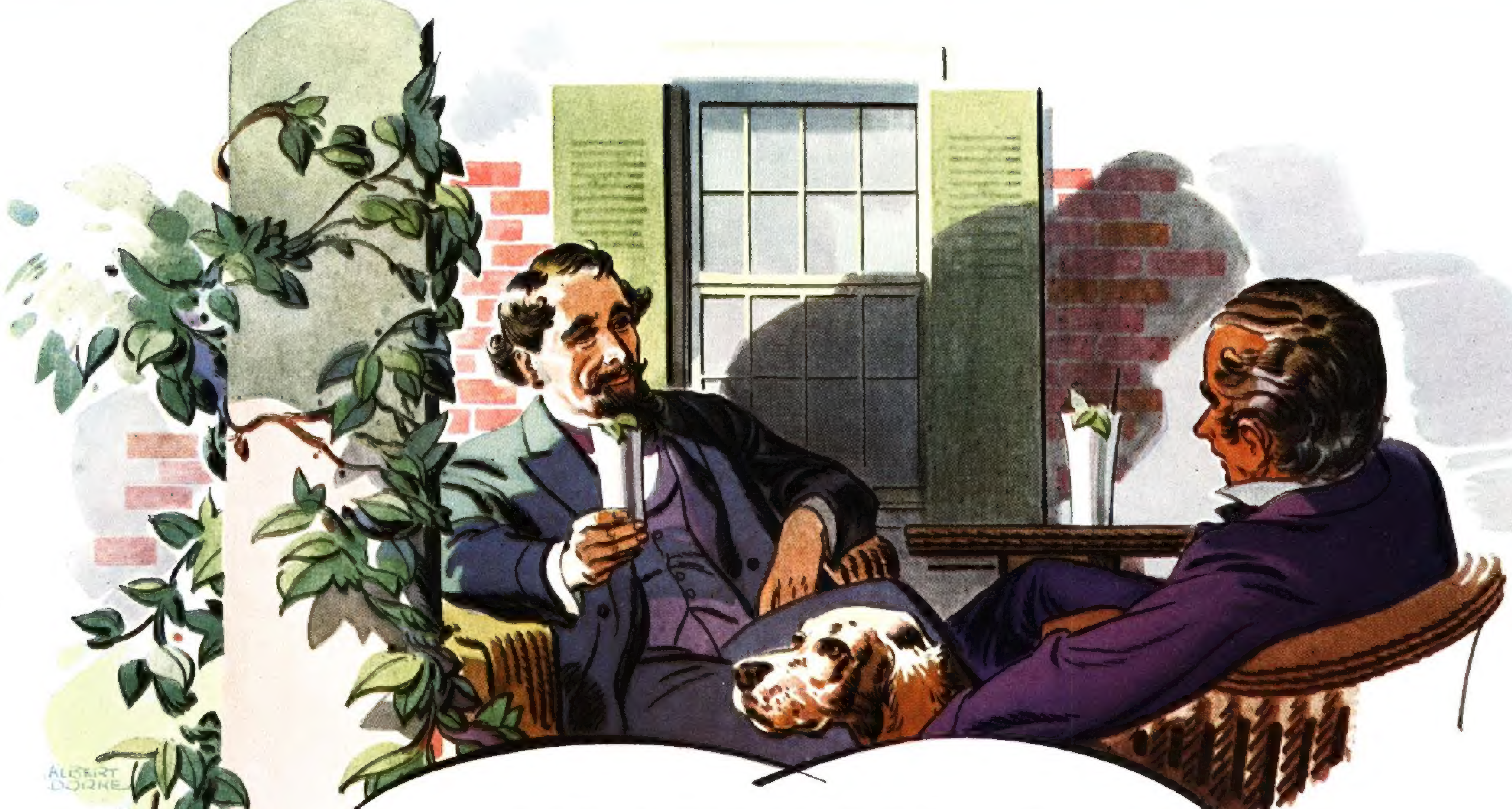
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS



FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER
HE VISITED BALTIMORE

CHARLES DICKENS REMEMBERED "THAT FLOWERY JULEP"

A deep and lasting friendship grew up between Washington Irving and Charles Dickens, during the years that the American writer lived in England.

Naturally, then, Irving sought to show his friend the hospitality of America when Dickens visited here.

And among the wonders with which he chose to charm his visitor was a famous Maryland Rye by the name of Mount Vernon.

That was in 1842. And fourteen years later the memory of its excellence was so vivid that Dickens wrote:

"My dear Irving: If you knew how often I write to you individually and personally in my books, you would be no more surprised in seeing this note than you were in seeing me do my duty to that flowery Julep (in what I dreamily apprehend to have been a former state of existence) at Baltimore."

• • •

In modern America, also, the memory of Mount Vernon's goodness has lived through fourteen arid years. And now something better than reminiscence has come true. Mount Vernon, itself, distilled in Baltimore just as it was in the days of Charles Dickens, can again grace your table, and lend its rich and memorable quality to hospitality.

Mount Vernon

Bottled in Bond Rye Whiskey

This Emblem NATIONAL DISTILLERS *Protects You*

©1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Baltimore, Md.

ESQUIRE
May, 1935

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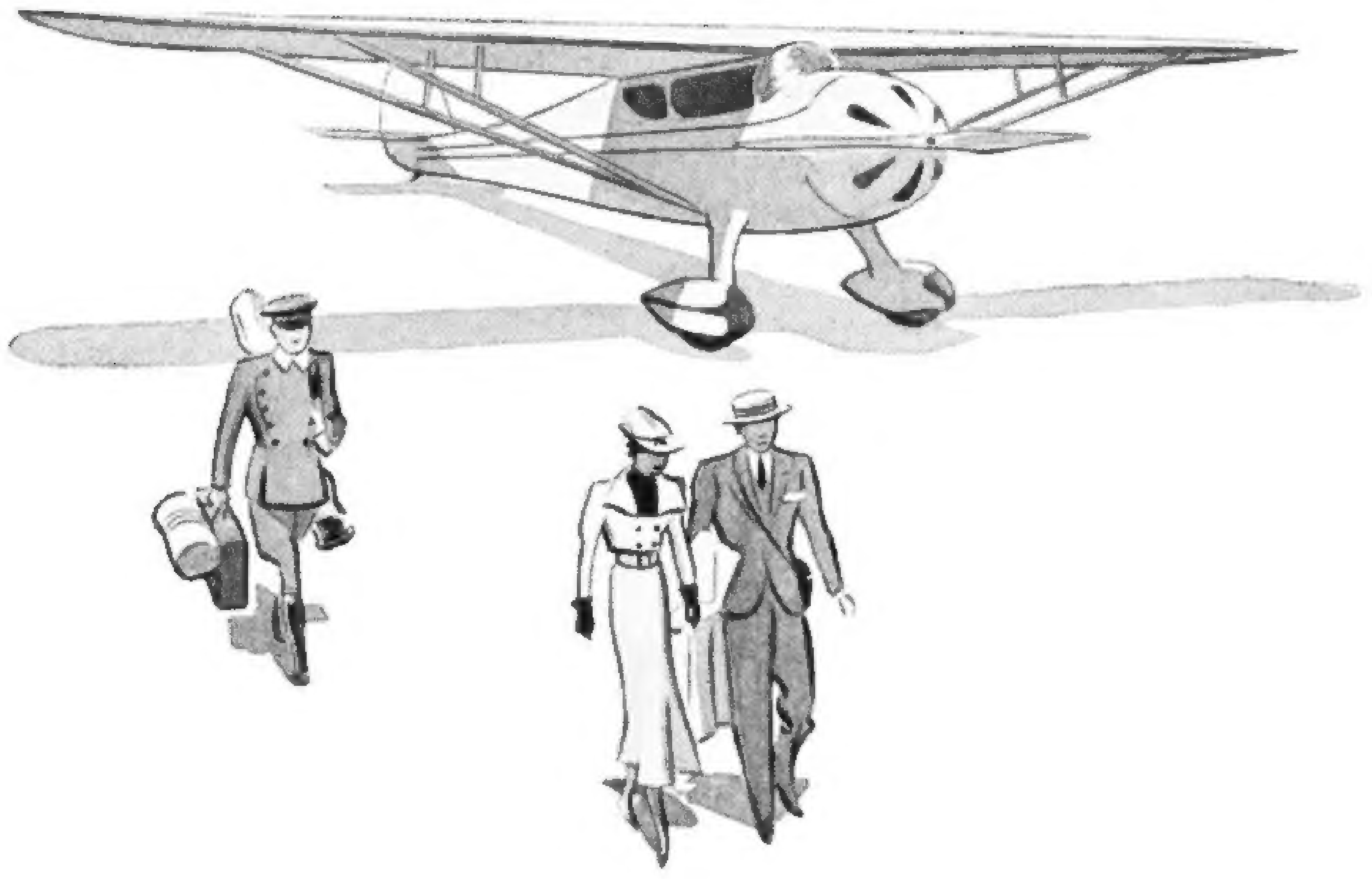
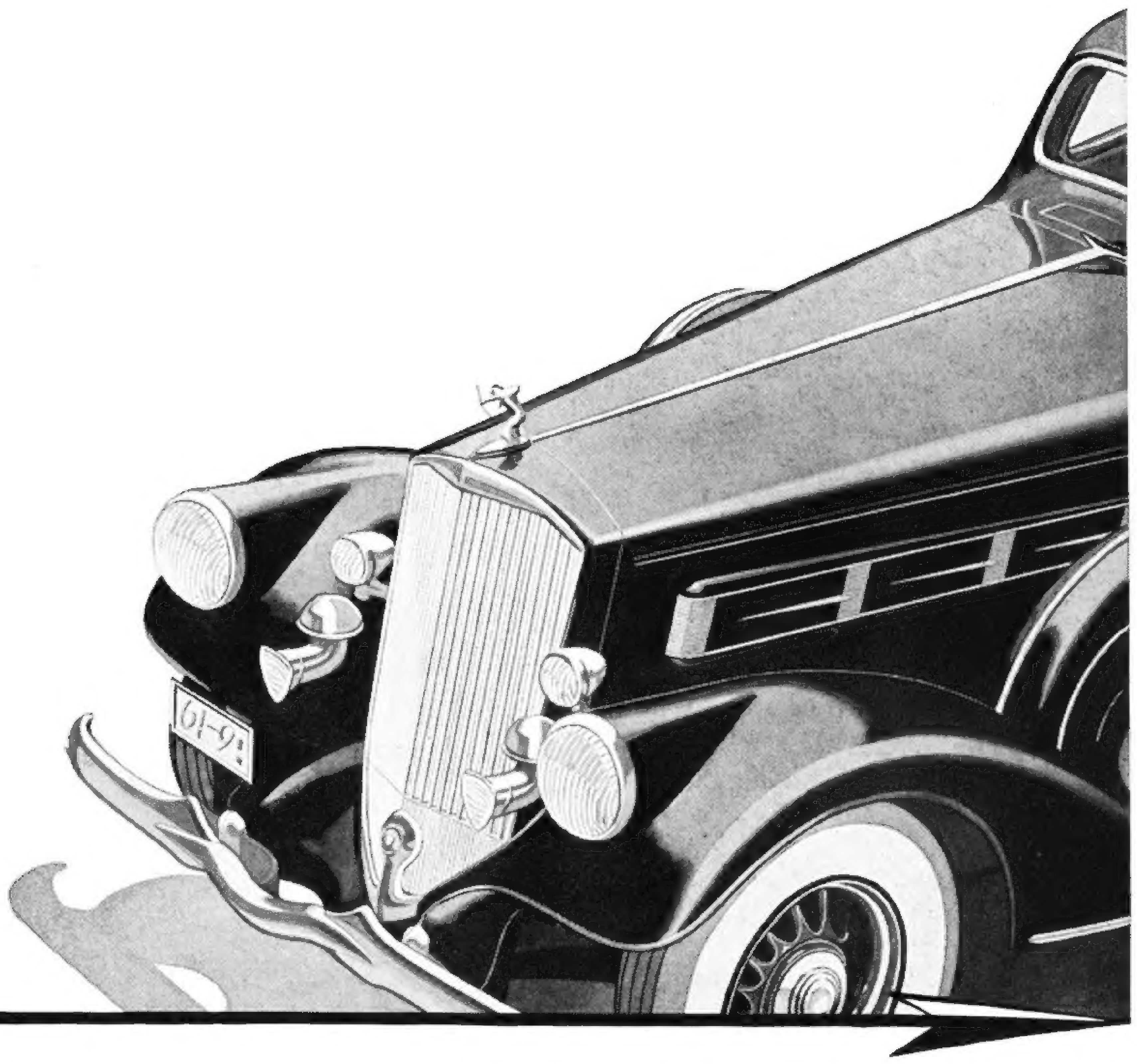




AMERICA'S
FINEST MOTOR CAR
for
America's Finest
Families

A FAMILY IS ALSO KNOWN BY THE CARS IT KEEPS

SOME CARS just naturally seem to belong to certain people. And ownership of a Pierce-Arrow has come to be associated with families of a certain type. Their roots are deep in the community. They have money but never go in for show or display. Their possessions are the finest and longest-lasting. The new Pierce-Arrow is built for families such as these.

PIERCE ARROW

what the well dressed man will wear this summer

Palm Beach is a patented proposition. You either get it or you don't.

If anybody ever offers you a substitute, roar with laughter or indignation...according to your disposition.

There can't be any such thing as a "just as good" or a "similar". Palm Beach is an invention. It is protected and trade-marked. It can't be duplicated—not by a mile. So don't be one of those men who think of all summer suits as Palm Beach.

Palm Beach Cloth is made only by Goodall and tailored into suits only by Goodall...It's tailored handsomely.

The patented weave of Palm Beach has *bounce*. It almost keeps itself pressed—wears and washes beautifully. Its smooth, fuzzless fibres repel dirt...its thousands of open pores let cool air whizz in and perspiration sizz out.

These qualities can be found only in the genuine Goodall Palm Beach. When you buy your summer suits look wisely for the label inside the collar.

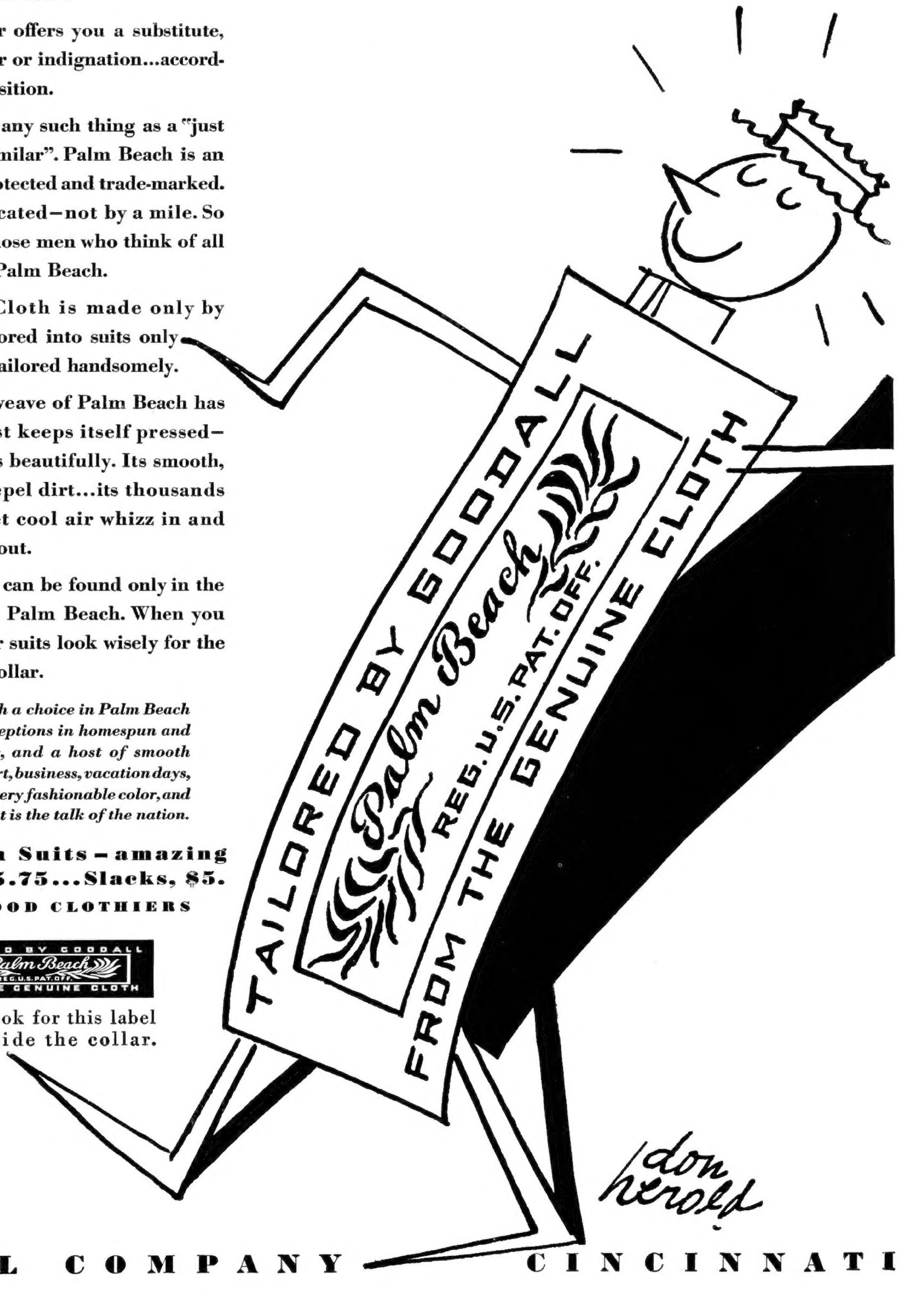
And you get such a choice in Palm Beach Suits! New conceptions in homespun and shetland effects, and a host of smooth weaves...for sport, business, vacation days, evening wear. Every fashionable color, and a White Suit that is the talk of the nation.

Palm Beach Suits – amazing value at $15.75...Slacks, $5.

AT ALL GOOD CLOTHIERS

TAILORED BY GOODALL
Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

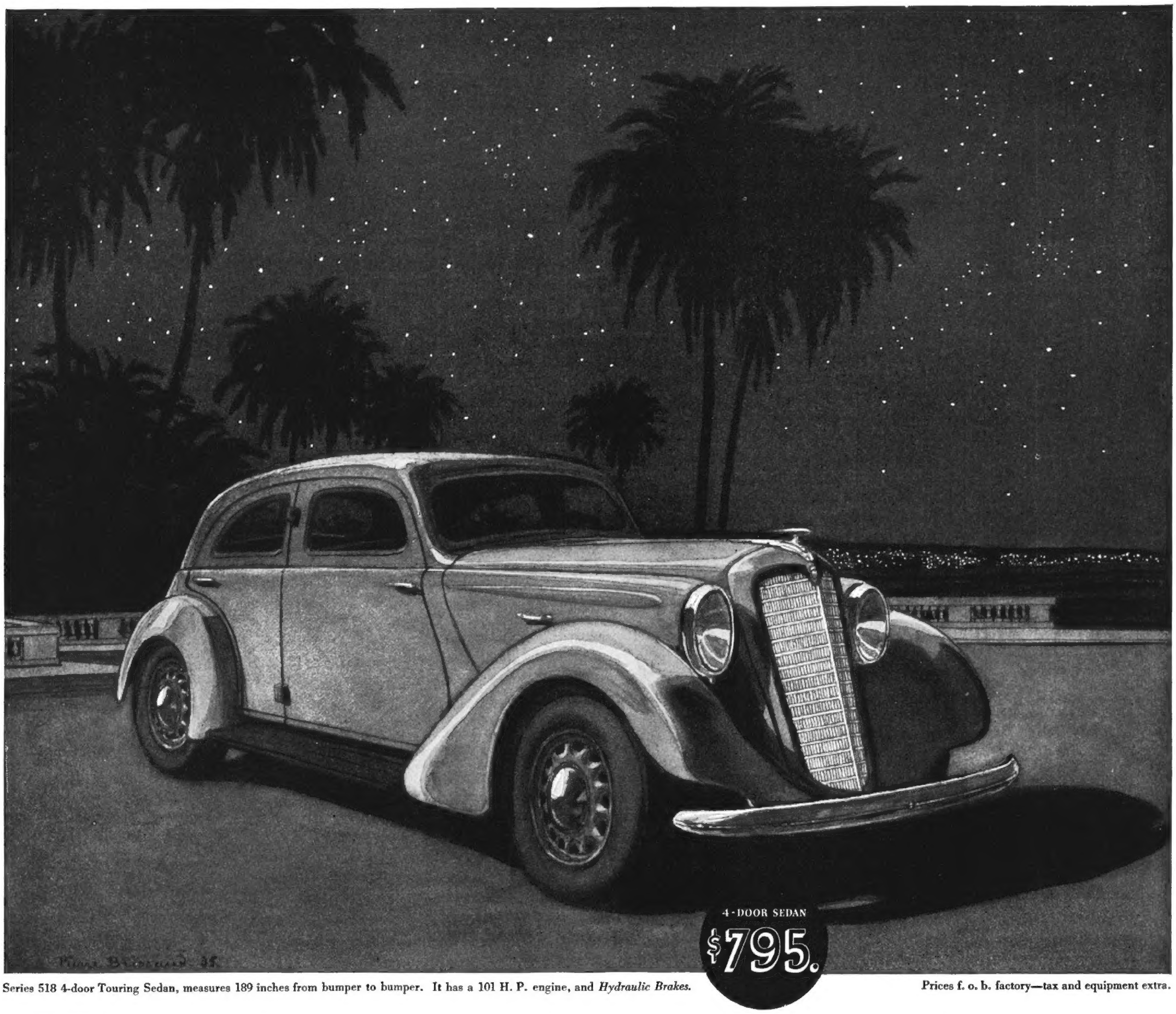
Always look for this label sewn inside the collar.



GOODALL COMPANY — CINCINNATI

An Invitation

LIMITED TO
ONE IN A THOUSAND TO ENJOY
THE OWNERSHIP OF THE FINEST
LOW-PRICED CAR
AMERICA HAS YET PRODUCED!



4-DOOR SEDAN
$795.

Series 518 4-door Touring Sedan, measures 189 inches from bumper to bumper. It has a 101 H. P. engine, and *Hydraulic Brakes.*

Prices f. o. b. factory—tax and equipment extra.

IN SPITE of their extraordinarily low prices, these brilliant new Hupmobiles will never clutter up the highways.

For this Hupmobile will not be produced in large numbers.* Too much skill goes into its building. It is intended primarily for those individuals of fine taste who limit their choice of a car to the low-priced field.

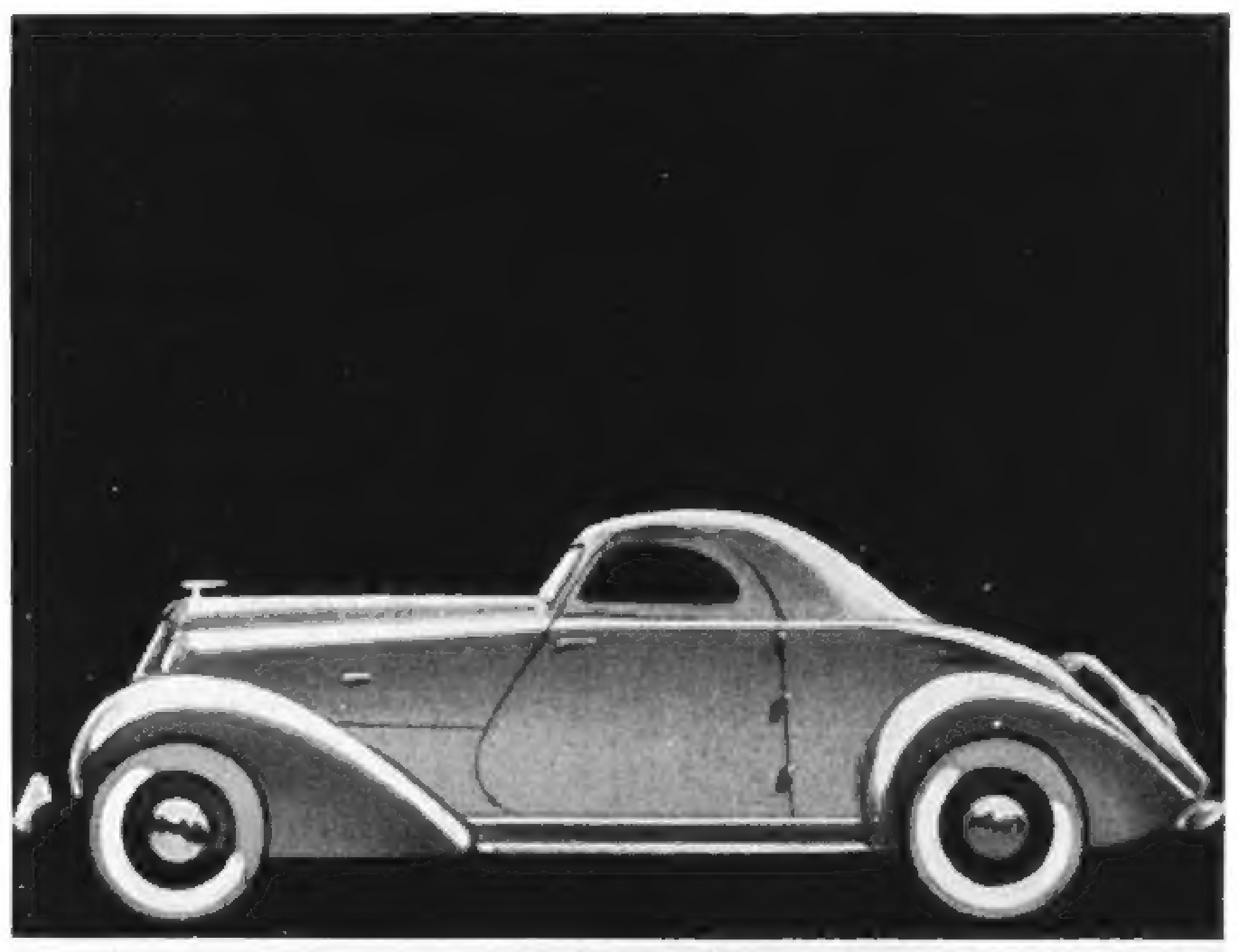
Yet, so successfully does this Hupmobile combine grace and beauty with *true* air-line efficiency...that we believe it will attract many people who are used to far more expensive cars.

We believe, in fact, that it will set entirely new standards for fine construction among low-priced cars...that it will take its place in the long line of Hupmobiles that have done so much in the past to exemplify engineering soundness and mechanical integrity.

You'll like this new car, the minute you see it ...even better after you've put it through its paces. And you'll like best of all to know that you are the "one in a thousand" to own it.

• • •

*The maximum production for 1935 of this Hupmobile is 25,000. Statistics show 25,000,000 persons can easily afford this car. That means that only one in a thousand will be fortunate enough to own it.

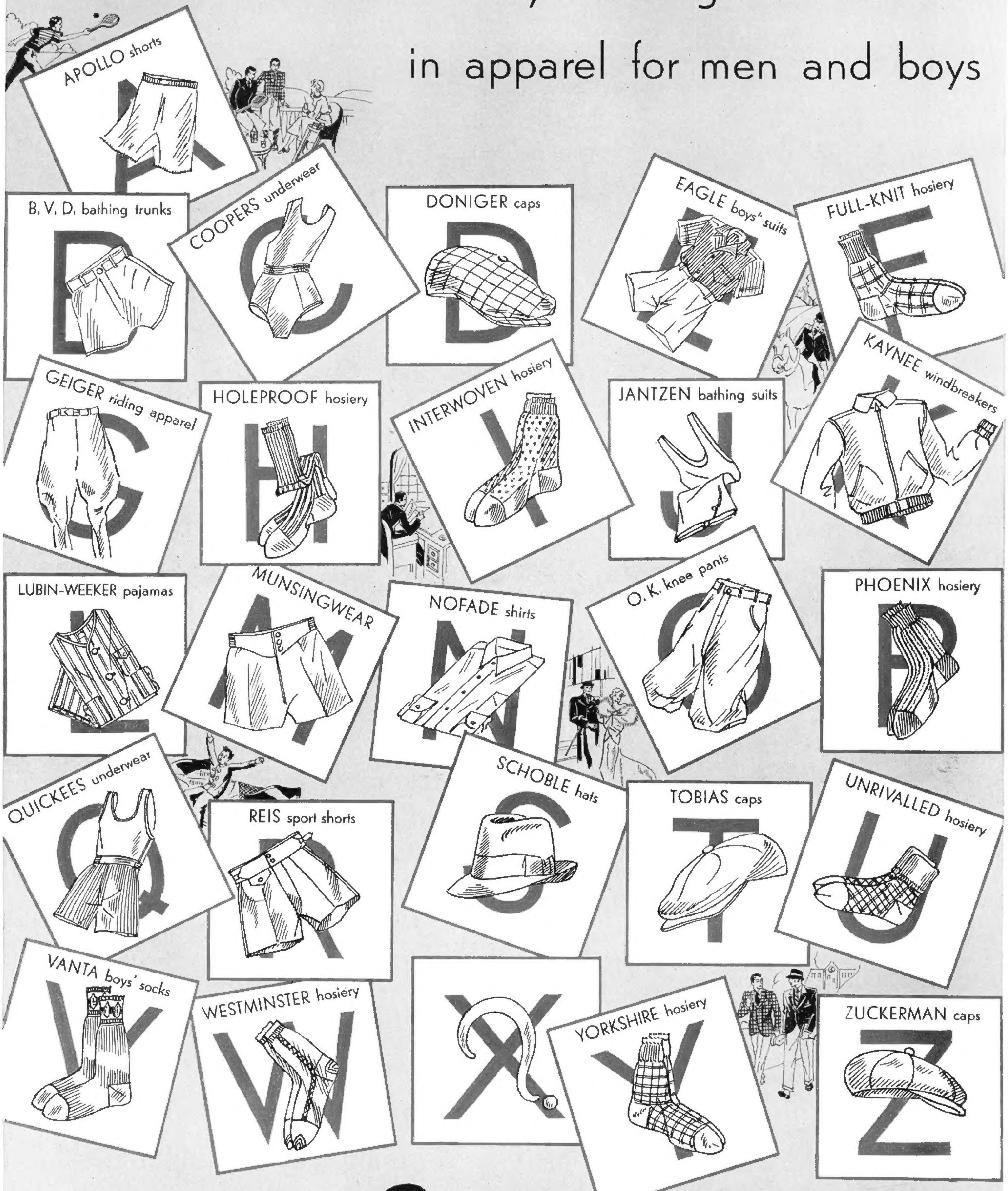


Two other air-line types, the Series 521 and 527, complete the Hupmobile line for 1935. In these models three body styles are available—Sedan, Victoria and Coupe. (Illustrated.) List prices for all body types: Series 521, $1095; Series 527, $1395.

THE 1935 · Hupmobile

SOME ABC's

of better style and greater comfort in apparel for men and boys


APOLLO shorts
B. V. D. bathing trunks
COOPERS underwear
DONIGER caps
EAGLE boys' suits
FULL-KNIT hosiery
GEIGER riding apparel
HOLEPROOF hosiery
INTERWOVEN hosiery
JANTZEN bathing suits
KAYNEE windbreakers
LUBIN-WEEKER pajamas
MUNSINGWEAR
NOFADE shirts
O. K. knee pants
PHOENIX hosiery
QUICKEES underwear
REIS sport shorts
SCHOBLE hats
TOBIAS caps
UNRIVALLED hosiery
VANTA boys' socks
WESTMINSTER hosiery
YORKSHIRE hosiery
ZUCKERMAN caps

NRA CODE

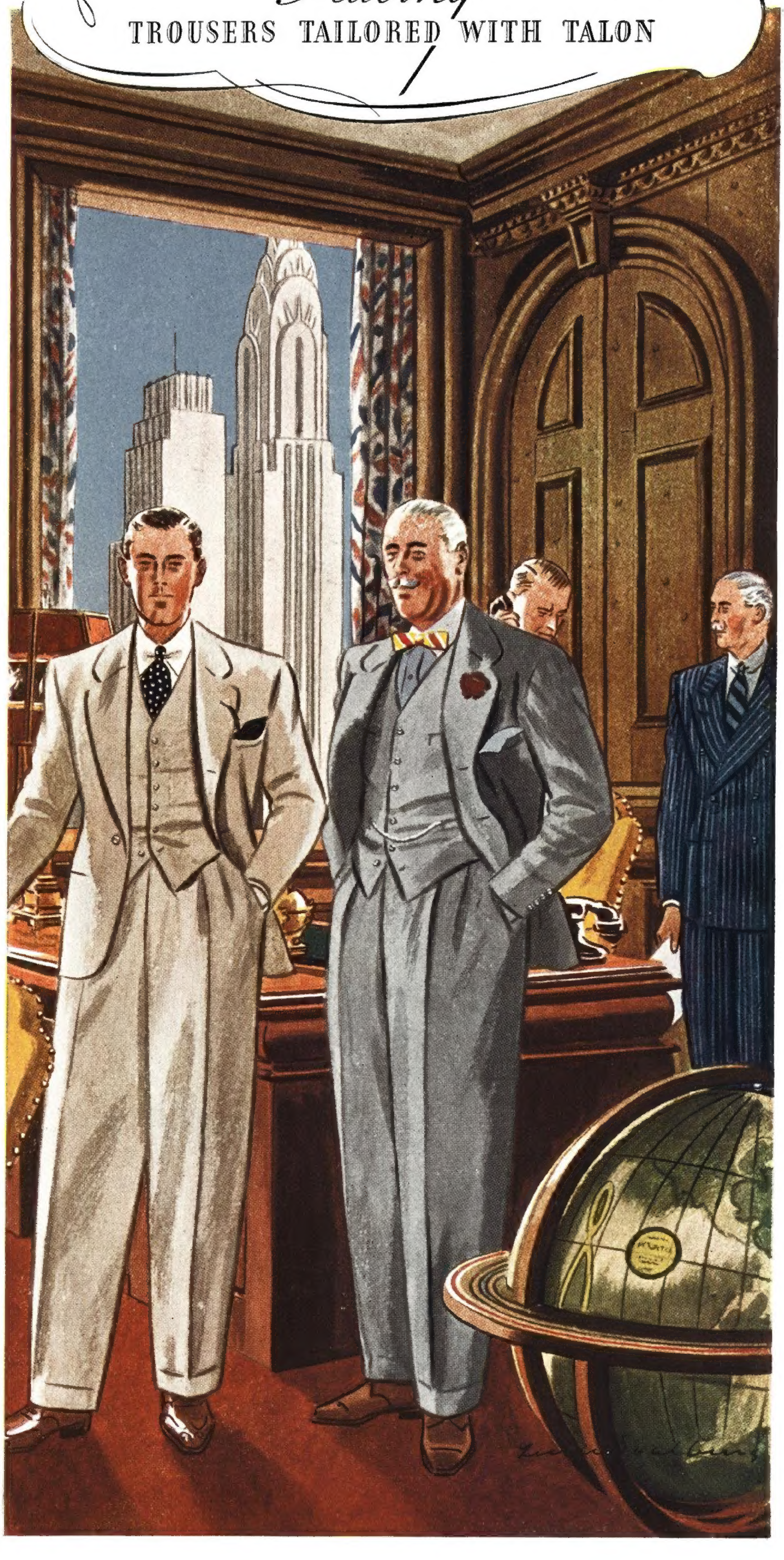
ASK FOR THEM MADE WITH... *Lastex* THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

This summer more than ever, men will wear lightweight suits

Having TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON

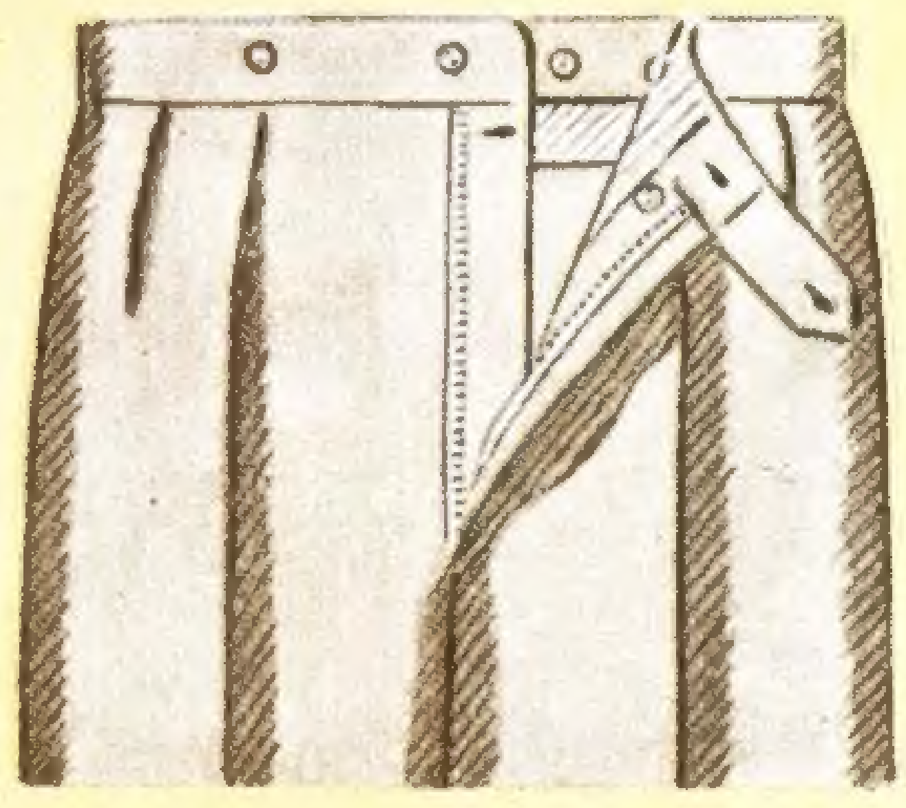
The summer mode for lighter, cooler fabrics becomes far more practical this year, because of the little, flexible Talon trouser fastener . . . Approved by exclusive custom tailors as essential to fine tailoring, Talon has made possible in lightweight fabrics, a new refinement in finish and trouser-drape . . . Because of its very lightness and flexibility, the Talon closing emerges trim and flawless from countless washings or dry cleanings . . . Wherever men are aware of the modern trend in dress, they will demand lightweight suits having trousers tailored with Talon.



How TALON *Brings*

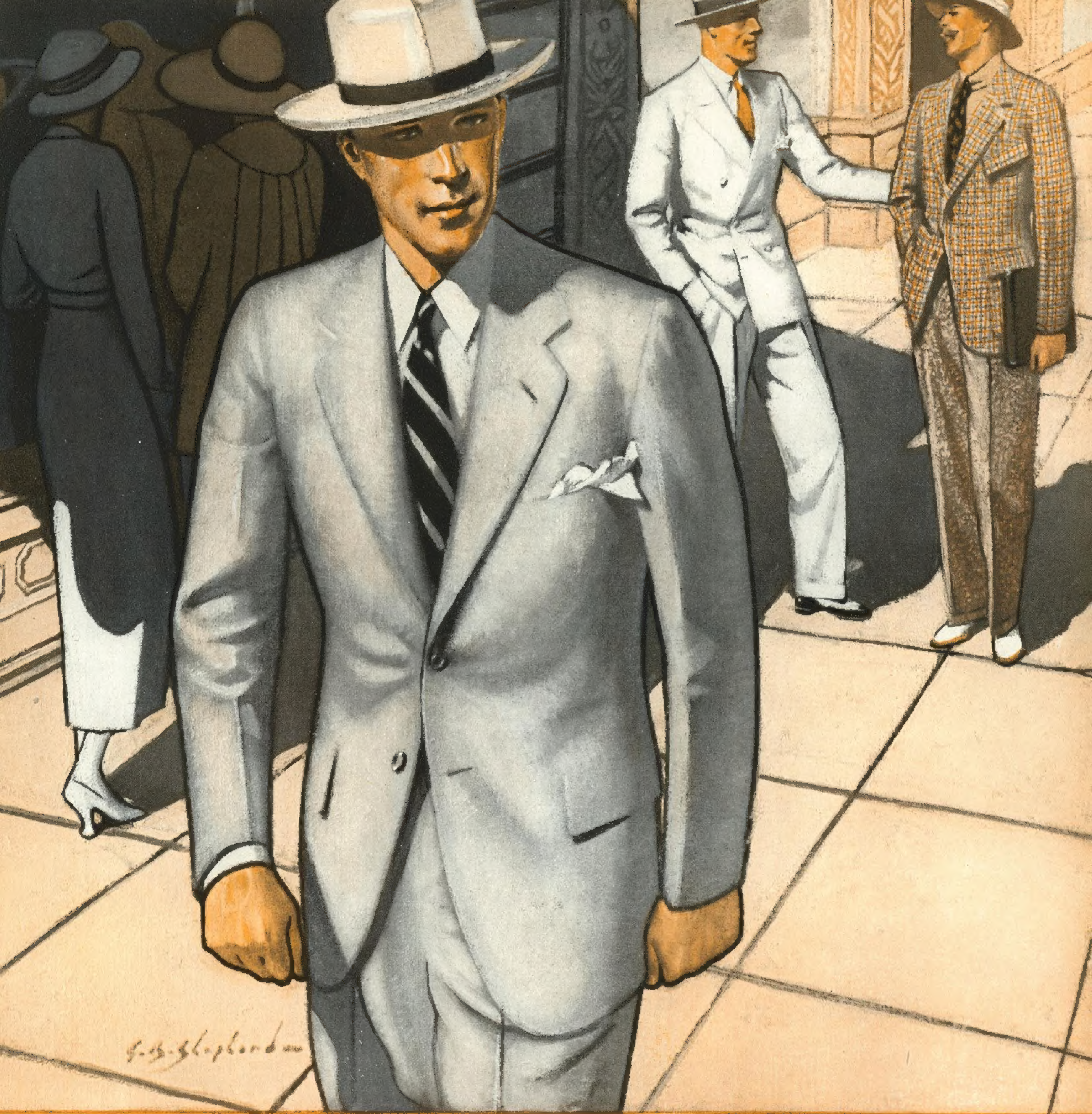
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A New Distinction To The Tailoring Of Trousers



The Talon trouser fastener is small and especially made for this use. It creates a continuous closure, smooth, thin and seamlike. Scientifically applied, it cannot catch on the underclothing. It is not harmed by cleaning or pressing, and cannot rust. It excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA., NEW YORK,
BOSTON, PHILA., CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE



Buy Wash Suits Marked Sanforized-Shrunk They Will Not Shrink Out of Fit

How sharp the pain when one's proudest summer suit comes back from the tub, shriveled to Tom Thumb's size. A plague upon shrinkage . . . for that's what makes trousers go high-water and fit go hay-wire in the first washing.

Buy wash clothes labeled Sanforized-shrunk and wash them as often as you will, ad lib., they will continue to fit because the cloth was completely shrunk before it became a suit. Take crisp, cool comfort and calm peace of mind in summer clothes that won't shrink out of fit. Whenever you buy wash suits, look for and find on the labels the words

Sanforized-Shrunk

40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches....
by Saalberg, Goodman, Sharp, Fellows and Hurd, beginning on page 101

Art Directors: JOHN GROTH, ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Anatomy of an Avalanche

Last month when we ran that big centerspread cartoon by Campbell we were annoyed to find, after the plates were made, that the right hand margin of space looked very unsightly in its yawning emptiness. So we thought we'd help the appearance of the right hand page by putting in a small block of copy. That was a simple thing to do, but the big trouble was that we couldn't think of anything to say in that small space. We couldn't very well talk about the cartoon itself (such as saying Ho! Ho! Isn't this feller Campbell a caution?) because there it was on the page and speaking very loudly on its own behalf. So we thought of giving away a few extra copies for those who might want them. We meant you, and you too, and maybe four or five other guys. That's why we didn't bother to mention anything about paying for postage or packing or anything like that. Well, within four days after the April issue hit the newsstands, there were over eleven thousand requests for a reproduction of that cartoon! That's very nice, but when we figured up the cost of the domm things (it somehow hadn't occurred to us to do so beforehand) and discovered that, what with the reprinting and the heavier paper, and the clerical work involved, and the packing and postage and all, they came to nineteen cents each—well, this is written on the fifth day and so far that little block of copy has set us back something over two and a half grand and apparently the buggy ride has just begun. Now it isn't that we don't enjoy a nice gesture as much as anybody, and if we ever go out to lunch with you we wouldn't for the world try to outfumble you for the check, but—next time you see us doing something foolish, please remind us to throw the party on a Dutch Treat basis, or at least on a basis of B. Y. O. Postage. In this case, though, we asked for it—so we have no kick coming.

Add to list of Labor-Savers

We ask you to note that we have made it a bit easier, beginning this month, to thread your way through the "continued" pages in the back of the book. Next month we're going to try to fix up something to show you when you've reached the end of a story or article. After that, if there are still a lot of protests about the amount of labor involved in wading through a copy of ESQUIRE, we'll have to see what can be done about inventing an automatic reading machine. Perhaps by combining the principles of a player piano, a phonograph and a radio, we could find some way to get the magazine to read itself to you. But we're not promising.

To be killed in action

He's going to grow up to go to war?

No—he's never going to grow up at all. If another war comes, he and his mother and thousands upon thousands like them are going to "die in action."

"Impossible!" you say. "They're non-combatants." Don't be silly—there'll be no such thing as non-combatants in the next war.

Wide-cruising submarines, and bombing planes will laugh at front lines. Gas—gas so powerful that one drop on your skin will kill you—will not be particular whose skin it touches. There will be no haven, no sanctuary, no safety. *Everyone* will suffer.

And for what? *Glory*—where was it in the last war?

Victory—where was it in the last peace?

With that cruel lesson still fresh in mind, is another war to be forced upon us—a war infinitely more horrible, more futile, and more lasting in its harm than the last?

That is for you to decide!

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness."

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert the coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help. Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your conviction that *there must be no more wars.* World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

SUPER-CHARGED
CABRIOLET
super-charged
AUBURN

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DEEP-SEA LOW-DOWN

This is a beef against Hemingway.

This fishing that he thinks makes the gong ring isn't even a tinkle. Last year I was down Long Key, a fishing spot. I was steered there for a rest. It's a small island, or what they call a Key and has one hotel. There were about thirty Plushbottoms and Hemingways there—all gone simple over fishing. After about three days I got needled about this racket. I went out alone in one of the tubs and by the afternoon the Captain didn't have enough flags left for the sailfish I hooked. You see, they hoist a flag every time you land one. It's just a gag—the great fishermen come sailing into the dock, fish flags flying. But this wasn't my entire catch. The boat was loaded with grouper, amberjack and barracuda—plenty pounds of fish. At the dock a flunkey unloaded the catch, weighed the big ones to see if you broke some sort of record, somebody took some pictures, then the flunkey tossed the whole catch off the dock to the sharks. Great sport—eh feller? Any sap can catch a boatload nearly every day. It's about as tough as catching flies around a garbage can with fly paper and just as sporting.

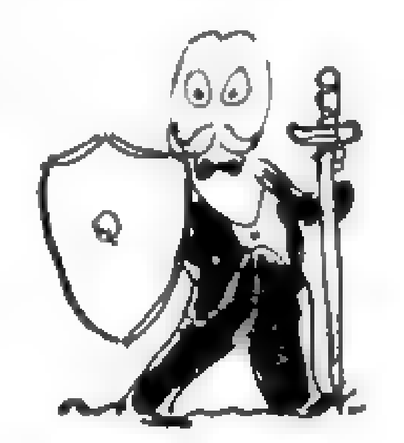
Hollywood, Cal. Jules Liberman

SUBSTITUTES FOR ESKY

I

As a constant reader of your magazine, I was very much interested in your appeal for help to get rid of the old "fop" who in various poses has detracted from the merit of your magazine.

I do not believe that this character can for any longer period of time, typify the purpose of a magazine for men, and I have noted with pleasure your willingness to discard him if you receive a suggestion in regard to illustrating the cover, which would better typify a men's magazine, and also offer a field for change and continuity.



I will admit that the "fop" might typify some of the illustrations that appear in the magazine, but for the very good substantial reading matter therein contained, you should have something more dignified and personifying the masculine. May I suggest that you adopt as a central theme of such illustration, an Esquire. He was the armor-bearer for a knight, and the continuity could even begin with the Page and proceed through the various steps of Heraldry until you have exhausted that character. As to the matter of continuity, you could extend this as far as the illustrator desires—taking up the soldiers as they progressed through the ages from knighthood on to the present day, or it could be turned entirely to a civilian character, as you will note by consulting the definition of "esquire."

Hoping that these suggestions may be of interest and some benefit, I am

Very truly yours,
Monticello, Ill. E. J. Hawbaker

II

Esquire is a bit too young to be considering a face lifting. Yet if enough of your readers demand Eskie's head, and you decide to sacrifice the little fellow, let me offer a suggestion.

Virtually all of the women's magazines and most of the others feature women's faces and forms on their covers. It strikes me as being no less logical that *the magazine for men* should finally reward man for all his years of servitude to tailors and haberdashers. If Eskie must go, then give us an Esquire, in tune with the times—a youngish, debonair man-about-town who knows all the answers to problems of dress. Let us envy him for his sartorial perfection on any occasion your artist wishes to picture him.

Somebody is sure to call this "sissy stuff." But don't men generally admire the really well-dressed fellow just as much as women do, although it's only the latter who make their appreciation articulate? Esquire, the trail blazer, can aptly heed those defiant words: "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!"

And when, and if, you give this any consideration, submit an "S. B." list to your artist. I rise to nominate for preferred position on that list (1) Joe College, (2) movie heroes and (3) the daring young man on the fabric picture. Maybe you can think of other enemies of man. What I am proposing is simply that you take the comedy out of Eskie and make him Esquire; break his bottle and sober him up; drop the suggestion and picture a man.

If you don't I am not going to cancel my subscription. Eskie would still be an interesting study even if he were not amusing. But what could you do with him if you stripped him of his front-page rating? He seems just too good for the inside. All of which inclines me to feel that, despite my honest, if poor, suggestion, Eskie has it all over Esquire. But you asked for it

Veresquire yours,
Norfolk, Va. Thomas W. Young

"GAL-VAN-IZED"

Inverisimilitude, ipecacuanha, Koumiss, taraxacin! ! !

I just wanted to show you that I know a few words with more than one syllable. I am exceedingly griped at some of your subscribers who try to disguise a lack of human qualities behind a barrage of four-bit words. As a shining example of one of that ilk I refer you to the letter written by Richard L. Sutton of Kansas City in the April edition of Esquire.

In words of one syllable, if the Honorable Doctor does not like your magazine why in the galvanized hell does he read it?

Endocrines, iconoclastically, onanist, lascivious! ! Pish-Tosh and Prittle-Prattle.

Yours with thanks for your highly enjoyable magazine.

Mexia, Texas Pat Nixon

GRIPE OF THE MONTH

Was I amazed! W. Béran Wolfe may be professionally a pyschiatrist, but in theory he is all wet. I am of the so-called new school in psychology. It made my blood boil to read a typically Freudian treatise such as that of Wolfe's! Do you mugs fall for that Freudian stuff? Don't you know that none of the newer schools of thought believe his "conscious" and "sub-conscious" theories? They happen to work—in some cases, in spite of themselves.

To think that the best sprinters all had rickets when they were kids! Kee-rye-ist! I've known sprinters who could clock 9.5 in the 100, and there was not a one of them rickety as kids! And then to think Don Juans conquered women because as babies and little boys they were pampered or teased by women! You know, dear editors, the biological urge we men can't help. Well—do you think little boys under ten years of age build up a yen for women—a desire to satisfy their sex appetite? There is no "conscious," "sub-conscious" or what have you! That stuff is out! A male child is in his teens before his gonads cause him to look at a girl with desire. Do you really believe with Wolfe that amatory athletes come about as he says? If you do you are out of date psychologically! The quickest and most radical change you could get would be to read John B. Watson et al. Try the purposivists—such as Tolman—or the Gestalters; anybody to get at least a contemporary slant on psychology. But the old school—no! Freud is definitely out, so are Adler and Jung! Those boys are all the old introspectionists. Psychiatry today is all wet. It follows Freud's ideas that everything we do is based on sex. Any biologist would tell you sex does not exercise itself in any way until an animal, even the human animal, has reached the stage where his sex capacities are ready to go to work!

And worse! Komroff's *So You Won't Talk!"* We all like stories that stretch the imagination—but when a story transgresses physical truths it just does not click! The vocal cords, the pharynx, the lungs, the inter-costals, the diaphragm—all are necessary in speech! And Komroff has a head alone talk! Go ahead and print such stuff! You think you have a damn intelligent class of readers. Well mebbe so; but we materialists can't stand bunk—pure and simple—even though it is labelled *fiction!*

You editors—or editor—ought to get a book on biology and read it! Get one on physiology too—and one on *objective* psychology—read 'em all. Then maybe you won't try and stuff your devoted readers full of pseudo-science, labelled as fiction or article!

Must quit griping.

I liked the March article concerning *Money for All.* I don't agree with the author's idea but I do like that kind of article. *Numbering Hitler's Days* in April is good too. If it is unbiased—which I doubt—it certainly is in contrast with the *Chicago Sunday Tribune's* report of today, March 17, on the attitude of the Germans toward Hitler; their joyous attitude toward his decree for a large army of 540,000.

Another gripe. The cartoon on page No. 130 of the April issue reminds me of what *Ballyhoo* degenerated into. M'God! Don't drop to that class! Not that you would in your printed matter—but don't let your cartoons become obvious! That subtle little step between smut and cleverness you have maintained so far.

And Raymond Knight again! Oh Lord! He crashed S. & F. too!

Keep "Eskie" on the front cover! Your comment below the table of contents for April ought to quiet those mugs who don't like him. Let them find a substitute—as you suggest! That was really a splendid "shut-up" to those gripers—(like me).

And your *Trends in Dress!* It reminds me of two places: Hollywood—where men are in question, and New York—which *has* week-ends in the country.

Enough,
Oak Park, Ill. James H. Harger

CAR2NS, BE9 & 10DER

This anemic soul considers himself a sissy Esquire fan, having read only four issues. Namely, the last two and two of a year agone. But I'm sold gentlemen, I am sold. Should I miss a copy of Esquire from now on it will be due to blindness or sudden death—and death sans Esquire would be more sodden than sudden.

I may have written you sooner—I'm not certain. I had intentions of doing so and somewhere in the "unexpected guest room" of my brain (speaking advisedly) I have a feeling that during an extensive binge I tore off a letter to you. It's a vague fluttering thought like something you've dreamed of and can not visualize. Very disturbing. Did you find any bibulous bilge water in your morning mail of late? No? Well you should have been here for the binge then. Opinions on your magazine were rife and rabid and practically all favorable.

I've spent wearying hours trying to find that copy of Esquire which contains that letter from Carol of Santa Barbara. She seems to have stirred up more comment than Hemingway. I missed the letter but the excerpts from it lead me to believe that it was a masterpiece of mirth. The business of "breasts popping out," intrigues me greatly. It smacks of a cordial evening sitting out in front of the open fireplace and popping breasts.

As to your printed matter, huzzah! Mr. Hemingway's *Remembering Shooting-Flying* was fair but his *Sailfish Off Mombassa* was so much better. That is better in the sense that it was more in the good old E. H. manner. The more conversation he uses the more I glow. He ripples the surface of my lake of humor with a refreshing breeze. (Chord in G please).

Cheers for the Wilson Mizner article by John Wilstach.

Please have more Petty cartoons. One to an issue is just a teaser. And what teasers.

Gardenias to Messrs. Levin, Sakhnoffsky, Petty, Hemingway, Nathan, Groth, Caldwell and a pansy to the little man on the cover.

Forget-me-nots to you.

Be9ly,
Jackson Heights, Long Is. Robert Pancoast

ANYBODY WANT TO TAP OR TANGO?

I'm a lousy letter writer and I owe lots of them to many pals that are stretched out all over these United States so will you please do me a favor and print this? I know it'll be read by the ones that I want to reach.

For instance there's Maurice Kusell in the Paradise Night Club in N. Y. and then there's Perry, and Folmer and Het and Bob out in Hollywood and all of them readers of the old "bible" Variety. And now since show bizz's kinda waned I know that they too have adopted Esquire as the new "bible."

All these Muggs are swell guys and I just wanna say, "Hello" to 'em. And if you'll print this for me I'll turn around and send you some dances that you can print and have all your readers tappin' or tangoein' and all at no extra cost. How's about it?

Yippee, from Texas,
Breckenridge, Texas Emmett A. Davis

Continued in center of page 160

Paul Jones
★★★★
Whiskey

What whiskey was born 10 years before the first Kentucky Derby?

IN 1875, when Aristides galloped to immortality by winning the first Kentucky Derby, a certain other Kentucky thoroughbred had already been famous for 10 years.

This thoroughbred was Paul Jones—a blend of straight whiskies. It was born in 1865, and named for the gentleman who first made it—Colonel Paul Jones.

Today, this grand whiskey is made by the direct descendants of the old Colonel. And every drop is made the way he made it—by the slow, costly *old-fashioned* method.

Get a bottle of Paul Jones and discover what inherited skill and choice ingredients mean in flavor and smoothness. Ask that your drinks be made with Paul Jones. A product of Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville and Baltimore.

Five other Frankfort whiskies: FOUR ROSES—a blend of straight whiskies. OLD OSCAR PEPPER—whiskey, a blend of straight whiskies. ANTIQUE—whiskey, a blend. MATTINGLY & MOORE—whiskey, a blend. SHIPPING PORT straight whiskey.

Send 10¢ for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

Lovers of fine gin will appreciate the rare flavor of Paul Jones ★★★★ Gin

Paul Jones *A BLEND OF ALL STRAIGHT WHISKIES*

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AIRPLANES

Eastern Distributor, WACO Airplane . . .
New model now on display for demonstration
Free instruction with ship purchase
Certified used ships for sale
Charter trips in new ships, fully equipped
Complete aircraft service
Write for 1935 catalogue
WACO SALES OF NEW YORK, INC.
Roosevelt Field, N. Y. Phone Vigilant 4-5317
Waco-Belvedere Airport, Palm Beach, Fla.

APARTMENTS

CHOICE CORNER APARTMENT
791 PARK AVE. (S.E. COR. 74th ST.)
12 rooms, 4 baths, Living Room 25′ 5″ x 19′ 6″, 4 master bedrooms. Large light rooms, 4 exposures. Every modern convenience, very moderate rental. POTTER HAMILTON & CO., 15 E. 53rd St., N. Y. PLaza 3-2260

AUTOMOBILES

Sole Agents in the States for
the French BUGATTI and the British M. G.
Sports and Racing Cars
Prices Various — From $750 to $35,500
For particulars write or 'phone to
GEORGE C. RAND
47 W. 64th St., N. Y. C. TR 7-7729

AUTO ACCESSORIES

Everything for Your Car—be it Ford or Rolls-Royce. Unusual accessories Moderately priced. Ornamental gearshift Knobs, Radiator Caps, Precision instruments, Horns & Lights of all Models for your Car or Boat. Write for illustrated booklet. NIL MELIOR CO., Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, N. Y.

BAGAGISTE the 1935 approved luggage carrier for all cars. Ultra modern, strong, unusually smart. Chromium and enamel finish. Patented straps, removable cross bars. Folds out of way. Easily installed. Price $10. Request literature. Mail orders filled. Ask your dealer or General Accessories Co., Inc. Mfrs. 225 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

BAR ACCESSORIES

NON-DRIP CORK, a non-tarnishable Swedish novelty, prevents stains on table-linens, table-tops. Helpful gadget to hospitable host. Swedish glassware, smart, striking designs, sensation at Chicago World's Fair.
SWEDEN HOUSE
62 West 49th St., (Radio City), New York

RADIOBAR — the perfect combination of Radio and Bar. R C A licensed Allwave set, complete with glassware, etc., $99.50 up. See and Hear Radiobar before you buy *any* Bar or Radio. At dealers or Radiobar Co. of America, 13 E. 47th St., New York, and 1700 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

BARBERS

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR HAIR CUT?
To your order . . . carefully and capably . . .
CHARLES DE ZEMLER
Haircutter to Men
30 Rockefeller Plaza, R.C.A. Building
Telephone Columbus 5-4060

BOOKS

BRENTANO'S
BOOKS FOR TRAVELLERS
Let us suggest maps and travel guides.
BON VOYAGE BOXES
Delivered to steamer, $5 to $50.
BOOKS for Sportsmen . . . for Gardeners . . . for Fiction Lovers . . . for Mystery Fans . . . for Bibliophiles . . . for everyone.
May we send you our Catalog?
BRENTANO'S, 586 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

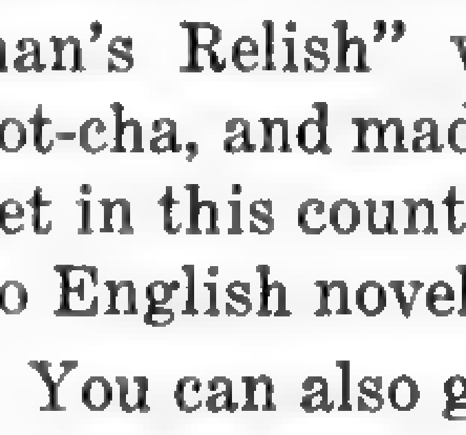
Irrespective of the benefit that April showers may have in the minds of those interested in horticulture, most of us need some protection against the unexpected springtime cloudburst. A new rain-coat which is made of an oilskin fabric, the by-product of one of the nation's greatest electrical companies, folds up into a little bag no larger than a well-filled tobacco pouch, and owing to the fact that the afore-mentioned fabric was made as a permanent insulating material, it will not stick, crack or harden with age. It may even be dry-cleaned or laundered, which leaves nothing else to be said except the fact that it's rain-proof, which we admit has some bearing on the situation. A trick contrivance which is nothing more than a piece of tape with a covered metal end, goes through a brass grommet serving in place of buttons.

Some ingenious devil with an aversion to diluted drinks (as who hasn't) has thought up a way of beating the game by making a pitcher with a cap from which is suspended a hollow glass column built in the proper size to take ice-cubes. If you have ever been faced with the problem of serving a flock of Martinis, we recommend this as an easy solution to avoid dilution.

We suspect insidious propaganda on the part of those interested in the truth is behind the new knife for fisherman which has a small scale attached to it, so that if you want to be on the level you can find out how much that fish weighed that didn't get away. Incorporated in the knife is a self-contained tweezer, scissors, sharp blade and, of course, the very essential corkscrew. And for the real piscatorial pervert there is a gadget for drying a fishing line that looks like a miniature hose reel and may be clamped wherever convenient. There is also a very elegant storage rack for fishing lines which should be a further delight to ye compleat anglers. And for deep sea fishing there is a proper weight line marked off in various lengths by the use of colors, so that one can tell how much line has beeen played out.

The auto-maniacs seem to have had a big season. Now comes a French type horn which can be adjusted to play various bars of music instead of the usual "How dry I am . . ." motif used heretofore—although we have no complaint against that bit of harmony.

We can tell the depression is over for already several new golfing gadgets have appeared on the scene. There is a new set of hoods for wooden clubs which they call "cobra" covers intended to protect these lethal weapons from the weather. A set is properly numbered so you can distinguish the clubs without removing the covers. . . . For practice purposes there is a smart, inexpensive bag of two dozen golf balls of the kind which, although cheap in price, can take it.



Under the heading of snooty snacks, and with a name that only the English could think of, there is a "Gentleman's Relish" which is swell for canapes. It's pretty hot-cha, and made of various fish pastes. And you can now get in this country the typical wine biscuit without which no English novel is complete.

You can also get wine cradles of wicker that enable you to serve your wine in the proper Continental manner, dusty bottle and all.

Still on the subject of things foreign, you can be measured here, and have a suit delivered in two weeks from England. It's all done with mirrors or something.

CAMPS

Private peninsula: 3 mi. waterfront: pines: sunshine: Unexcelled cuisine: Completely furnished cabins: all conveniences. Every sport: canoeing to riding: fish, or relax in balsam air. (Near Bar Harbor & Acadia Nat'l Park.) Write to the Long Pond Club at Mt. Desert, Maine. References requested.

CAMERAS

CAMERA HEADQUARTERS
Whether you want a still or movie camera or accessories to improve the camera you have you'll find it at Willoughby's, the World's Largest Exclusive Camera and Supply House, at 110 West 32d Street, N.Y.C. Send for WILLOUGHBY'S FREE Catalogue.

CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE-BY-HAND FOOTWEAR
Business, country, formal and resort wear.
Entirely hand made — from $35.00 up.
HANAN & SON, NEW YORK
LONDON • PARIS • NICE

CUSTOM SHIRT MAKERS

Gentlemen's shirts, neckwear, underwear and robes tailored from the finest imported materials under the supervision of our Mr. William A. Morgan. Prices and particulars on request.
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
49th to 50th Street New York

K. WRAGGE, Inc.
ONE OF NEW YORK'S FINEST CUSTOM SHIRT MAKERS. ESTABLISHED 1872. Shirts, Pajamas, Robes, and Accessories expertly tailored from imported fabrics. For information or samples, write to No. 16 West 46th Street, New York City.

CUSTOM TAILORS

Gentlemen's attire interpreted for the individual in accord with the accepted styles. All measurements and cutting personally supervised by our Mr. G. Napoleon de Brandes. Prices and particulars on request.
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
49th to 50th Street New York

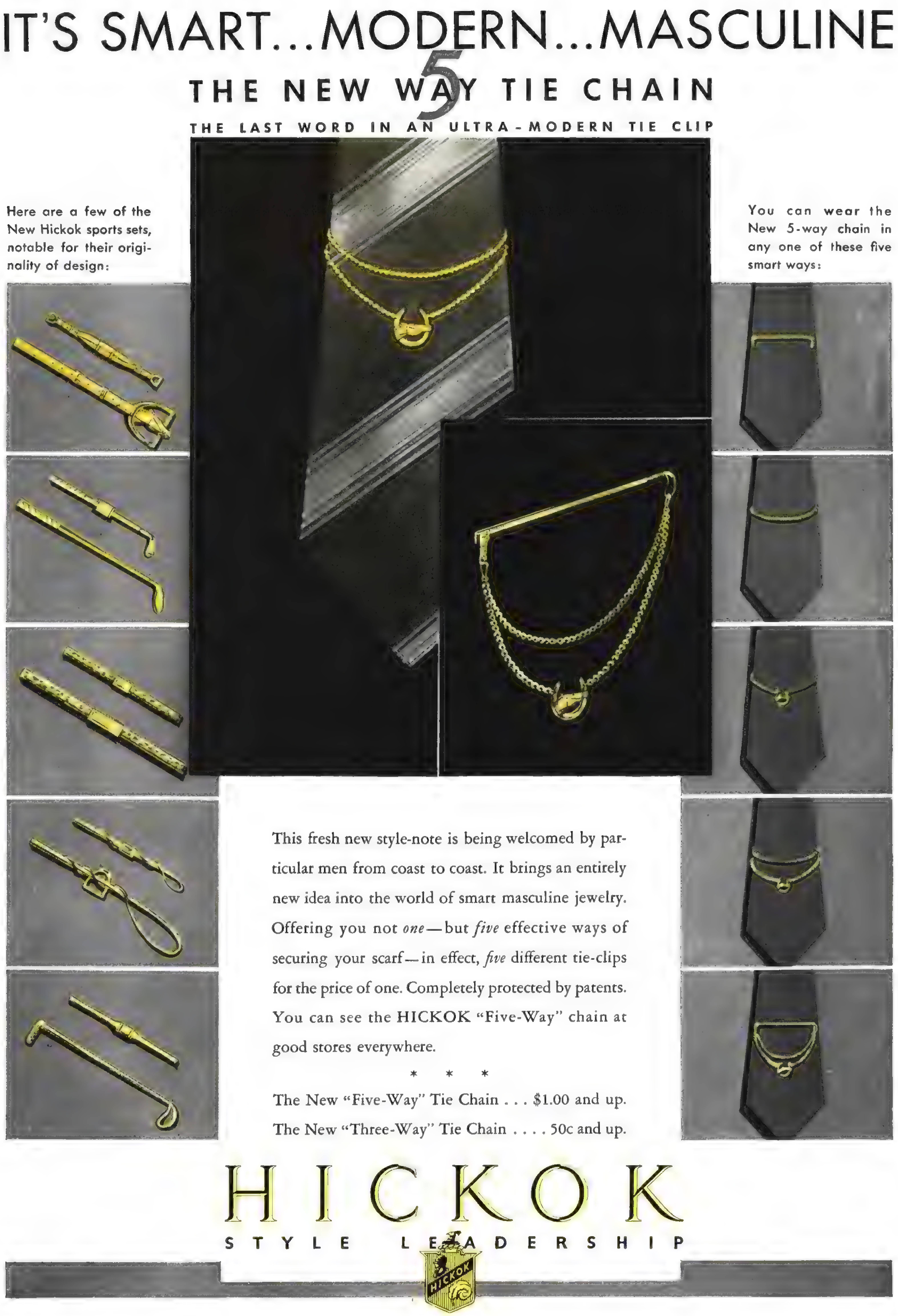
N. LEVIN & CO., INC.
16 West 56th Street
New York City
Since 1886 we have exemplified
individuality in fine tailoring.
Advance showing of new Spring woolens.

ENTERTAINMENT

LEMONT STUDIOS
53 East 55th St., New York. Plaza 3-2243
Forecasts, Horoscopes by Cedric W. Lemont and Betty Boardman based on 25 years' experience in chart interpretations.
Especial emphasis given to rectification of birth hour. Ask for free brochure.

HOBBIES

SEYCHELLES ON THE SEA SHORE
Seychelles may not have started the song but Gen. Gordon says that it was the Garden of Eden. Pirates, explorers and traders made Seychelles one of the reasons why a Stamp Album is a great adventure story. Write to Scott for your free copy of "Guide to Stamp Collecting."
SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY
1 W. 47th St., N. Y., N. Y.



IT'S SMART...MODERN...MASCULINE

THE NEW 5 WAY TIE CHAIN

THE LAST WORD IN AN ULTRA-MODERN TIE CLIP

Here are a few of the New Hickok sports sets, notable for their originality of design:

You can wear the New 5-way chain in any one of these five smart ways:

This fresh new style-note is being welcomed by particular men from coast to coast. It brings an entirely new idea into the world of smart masculine jewelry. Offering you not *one*—but *five* effective ways of securing your scarf—in effect, *five* different tie-clips for the price of one. Completely protected by patents. You can see the HICKOK "Five-Way" chain at good stores everywhere.

* * *

The New "Five-Way" Tie Chain . . . $1.00 and up.

The New "Three-Way" Tie Chain . . . . 50c and up.

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

GIFTS

"CANADA'S MOST TALKED ABOUT GIFT SHOP"
A wonderful selection of English Bone China, featuring white embossed for luncheons. New Dinnerware Booklet sent on request.
HERBERT S. MILLS
HAMILTON CANADA

HATTERS

STETSON HATS for your Easter ensemble. The new Spring creations are handsomely illustrated in the latest YOUNG'S-STETSON Style Brochure just off the press. Write to YOUNG'S, Dept. E, 791 Broadway, N. Y. C., for your copy. STETSONS $6.50 up . . . YOUNG'S $2.95 up. At the 29 Smart Hat Centers.

HOTELS

THE VANDERBILT HOTEL
5 Minutes from Grand Central or Penn. Station . . . Spacious, Luxurious rooms . . . Single, private bath, $3 . . . Double, twin beds, bath, $5 . . . Park Ave. at 34th St.
Walton H. Marshall, Manager
NEW YORK

LUGGAGE

Our booklet "Luggage Prescriptions" offers bright ideas on every type of luggage for every type of traveling. It's free.
We'll be glad to send you a copy.
OSHKOSH TRUNKS, INC.
10 East 34th St.
New York

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

Well-bred clothes for the gentleman, at reasonable prices, "in the New York manner" is the Weber & Heilbroner criterion in apparel and furnishing. Details of "the New York manner" in hats and hose, shirts and shoes, and all that lies between, is yours on request to us at 550 Fifth Ave., New York.

GYMNASIUM

McGOVERN'S
Famous trainer offers personal service at McGovern's modern gym. Exercise individually supervised for men, women, children. Handball, medicine ball, golf, squash, boxing, electric baths, etc. Stop in for guest lesson. 41 E. 42nd St., N. Y. MU 2-2121.

SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES

WILKE UNPAINTED BRIAR ROOT PIPES—Known to men of America over 60 years—need no breaking in—sweet from first puff—color like meerschaum—$1 to $50. Fine tobaccos skillfully blended to suit your taste—pipes repaired right. Send for catalog. WILKE PIPE SHOP, 400 MADISON AVE., N.Y.C.

WISE PIPE SMOKERS
rest and air their pipes. Keep your pipes sweet in a pipe rack. We have many pipe rack models of genuine beautifully finished walnut. Desk, table and wall models that hold from four to eight pipes from $2 up to $3 postpaid. One model to fit that jar humidor you already have. Send for illustrated catalog.
H. C. ENGEL
1515 N. Madeira Street, Baltimore, Md.

STEAMER BASKETS

COMBINATION FRUIT AND FLOWER BASKETS. WHAT AN EASTER GIFT! $10 to $50. Steamer, Fruit, Nut, Candy, Gift Baskets. Table Delicacies and Imported Specialties. New 1935 Catalogue mailed free anywhere. Call EL 5-1040, write H. HICKS & SONS, 660 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

And believe it or not, you can get Kangaroo tail soup in jars, bottled in England. The tails, of course, come from "Down Under".

For those who have found out that modern ping pong is as different from what it used to be as modern tennis is from days when playing tennis was synonymous with ansy-pay, there is a swell pair of ping pong lights and shades with an extension cord and the sockets have rings for hanging. This should solve all problems of good lighting.

At this writing a couple of unexpected balmy days and the Bock Beer signs that are making their appearance have made us receptive to some news in the direction of good old lager. First, there is a new contraption for the convenient dispensing of draught beer on the home grounds. It accommodates a small keg, the equivalent of an eighth barrel (60 glasses) and is worked out so that the beer is readily cooled. The important factor of keeping the pipes clean is simplified to a point where it ceases to be a problem. It may be had in colors to match garden or terrace fittings and we advise the purchase of a yodeler's outfit to complete the Bavarian atmosphere. Equipped with wheels it may be moved at will.

Further on the subject of beer, we think we have a swell scoop on something that will shortly be obtainable throughout the nation. It practically carries us back to the growler days when the can used to be rushed around the corner. The modern interpretation finds the beer coming to us in cans instead of bottles. The cans are lined in the same manner as beer kegs, giving the much desired draught beer flavor. An ingenious opener, the simplicity of which is amazing, has been developed for this new can. We can see lots of benefits from this idea. The equivalent of a case of beer, as we now know it, in its new form will take up about half the space in the refrigerator . . . and of course we won't have to worry about returning bottles.

Even the camera makers have been affected by the urge to stream-line, and there is a new camera on the market in a convenient, so-called vest pocket size. The camera is almost oval in shape, with tapering sides and no projecting corners to catch on one's clothing, even the winding knob being sunk below the surface.

We have been acquainted with the benefits of the syphon that manufactures its own soda for quite a while, but just in case you didn't know about it we want to mention it here, as there is something authentic about a Scotch and Soda when the soda comes from a syphon. The beauty of this gadget is that if you have a stock of cartridges and running water in the house—and the syphon, of course—you are fixed for the evening.

Shades of old-fashioned medicine men and magnetic belts! We now have a copper plate worn around the waist which operates painlessly while you walk about your ordinary pursuits and is guaranteed to reduce unnecessary girth. The head of one of New York's great training gymnasiums says it works.

Up in Radio City we came across a barber who has a very complete collection of antique tonsorial apparati as well as some interesting old prints and illustrations on the subject, going all the way back to the 13th century.

FLORISTS

A GIFT THAT REFLECTS THE STANDARD OF THE SENDER
Flowers of quality for every and any occasion, personal or telegraphic delivery, from New York's foremost flower shop.
MAX SCHLING, Inc.
HOTEL SAVOY PLAZA

TRAVEL

GOING TO EUROPE IN 1935?
Send for Travel Booklet listing outstanding European all expense trips from $295 and up.
Unusual Summer Cruises Everywhere.
Metropolitan Travel Service, Inc.
Metropolitan Building, Boston, Mass.

IMPORTING TAILOR

TAILORED AND STYLED IN LONDON
Code Cabled and Delivered in a Fortnight, British Fabrics only, Fitted and Finished at our only Permanent Branch in the States.
Priced from $50 to $90. Duty Paid
HOBBS, LTD.
68 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. C. MU 2-9789

MERCHANT TAILORS

CUSTOM MADE CLOTHES
Ingenuity and the finest materials in every garment — Yielding only Satisfaction — the utmost for your money—personal supervision.
GEO. W. LOFINK, INC.
11 East 48th St. New York, N. Y.
Prices Starting at $45.

HEDGES TAILORS, LTD.
7 East 47th St., New York, Specialists in custom tailored clothes of truly British type for young men—also mannish cloth suits and coat ensembles for women. Modestly priced, individually fashioned.
$42.50 $46.50 and $52.50

PHOTOGRAPHERS

BACHRACH Portraits of Men
Strength, character, expression and composition; these are the essentials in a really fine portrait.
A studio for Men only at
507 Fifth Ave., New York
VAnderbilt 3-7400

REDUCING

McGOVERN'S GYMNASIUM
Reduce safely thru corrective exercise and sane diet. Personal service to men, women, children. Famous trainer's modern gymnasium offers electric baths, showers, massage, medicine ball, hand ball, golf, etc. Guest lesson. 41 East 42d St., New York, MU 2-2121.

SCALP SPECIALISTS

HAIR TROUBLES ARE TOO APPARENT
in the open weather and its sports. Especially made for men are the O-G-V preparations of the world's foremost hair and scalp specialists. On sale in leading department and better drug stores. Or you may order direct. Ask for free booklet.
OGILVIE METHOD
604 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Bald? Losing hair? Hair ills of hundreds helped by our scientific treatments. You invest nothing but your time to prove we can help you. Either we do just that or — no charge. Fair enough? Come any time, 9 to 7.
MILBON INSTITUTE
51 E. 42 St., opp. Grand Central. MU 2-0091

SHOES

HANAN SHOES
When excellence of appearance and continued good looks through hard wear are a wardrobe requirement — look to Hanan.
Priced from $10.50 to $12.50
New York • London • Paris • Nice

Gentlemen's Shoes for every Purpose. The essentials of Comfort & Fashion in the Finest of leathers and workmanship.
MARTIN & MARTIN
Shoes since 1897
581 5th Ave., N. Y., 32 N. Mich., Chicago
Request our announcements — at either shop.

SWIMMING SCHOOL

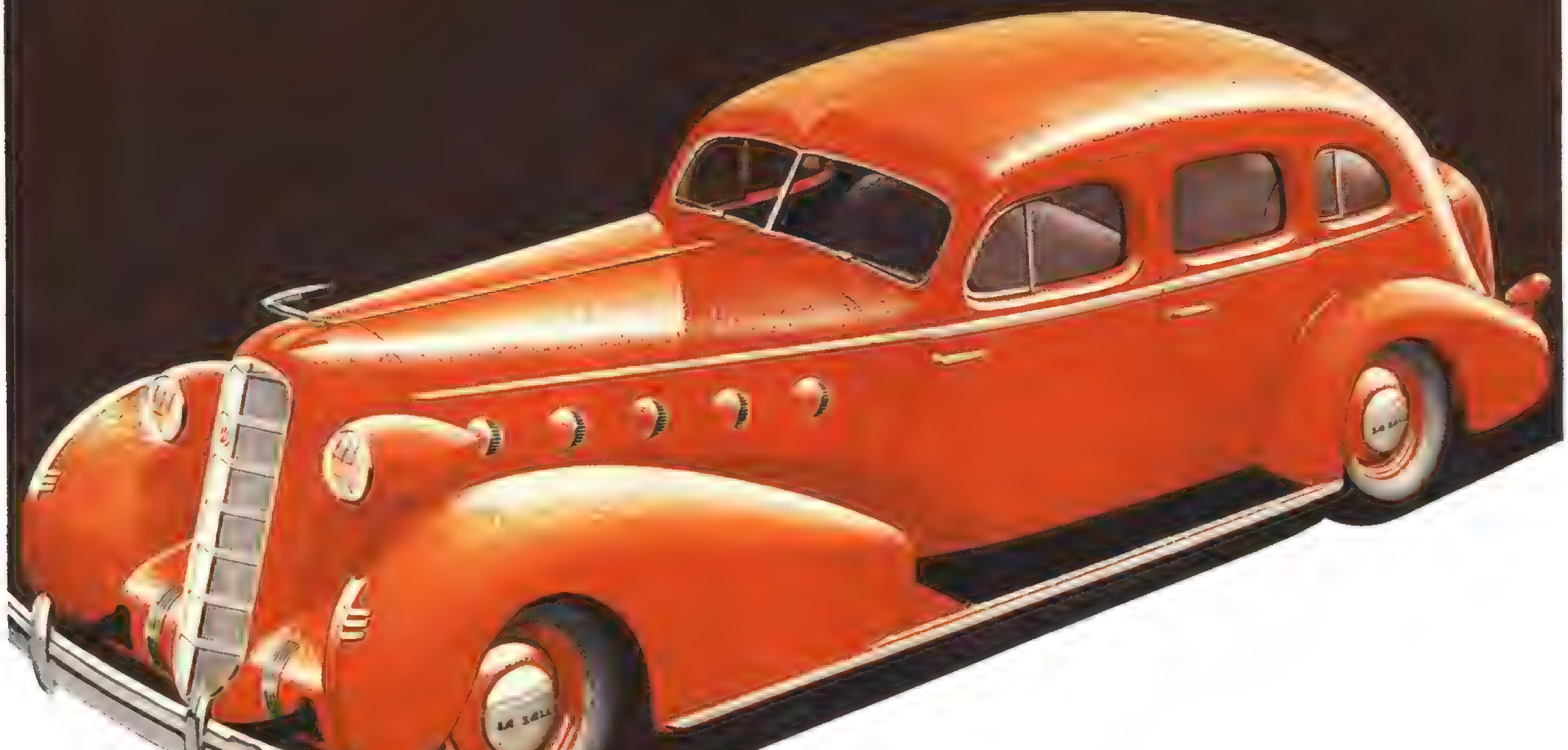
DALTON SWIMMING SCHOOL
Established 1899
Supervised Individual Instruction
Separate Heated Pools for Men and Women
Send for Booklet C
19 West 44th Street New York City

Today a brilliant

NEW LaSALLE

with flashing new performance

ENTERS A LOWER-PRICE FIELD



$1225

and up, list price at the Cadillac factory, Detroit, Michigan. Offered in four models. Model illustrated, the Four-Door Touring Sedan, list price, $1295. Special equipment extra. La Salle is a product of General Motors, and is available on convenient G.M.A.C. terms.

CADILLAC is proud today to announce its latest achievement . . . a brilliant, flashing new La Salle, with . . .

PERFORMANCE of an inspiring new type . . . responsively eager in traffic, swift and unlabored on the hills, faster and smoother on the open road. Yet performance that carries with it new economies of operation.

STYLING . . . that is smarter than that of the style-setting La Salle of last year.

SAFETY . . . that includes the latest Fisher contribution to motoring security . . . the solid steel Turret-Top body. And the safety of big, capable, hydraulic brakes.

QUALITY of unusual character. . . . Throughout its sturdy chassis and throughout its luxurious interior, trimly tailored in quality fabrics, the new La Salle is a tribute to fine car ideals. This is but natural . . . for it is designed and built by Cadillac.

The new La Salle is now on display at the salesrooms of your Cadillac-La Salle dealer. You are cordially invited to see it and to drive it . . . to judge its exceptional value and its brilliant performance for yourself.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

In Chicago 80% of the Market Goes to Market in Street Cars*

By F. S. A.

The easiest place to sell a busy executive is in a Pullman car—no telephones—no appointments—no secretaries. Much idle time, and a relaxed, receptive mind at your disposal.

The easiest place to sell a housewife is also in transit—Read this interesting account of transportation advertising and the amazing scope of its influence.

CHICAGO has nearly 4,000 street cars, each of which picks up and unloads 1,000 riders per day.

Multiply these two figures and you get the most perfect coverage of Chicago possible.

They offer the only advertising medium, bar none, by which an advertiser can contact, at a reasonable cost, one or more members of virtually *every* Chicago family every day.

The coverage is so perfect that Chicago executives use street car traffic each month as the most accurate barometer of business. The street car increases vary within one-half of one per cent, each month, with the increases in total retail sales and payrolls. And why not? . . . 80% of all public conveyance traffic in Chicago is via street cars.

Street car traffic parallels business in Chicago, and follows population proportionately in all districts.

One fashionable lake front hotel discovered that 80% of its permanent guests walked habitually two short blocks to the nearest street car line, because street cars offer the fastest, most frequent service to all parts of Chicago.

If you want to dominate the Chicago market, get your advertisement in the Street Cars!

Chicago = 75 Big Cities, Each Around a Street Car Transfer Point

CHICAGO has 97 good department stores outside of the downtown district. Its biggest and finest theatres are in the 75 major neighborhood shopping centers.

These 75 community shopping centers compare favorably in population and volume of local retail business to cities as big as Oklahoma City, Okla.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Erie, Pa.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Fort Wayne, Ind., and 70 others. ***They do 80% of Chicago's retail trade!***

Chicago's big buying power is payroll money. Workers are moved to and from their homes chiefly by street car crosstown lines. They seldom enter the "loop;" neither do their families. They patronize neighborhood stores and theatres.

And every important retail outlet in Chicago is located at one of the four hundred street car transfer points. Here is advertising at point-of-sale!

Chicago has five good newspapers, and a score of neighborhood papers. More than half the homes have radios, on which a dozen or more good stations can be tuned. Many of the billboards are located on the street car lines (only the motorman gets the head-on-view).

But *one* street car system collects each day 80% of the entire market and exposes to this vast audience 32 colored car cards for an average of 1½ hours per family, per day. The cost of street car advertising is amazingly low for such an enormous and frequent coverage.

Do Street Car Riders Read Street Car Advertisements?

ALKA-SELTZER sales doubled in Chicago within three months after starting a cartoon-strip car advertising campaign in the Chicago Surface Lines. Sales in other markets did not show a corresponding increase.

Then Alka-Seltzer used car advertising in a group of cities scattered from Boston to Los Angeles. In each of these cities sales immediately increased from fifteen to one hundred per cent within first thirty days. Sales in Chicago increased 150% in five months.

So, last month, Alka-Seltzer bought a nation-wide showing of Street Car Advertising for a long term of years!

Retailers locate their stores on street car lines because street car riders are their customers. They increase their store-traffic by featuring street car advertised items. During the week of March 17th Alka-Seltzer had 1800 window displays in Chicago, without cost, which were tied into a special street car advertisement.

* * *

In the Chicago street cars are big colorful Ford advertisements. Key dealers say these street car advertisements get more favorable response than any other advertising Ford does in the market. "Our Street Car Advertising is dynamite," said a member of the dealers' advertising committee.

* * *

PEOPLE don't read any advertising anywhere unless the advertising is interesting. If your message is not sufficiently interesting to get attention, in transit, where every family must average 1½ hours in idleness daily, this message will not command attention anywhere else.

Ford, Sunkist, Wrigley and others of America's greatest advertisers have proved that attention is easy to get in street cars. Color helps. Repetition makes reputation. That's why most street car advertisers dominate their market.

* * *

Street car advertising in Chicago is sold by the Barron G. Collier Corporation.

**Chicago surface lines carry ten riders daily for every automobile registered in Chicago*

ADVERTISEMENT

She drives a
Duesenberg

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

CIRCLE 7-5312
The Rainbow Room
Weekdays till 2A.M...Sunday till 12 P.M.
DINING DANCING
ENTERTAINMENT
Dinner Show at 8:15
Supper Show at 12:15
ROCKEFELLER CENTER ROOF

"COCKTAILS 'TIL CURFEW"
JULES & JOE
Piano Duo
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
#1 BAR
ONE FIFTH AVENUE
at 8th Street

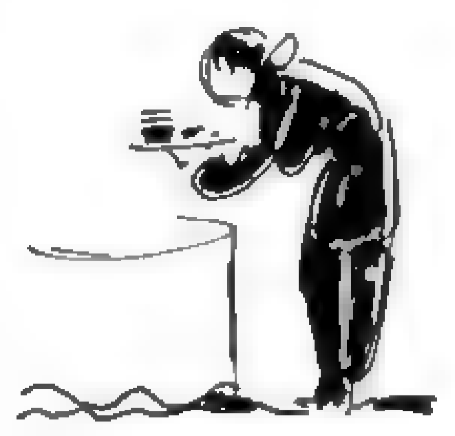
It's Spring in the Park
CASINO in CENTRAL PARK
EDDY DUCHIN and his Central Park Casino Orchestra
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
Tea Dansant Saturday & Sunday
Reservations RH 4-3034

70
For swell sips and snacks or satisfying lunches (75c) and satisfying dinners ($1.10)
SEVENTY PARK AVENUE Hotel at 38th St.

DON'T MISS IT IN NEW YORK!
REVUE Folies Bergeres
3 Dance Orchestras
"MOST MAGNIFICENT NIGHT CLUB OF THEM ALL"—Winchell
FRENCH CASINO
7th Avenue at 50th Street
COlumbus 5-7070

A WELL-WISHER, sensing the difficulties under which this department is conducted, writes me: "Why don't you arrange with Borden's to have them deliver you at your door with the morning's milk?" . . . It's a constructive suggestion. . . . The way things are now, I start going places along toward the cocktail end of the afternoon, and one good spot (locational or liquid) primes me for another, so that by the time my homing instinct, if any, should be asserting itself, life seems just too beautiful for words. . . . Next thing I know I'm being rousted from sweet dreams with a knout—Editor Legree reminding me that what I had merrily taken to be a swell time was really a fact-finding campaign. . . . I'm supposed to explain where I've been and give details, telephone numbers, specifying whether blonde or brunette. I'm expected to be lucid. . . . Speaking therefore not as the gay dog I fancied I was, but as a retriever, let me report that:

The most memorable cocktail met with was a Sherry-Netherland, at the hostelry of that name. It's a foaming four-ouncer, made with white Bacardi, Hawaiian pineapple juice, and things I've promised not to disclose. . . . They've built around it one of New York's best groomed bars, with a mezzanine looking out over the Park, the Pulitzer fountain lady, and down the Avenue, with Joseph Zatour's tango band bidding for your attention indoors. . . . The fountain lady's costume reminds me of the Folies Bergères revue at the ever-packed French Casino which I revisited the other evening. . . . A wow of a show. . . . Too many visions to cope with in a single session. . . . Nymphs and good clean faun, and a damsel who persists in catching her golden medicine ball at critical juncture. . . . If she ever misses it would be just my luck not to be present. . . . For mere food—man-sized steaks and chops, fit to sink a happy tooth in—one does oneself distinctly well at Manny Wolf's, East 49th Street and 3rd Avenue, moved there after 25 years down town. . . . The pompano tasted fresh enough to have come from the Gulf of Mexico by refrigerated carrier pigeon. . . . You don't starve either at the Stockholm, installed in the marble-staired mansion of the late Henry Clews, 27 West 51st Street. . . . Not with 55 dishes of Swedish hors d'oeuvres . . . I counted 'em, steered by a Swedish friend who explained the science of beginning with sharpeners for aquavit and building up with jellied meats, saving cheese for the soup. . . . By the time I reached Swedish punch and pancakes, was I plenished! . . . Return visit to the Rainbow Room atop Radio City, for new floor show. . . . Starchy but not stiff, especially when the floor merry-go-rounded, as part of the ingenious effects. . . . One more Rainbow cocktail and they could have saved their machinery. . . . At the Biltmore Supper Room my feet got inspired by the slick music of Jack Denny (my weakness), with Ray Heatherton baritoning. . . . At the Pennsylvania's Madhattan Room, color-schemed by Norman Bel Geddes, arose between courses to dance to the ingratiating strains of debonair Hal Kemp and his fellow collegians from No'th Car'lina, but sat and gazed when a gal named Maxine Gray was singing. . . . After watching Cunningham smash that 1000 meter record at Madison Square Garden, took out my thrill on some he-food at Jack Dempsey's grand new restaurant, across the way, where fortunately sirloin eaters don't have to be athletes. . . . Mine host the Mauler has copped even the lorgnette trade.



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DINNER-DANCING AND SUPPER-DANCING
Henry King and Xavier Cugat orchestras
☆
Sophisticated entertainment.
THE WALDORF ASTORIA
PARK AVE • 49th to 50th • NEW YORK

AMEN CORNER
Divine Cuisine, Delicious Cocktails—plus entertainment by The Musical Rogues
•
Dinner & Supper Dancing
•
Cardinal Plate, $1.25
Dinner de Luxe, $1.75
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL
9th St.

KUNGSHOLM
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
SMÖRGASBORD—LUNCHEON—DINNER
OUR NEW SUMMER GARDEN OPENS MAY 1ST
142 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET

RESTAURANT ROBERT
Food, wines, liquors
~ of the finest ~
33 West 55
• DRUM ROOM BAR •

MOTHER never sang the songs that EDDIE DAVIS sings at
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 ST • NEW YORK
LUNCH! DINNER!
SUPPER! COCKTAILS!

EL CHICO
"as Spanish as Spain"
DINNER and SUPPER DANCING
(Open Sundays)
Three Floor Shows Nightly • American and Spanish Menus • Unique Wine List
80 Grove St. at Sheridan Sq., CH 2-4646

ROCKEFELLER CENTER GATEWAY RESTAURANT
NEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE
• LUNCHEON
• DINNER
• SUPPER
32 WEST 50TH STREET
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

THE

Jayson

Jayson
SHIRT
BY ARTISTIC

SHIRT

WITH NO STARCH
• NO WILT COLLAR

It is paradoxical that Springtime is a season when a tree comes to life...and when a man feels like lying down and taking a good long nap. But, in the Spring, a man also feels the urge to emulate nature in dressing up. The Jayson Shirt ...with its No Starch—No Wilt Collar...enables you to dress smartly and neatly and to still retain the loungy, lazy comfort that expresses your Springtime mood. For the collar attached to the Jayson Shirt...although pliable, porous, perspiration-proof and never starched, looks stiff...and will never wrinkle, wilt or crush...how ever you wear or wash it.

Good stores are showing superbly tailored Jayson Shirts in a variety of patterns and fabrics...appropriate to the season...at $1.95 to $5. Shirts with separate collars $2.50 up. (Slightly higher in the West.)

F. JACOBSON & SONS • *Shirtmakers since 1888*
1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • PLANTS: TROY, N. Y.
ARTISTIC SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • JAY-CRAFT SPORTSWEAR

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NEW ENGLAND'S FAMED GATEWAY to GRACIOUSNESS

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You will enjoy **living** at the Copley-Plaza, because it creates for your trip away from home the natural and unassuming hospitality of the environment to which you are accustomed.

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Arthur L. Race, Managing Director

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

in the MANHATTAN ROOM

Sixteen Manhattan Minstrels sing sweet songs and serve swell drinks every afternoon and evening.

Hotel NEW YORKER

34th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York
Ralph Hitz, President

"PONCHE-ESPAÑOL"

SPANISH PUNCH

A unique Brandy and old sweet Sherry aged in wood

DELIGHTFUL IN TASTE

CALISAY

• *The Golden Liqueur* •

A liqueur of distinction. The essence of 127 rare herbs and fruits distilled according to the secret formula of 1680.

If your nearest dealer cannot supply you, communicate with us.

ASTURR TRADING CO.
Sole U. S. Agents
123 Front St., N. Y. C.

At the Mascotte (19 East 60th), where a reputed Escoffier disciple rules the skillets, the hors d'oeuvre wagon looked well-strewn. But Bernard, curator of menus, murmured a suggestion concerning something in the alligator-pear-and-caviar line, created to order. My guest and I chanced it, and I've scooped worse. . . . Followed by turtle gumbo. Then, baby lamb, with *gnocchi à la Romana* of a perfection rarely encountered on this side of the water. The accompanying burgundy, a Clos-Vougeot 1923, was at the apogee of maturity; our final glasses of it, with Roquefort obbligato, were things to remember, as was the cognac. . . . Another French establishment where sublimity of flavor serves as decoy is Robert (33 West 55th)—the right address for lobster Bordelaise with wild rice, and soft-shell crabs glorified with almonds. Here preliminary whetting is done in the adjoining Drum Room, designed and illustrated by Peter Arno. The Robert Special cocktail, made with 15-year-old Jamaica rum, grows on you apace as you drink more of them. . . . Suppering in the Empire Room at the Waldorf, watched Georges and Jalna, Continental dancers (they having just shaken the sands of Miami out of their gifted pumps and slippers) glide and rhythmize, with Henry King and orchestra furnishing the floating power, and Iliena Strenge (good-looker) diseuse-ing betweenwhiles in three languages. . . . Enjoyed music, too, of sizzling platters at Longchamps: chops and chickens, their butter a-twitter with triumph when paraded to you. . . . Westward ho! to the Hotel New Yorker — in the Terrace Room genial Ozzie Nelson and band, with Harriet Hilliard (ah!) songing and the Vernons limbing. In case you don't know, Miss Vernon is the darb in the Dobbs ads. . . . But, speaking of entertainment, 'way down South in the Village, lapped up some Argentine atmosphere and old *viño*, with a casserole of Spanish chicken-and-rice on the side, at Dimitri's Club Gaucho (Sullivan Street, just below Washington Square). Small and cozy, with fireplace and Hispanic damsels that aren't so cool either. . . . Got myself Russianized at the Kretchma basement institution (Fourteenth St., east of Third Ave.) It was hard to tell the dancers from the vodka I tucked away with my beef à la Strogonoff (16th-century recipe), but there was one luscious spinner who could make a moujik out of me any evening she cared to—preferably when the wild Cossack sword-slinger wasn't around. . . . Amusing color also at the Hapsburg (313 East 55th), where the artist-restaurateur has done his own decorating in sophisticatedly naïve style. Clocks, ornaments, tile stoves, quaint furniture: all painted in cockeyed illusion upon blank walls. Even the sofa in the delicious little candlelit private dining room is non-practicable. But the food, concocted by Chef Carl Oppoermann (out of Sacher's in Vienna via London, Berlin, Paris and the Knickerbocker Club) is real. . . . And so was the chilled Bernkastler, with its delicate bouquet as of white clover and red roses; likewise the *marc* (pale brandy, by-product of wine-making) from the Romanée Conti vineyard in Burgundy—the world's costliest flock of grapes. . . . Spare shank of evening attained large proportions at the Stork Club (3 East 53rd) with Don Alberto and Hayward Powers out-orchestra-ing each other in their determination to prise me away from the Crêpes Suzette. . . . Nor were things exactly quiet along the Central Park Front that night at the Normandie (Hotel Navarro) when, under Zelli auspices, we (plenty of us) kept the rafters awake celebrating the return to New York of the prodigal Yacht Club Boys, unreformed and better than ever.

THE Café Lounge AND SNACK BAR

New York's most popular rendezvous for Luncheon, the Cocktail Hour, Dinner, Supper. Dancing during the Cocktail Hour and after the Theatre

Your visit will be even more enjoyable when you stop at this world-renowned hotel. Overlooking Central Park . . . You'll be handy to subway, buses, fine shops and theatres.

SAVOY-PLAZA

FIFTH AVE., 58th to 59th STS., NEW YORK

The Normandie

112 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
at 59th Street

YACHT CLUB BOYS
Appearing Nightly

For Dinner and After Theatre Supper
Luncheon . . . Cocktail Hour
For reservations "Ernest" CIrcle 7-7900

DIMITRI'S
Club GAUCHO

Romantic Latin Atmosphere
inexpensive but so-o-o-nice

245 Sullivan St., cor. W. 3rd., Stuy. 9-8836

May we suggest—next time try

THREE FEATHERS

Blended Whiskey

Alexander Cocktail

⅓ Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
⅓ Connoisseur Creme de Cacao
⅓ Sweet Cream
Shake well with cracked ice.

BEN BURK, Inc., Boston, Mass.

"Ocean-Clear" LIVE LOBSTERS

CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
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THEY'RE THE BEST!

CLICQUOT CLUB

SPARKLING WATER "SODA"

Naturally Pure ● *Not Purified*

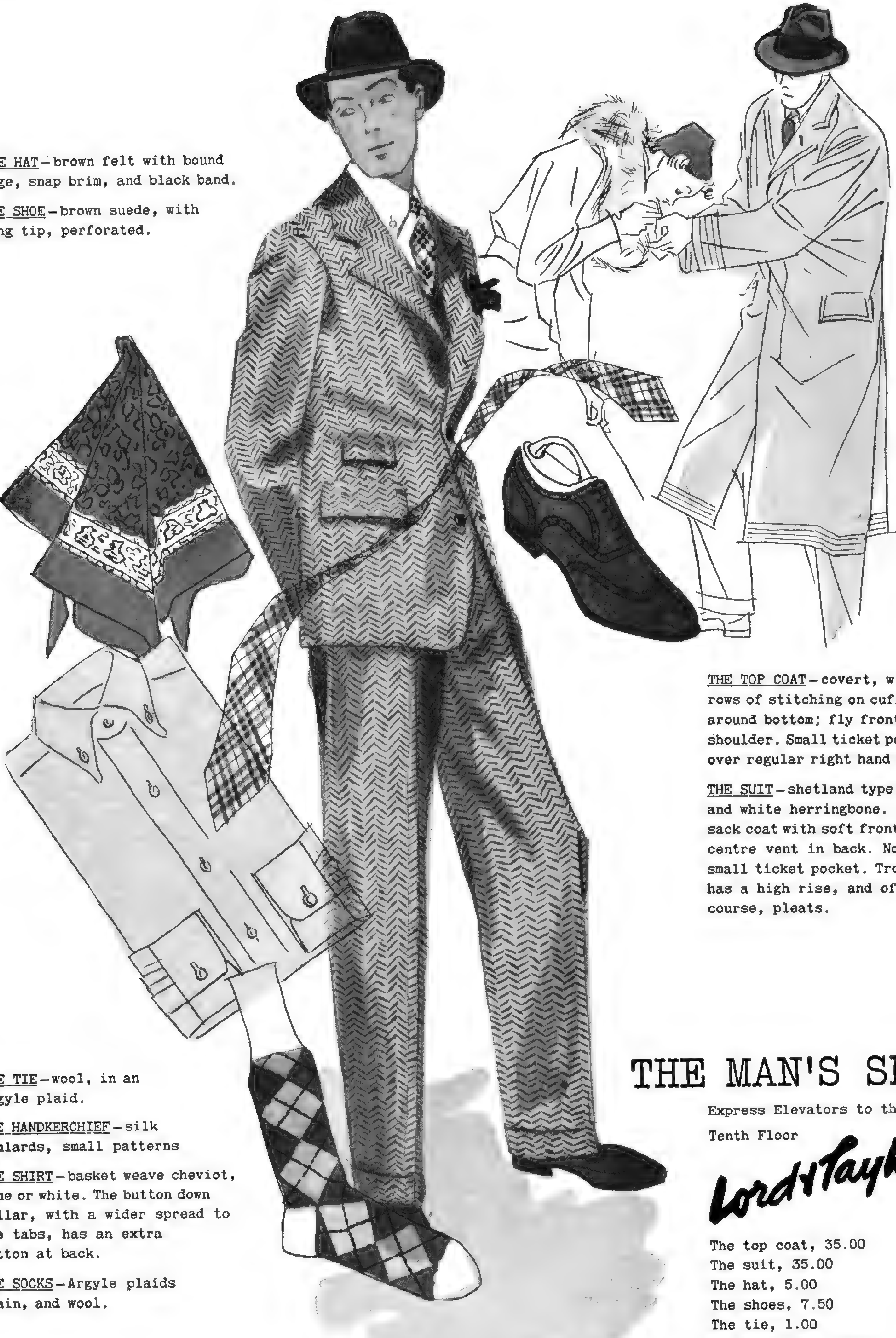
Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass.

ALWAYS INSIST ON

Ruinart père & fils

The first *Champagne* and still the first . . . originated in 1729 . . . sold everywhere in the finest places.

FOREIGN VINTAGES
30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.



THE HAT—brown felt with bound edge, snap brim, and black band.

THE SHOE—brown suede, with wing tip, perforated.

THE TOP COAT—covert, with four rows of stitching on cuffs and around bottom; fly front, raglan shoulder. Small ticket pocket over regular right hand pocket.

THE SUIT—shetland type brown and white herringbone. 3 button sack coat with soft front and centre vent in back. Note the small ticket pocket. Trouser has a high rise, and of course, pleats.

THE TIE—wool, in an Argyle plaid.

THE HANDKERCHIEF—silk foulards, small patterns

THE SHIRT—basket weave cheviot, blue or white. The button down collar, with a wider spread to the tabs, has an extra button at back.

THE SOCKS—Argyle plaids again, and wool.

THE MAN'S SHOP

Express Elevators to the
Tenth Floor

Lord & Taylor

The top coat, 35.00
The suit, 35.00
The hat, 5.00
The shoes, 7.50
The tie, 1.00
Handkerchiefs, 50c to 1.00
The shirt, 2.65
The socks, 1.00

LORD & TAYLOR
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

F. Scott Fitzgerald's newest book is *Taps at Reveille*, a collection of short stories, two of which, *The Fiend* and *The Night of Chancellorsville*, appeared in this magazine. The book contains the cream of the Fitzgerald short story output for the past seven years. We can't think of any stronger words of praise than that.

•

The May issue of *Scribner's* will carry the first installment of *Green Hills in Africa*, **Ernest Hemingway's** first novel-length narrative since 1929. There would have been a magazine war between *Scribner's* and Esquire for the possession of this script, but for the fact that Esquire's first rule of policy, announced in its first issue, prohibits our use of continued stories. *Green Hills in Africa* is the first thing in eighteen months that has made us chafe at the restrictions of our own rules.

•

E. E. Cummings, whose five cryptic verses on page thirty-nine are hereby guaranteed to be worth whatever time it may take you to puzzle them out, makes his first appearance in Esquire with this issue. We tried to get him for the first issue, but he was in Europe then. These five poems appear in his new book, *No Thanks*, which was scheduled for publication on April first but postponed to give us time to come out with this selection. *No Thanks* will appear only in a limited edition, published by the Golden Eagle Press, 48 Charles Street, New York, and the pre-publication price is $7.50 a copy. (Upon publication, the tariff jumps to $12.50 per copy, and the thing becomes a collector's item as a matter of course.) Poetry-loving plutocrats in Esquire's audience (or maybe we mean first-edition speculators) may avail themselves of the pre-publication rate by mentioning this magazine in placing orders before May first. There's also a sort of super-private edition at $99.00 per copy that—oh, all right, we only thought we'd mention it!

•

Anthony Armstrong lives in Sussex. He has written some fifteen novels, humorous and crime (the latter have been published here as well as in England), and nine or ten plays. Of the latter, *Ten Minute Alibi*, now in its third year in London, has hung up the longest run of recent times. Rights have been bought for thirty-three countries.

•

Abe Altrowitz, claimant to the national rejection-slip title for short fiction, was born in Russia, came to this country at the age of seven, and has been a Minneapolis newspaperman since 1916.

•

Bruce Bairnsfather, who was known during the War as the Hogarth of the trenches, is the creator of the world-famous character Old Bill, who is best known to Americans through the play, *The Better 'Ole*. Bairnsfather, who was born in India, served as a second lieutenant in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment through the first year of the War. In 1916, his drawings from the trenches having attracted international attention, he was sent around to the various Allied armies, where his cartoons were counted an important bolster of morale.

•

Robert Saunders Dowst, whose middle name we mis-spelled in the February issue, is co-author (with Jay Craig) of *Playing the Races: A Guide to the American Tracks*, published by Dodd-Mead & Company, New York City.

Hermann Deutsch is a New Orleans newspaper man. He was born in what is now Czecho-Slovakia but has been in this country since the age of two. He went to public and high school in Cincinnati and is a graduate of the University of Chicago. If you don't read anything else in this issue, don't, for anything, miss *Murder Trial* on page sixty-four. It's the first of a series that bids fair to be one of the best things Esquire has ever published.

•

William de Lisle was born in 1906, educated here and abroad, has been in newspaper, motion picture and publicity work, and a seaman on thirty-three ships. He lives in New York.

•

F. Gregory Hartswick is a well-known puzzler, one of the three who started the cross-word puzzle books. He was for some time the editor of the *Red Magic* section of the *New York World*.

•

Franz Hoellering is a native of Vienna and an exile from Berlin. *The Fugitive* is his first story to appear in the English language. Before the advent of Adolf Hitler, Hoellering was Editor-in-chief of Ullstein's *Berliner Zeitung Am Mittag*. He is working on a novel to be published late this spring by G. P. Putnam's.

•

John K. Hutchens says: "I was born in 1905 in Chicago where my father, the late Martin J. Hutchens, was then the managing editor of the old Chicago Journal. (He had worked for Dana, Hearst and Pulitzer, and he was a swell newspaperman.) We moved to Montana, where I went to school until it was time to go to Hamilton College. I graduated from the latter in 1926, went back to Montana for a year of newspaper work, and came to New York in 1927. At one time or another between 1927 and 1932 I was motion picture critic for *The New York Evening Post*, assistant editor and drama reviewer for *Theatre Arts Magazine*, and a member of *The New York Times* Dramatic Department. Traveled in Spain, Italy and France from 1932 to 1934, and came back last Fall to the *Times* Dramatic Department."

•

Capsule biography of **Warren Hastings Miller:** Boyhood: Naturalist, music in Germany, boats. Young man: Ensign U.S.N. Spanish War, engineering, more boats. Roaring Forties: Editor *Field & Stream* for seven years, music in France, Lieutenant U.S.N.R., World War, reserve gunnery officer U.S.S. Utah, free lancing. Frisky Fifties: Authoring 27 books, three years in North Africa and Sahara, voyages to Near East and Far East, still more boats. Hobby, yachting. Avocation: music, organ, composition. Vocation: writing shorts, novelettes, novels.

•

Esquire is doing all right for itself but it can't pretend to keep up with its number one discovery, **Louis Paul**. First the guy knocks off the O. Henry Memorial Prize, then his first novel is the April Literary Guild selection, then Hollywood grabs him—he's now in a special gilded and plush lined writer's cage at MGM. In what spare time they leave him he is writing a book to be called *A Horse in Arizona*, a mad crazy profound fascinating gaudy bawdy burlesque that is the cure for America's blues and will be the choice of people wrecked on desert islands, people being hanged, bankers in jail, young girls, and people with Spanish accents.

John J. McCarthy is an executive in a New York advertising agency. He was born in Philadelphia at the turn of the century and while a student at the University of Pennsylvania got his first by-line in the sports columns of the *Philadelphia Record*. He served on the *Record* until after his graduation in 1921 whence he went into the advertising business in New York. Married and lives in Rye, N. Y. He has been a contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, *Redbook*, *Nation's Business*, and business publications.

•

Burnham Carter was graduated from Princeton in '22, was an instructor at Taft school until '24 when he joined the Ivy Lee organization, leaving it in '29 for four years in Cuba as assistant to Ambassador Harry F. Guggenheim. He is married and lives in New York where he is again a member of the firm of Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross. He has written one novel, *Mortal Men*, published in'29, and numerous short stories.

•

John Truscott is that same Don Wright who wrote *The Silver Drinking Set* which appeared in Esquire just about a year ago. Why he was Don Wright then and is John Truscott now is just one of many things we haven't time to check up on. Maybe he got married.

•

Our Discovery Department has now worked up to a point where it is beginning to discover people who are already famous. We always ballyhoo our discoveries to the full extent of our lung power, so this month we can save some breath, because it seems we've discovered **King Vidor**. Anyway, *Southern Storm* is his first published story. He was born in Galveston, Texas in 1895, was there in the Galveston storm of 1900, in which ten thousand people were drowned out of a total population of twenty-nine thousand. Son of a Texas lumberman, he spent his vacations in Texas lumber camps and sawmill towns until he was twenty when he decided to go to Los Angeles and take up motion pictures as a career. Married a Texas girl (Florence Vidor, now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz) spent his last dollar on a second-hand Model T Ford and a tankful of gasoline. Worked his way to California where he wrote 52 scenarios before he sold his first. Then he sold 20 of the original fifty-two. Has been directing pictures since 1918, among them *Wild Oranges*, *Big Parade*, *Hallelujah*, *The Crowd*, *Street Scene*, and, most recent, *The Wedding Night*. Most of the scenarios he has written himself and many of the originals. Of his pictures he prefers *The Crowd* and *Hallelujah*, both of which he wrote, the latter from memories of his logging camp days. He has always wanted to write for publication but says he has never had the time.

•

Edward Jerome Vogeler was born in Baltimore. Worked five years on Baltimore newspapers—then turned to advertising. During the past ten years, devoted in the main to advertising, he has sold a number of articles to newspaper syndicates and magazines. He lives at Lititz, Pennsylvania.

•

Alvah C. Bessie was born in New York in 1904, graduated from Columbia in '24, lives in Vermont, has one child or maybe, by the time this achieves print, two. He has had stories in *Scribner's*, *Story*, and various advance guard magazines. A novel, *Dwell in the Wilderness*, will be published in August by Covici-Friede.

E. E. Cummings

Hermann B. Deutsch

John K. Hutchens

John J. McCarthy

King Vidor

Alvah C. Bessie

PORTRAIT BY FRANS HALS : COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

MASTERPIECES

which Time has mellowed . . and which the world applauds

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SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857
Seagram's
"V.O."
Rare Old
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Whiskey
6 YEARS O

BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER CANADIAN GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Seagram's Bottled-in-Bond Whiskies

Notes On A Noble Nip

Washington was a village
Pittsburgh a trading post
Chicago a stockade
Denver a forest
When Abraham Overholt
Of Broad Ford, Pa.
Put plump grains
And sweet hill water
Into a mortar
Pestled his mash
And distilled his first gallon
Of Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey

Patroons and planters
Presidents and princes
Relished this flavory grog

And so will you
These 125 years later

For good Old Overholt
Has nature's flavor
In it
The honest fragrance
Of grain fields
And the faintest heady hint
Of fresh oak staves
Charred over cooper fires

Try a bottle
It's 4 years old
Straight
Bottled in bond
And as your palate will testify
Grand!

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UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

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a. d. Southern Style

A Key West Letter

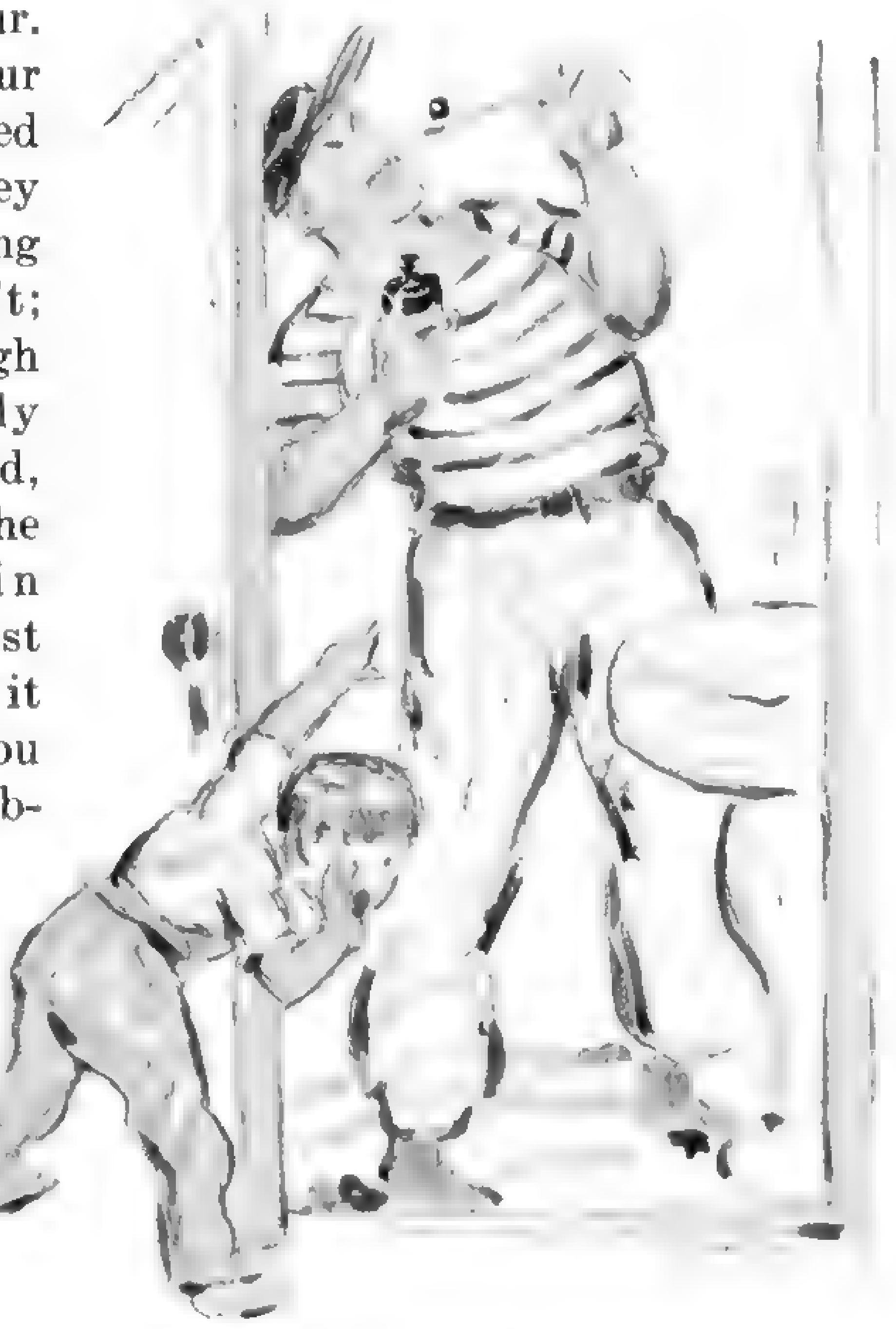
by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

HERALDED by the gay, childish shout of "Hey! Hurry up! Come on upstairs! Papa's going to poke himself with the African push-needle!" your correspondent has just taken another shot of emetine and settled down to literary composition. For years your correspondent wrote in bed; only stopping it when he found all his characters were getting to spend all their time in bed too. Now, of course, there is the risk of the creations of your correspondent's fancy all becoming amoebic-dysentery addicts and users of emetine and Yatren 105, those remarkable looking little pills whose consumption is always heralded by shrill, childish shouts of, "Hey you want to hurry up if you're going to see Papa swallow those buck-shots!"

Thinking it over, though, your correspondent has decided that an amoebic heroine could probably never compete with an anemic heroine in glamour, even though, at a distance, people might not be able to tell the difference. So he has decided to cure the whole thing up and get it over with and has embarked on Dr. Anderson's all-around full-time treatment which he knows from experience will knock it out of your correspondent and, let us hope, out of the pages of this magazine. In the meantime, though, the rigor of the treatment has pretty well obliterated your correspondent's memory so there seems nothing to do but write about the future.

Your correspondent has never been much on the future. Let anything occur and we will attempt to give you a fair account of it if present; but asked about the future we are always extremely doubtful.

At one time your correspondent went in for prophecy on a large scale; but after being warned not to write bear stories when predicting the German mark would follow the Austrian kronen to nothing in the years soon after the war, the kronen was still worth money and the mark was regarded as a sound buy; after having very frank and prophetic interviews with Mussolini before the march on Rome buried opposite the financial page; and an interview with Clemenceau in which the old man was very bitter and for once very loquacious returned by a great Canadian paper with this notation, "He can say these things but he cannot say them in our paper;" your correspondent learned that when, through following something closely, you were positive something was going to happen, the thing to do was to discover some way of betting that it would happen and keep your mouth shut about it. The next step in your correspondent's education was to discover that nothing ever happens anywhere near as soon as you figure it will and you will go broke any time long before it comes off betting that it will occur. Discovering this your correspondent learned that the steady money was in always betting they won't; he won't; it won't even though you knew eventually they would, he would, it would, but that the big money was in switching at the last minute and betting it would happen when you finally saw it coming absolutely clearly and unmistakable—a very different business from knowing it *had* to happen.



So what? So nothing. Is your correspondent a rich man? He is not. But he would have been a damned sight poorer if he had not worked that out in what he tries to pass off as his head. So what about the future? Well the immediate future of this feature (that's the way emetine writes) is that we are going to go to Bimini for the run of Giant Tuna and the blue marlin. These tuna are supposed to run a thousand pounds and over and no one has caught one yet. From the thousands of yards of thirty-six and thirty-nine thread that they have ripped off of reels and then popped your correspondent has come to believe that these giant tuna must be in the pay of the Ashaway line company.

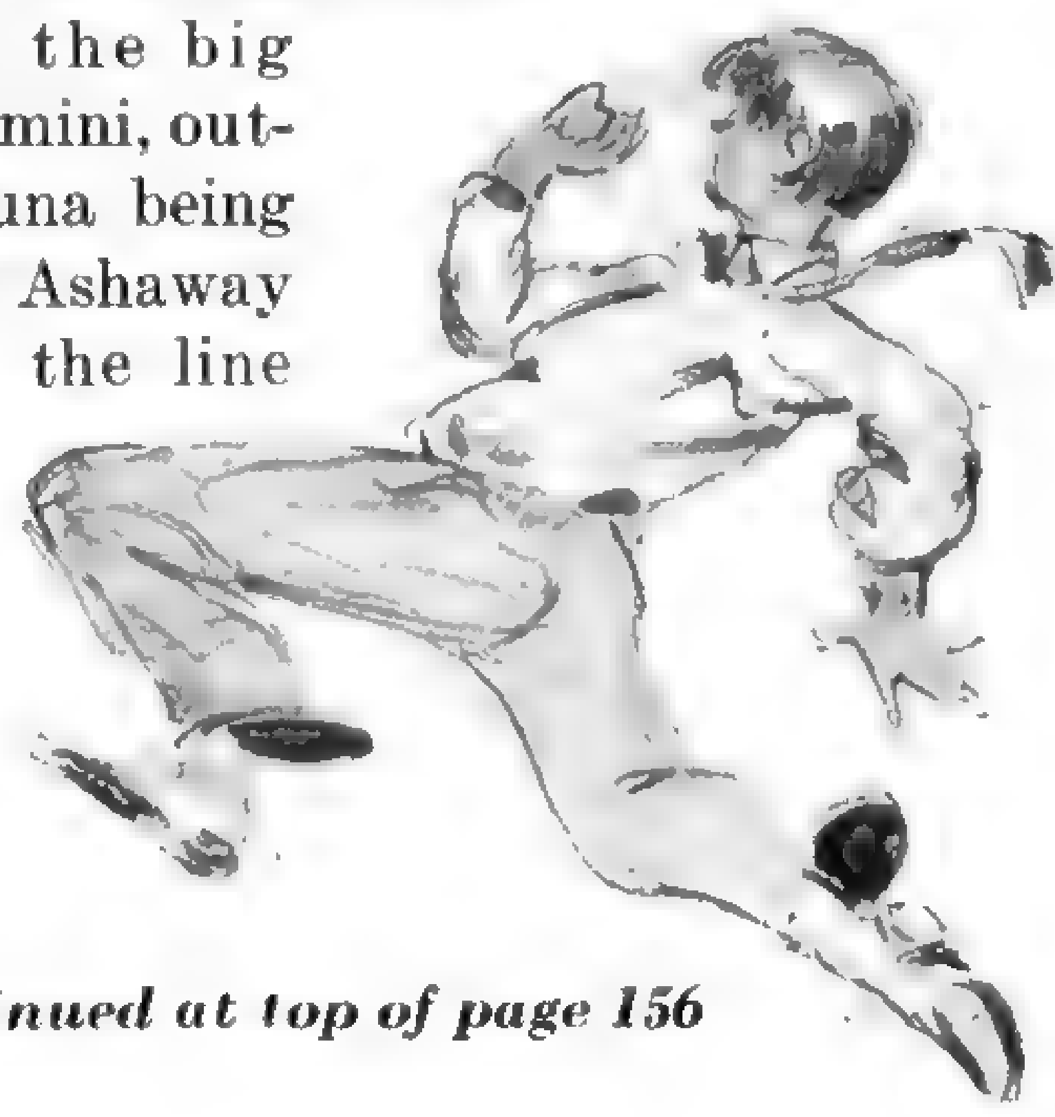
It is with some trepidation that your correspondent sets out to face these giant tuna as his finances only run to about two six hundred yard lengths of thirty-nine thread line a season. These lines are carefully washed by Carlos in fresh water when the season is over and hung in loose coils in a muslin bag from a rafter of Carlos' dwelling house where the sun will not strike them and the breeze will. When your correspondent asks Carlos how the lines are, he replies that, may God be his witness, they are strong enough to tow a garbage scow.

Carlos loves a good line and believes that individual lines and hooks have character as boats have. If we miss a marlin that strikes, or if the marlin throws the hook when he jumps, he curses the hook personally and changes it; putting it in disgrace. As long as a hook is catching fish he uses it; the minute it misses he shifts to another. When our three best hooks have failed to nail fish in turn he will try any sort of hook; but in that case he kisses the bait. Kissing the bait means things are desperate. When we catch a marlin on a kissed bait it is a triumph for religion, the incomparable tackle, the faith and industry of Carlos, down with the party in power, and the hell with all other fishermen.

How Carlos would behave in the presence of these giant tuna stripping and popping his beloved lines is hard to imagine. I do not believe he could stand it. He has never yet seen a heavy line lost and I hope he never will. I know very well I could not stand very much of it and so face these giant tuna, they are never referred to as anything but giant tuna, with a certain amount of financial gloom.

Giant tuna reminds me of when the oldest boy first fished for tarpon. One after another he saw gigantic and huge tarpon hooked, lost or landed. Finally someone hooked a tarpon about twelve pounds. "Yeah!" yelled Bumby, "Look at the *little* gigantic tarpon! Look at the *little* huge tarpon!" He had thought that those adjectives were part of the word tarpon. Perhaps we will have the luck to hook a *little* giant tuna.

They say the big problem at Bimini, outside of the tuna being in the pay of Ashaway or Crandall the line men, is the sharks. They say as soon as a fish is hooked the small fish sharks



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Shaggy's Morning

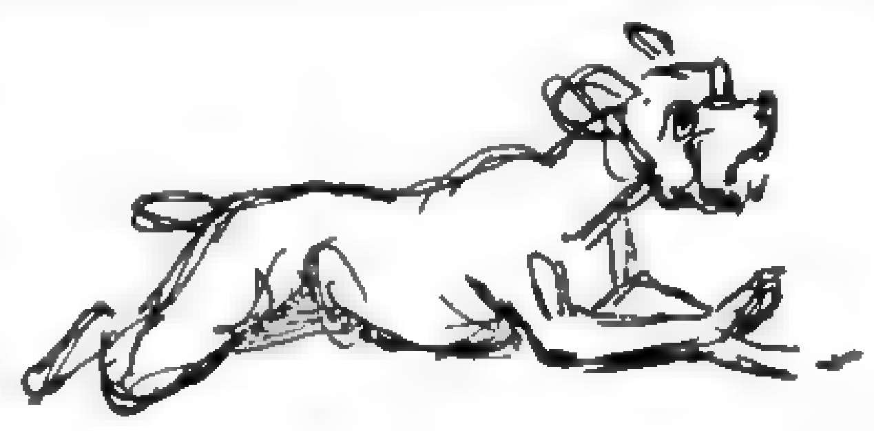
Now let all the behaviorist psychologists gather around to see why dogs bury bones

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

I WOKE up after a lousy dream, and as soon as the old beezer came alive I went around the yard trying to pick up something interesting but the wind was too strong. There was an old biscuit in my dish and if there's anything gloomier than one dead biscuit on a windy morning I don't know about it.

The Brain came downstairs early like she usually does ever since she began staying away all day long. I gave her a rush and I meant it too. I'm not one of these diggities that think their boss is God even if he's an old nigger that smells like everybody that gave him his clothes—but really anybody would have to hand it to the Brain. Since I grew up and got the idea that they don't go in much for any perfumes except their own, I never had any trouble with her—except the time I brought her that bone in the middle of the night and she hit me in the eye with it.



I was hoping it was about the right day to go out in the country and swim, but nothing doing—she got into her moving room at the usual time and shoved off and I had to amuse myself. It wasn't the first time I wished I had something regular to do.

My friend across the street was waiting for his chow which he gets in the morning so I had a workout with the little squirt next door. He came tearing over, cursing and threatening because he knew I never hurt him.

"You big clumsy tub of hair I could run rings around you and I'm out to prove it!"

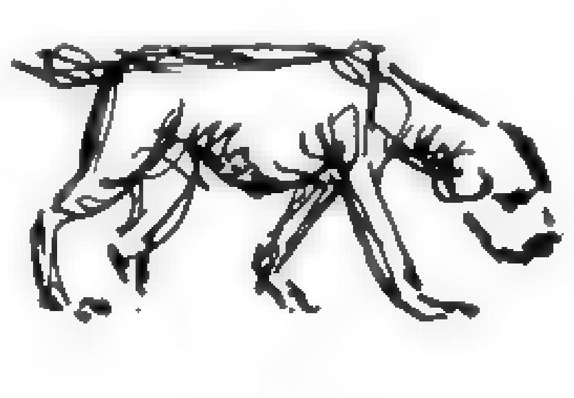
"Yeah?" I said, kind of amused because he talks as if he meant it and we went through a routine with a lot of false starts, charges, leg and throat holds, roll-aways, and escapes. It was all right and after while we were panting plenty but I don't get much of a workout with him because he uses up so much time dodging and doing circles. I like a dog to go in and take it. Even a little fellow like him. Once he let a tooth slip and nipped me and I gave him hell.

"Don't take advantage or I'll tear your coat off."

"Aw don't get sore."

"Then don't let that tooth slip again."

While we were resting he said:



"What are you doing this morning?"

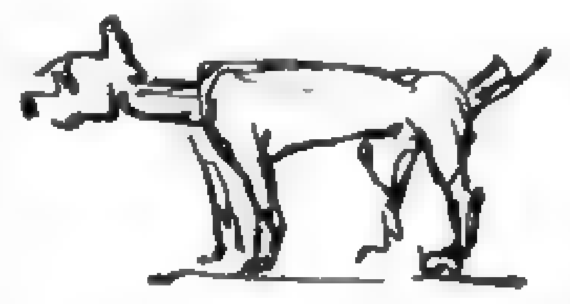
"What's on your mind? You won't get me out after some cat again. Some dogs never grow up."

"It's no cat."

"Then what is it? Meat—or girls?"

"I'll take you there and you can see for yourself."

"You're generous all of a sudden. How big's the dog that's there now?"



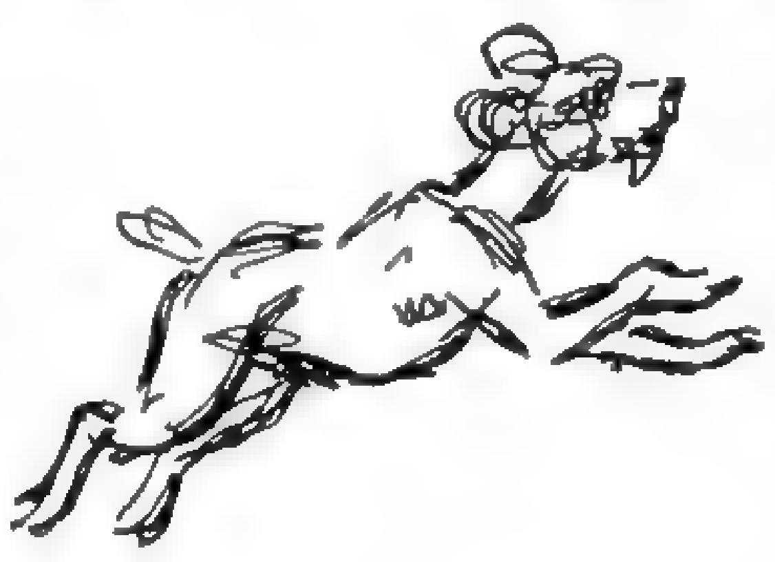
While we waited for my friend we did some barking—or rather the squirt did most of it. These little tykes can yelp all day without getting hoarse. He made some circles around a bunch of kids heading for school and I had a laugh when he got a kick in the ribs and gave out a real yelp. I only barked a little in the base to stretch my throat—I'm not one of the kind always shooting off their mouth.

After my friend came out we went with the squirt to see what he'd found. Just like I thought it was nothing—a garbage can with a lid you could nose off. I got a whiff of some perfume too that bucked me up for a minute but it was yesterday's, so my friend and I roughed up the squirt for wasting our time and went off on our own.

We followed a tall lady for a while—no particular reason except she had a parcel with meat in it—we knew we wouldn't get any but you never can tell. Sometimes I just feel like shutting my nose and just following somebody pretending they're yours or that they're taking you somewhere. After a couple of streets I picked up a new perfume.

"There's some romance," I said.

"Say you got a nose." He tried for it but didn't get anything. "I must be getting old. I can always remember shapes but I get mixed up on perfume."



"Shucks, it's just the wind," I said, to make him feel all right, but he *has* got a weak nose. Now me I got a fine nose, but I'm weak on shapes. In a minute, though he got it, and we left the lady and started back down the street at a trot.

Say we must have followed a mile, both of us getting more and more disgusted.

"What's the use?" my friend said. "Either I'm crazy or we're not following one scent but about ten."

"I get about twenty."

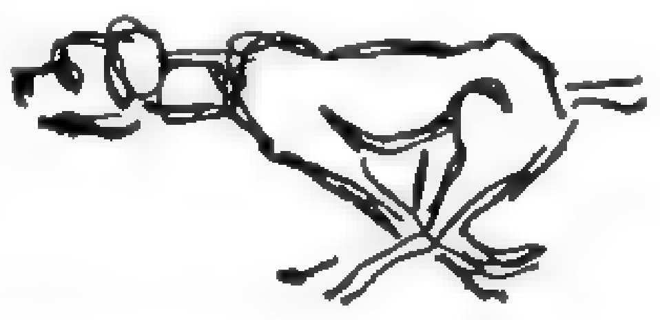
"What say we quit?"

"Well, we're pretty near now."

We got up on a hill presently and looked down—and say I haven't seen so many curs since the dog show.

"Sold," I says and we started home.

The Brain wasn't there yet but the Beard was. He got out that damn pole and tried to kid me again, holding it out and jabbering—a long time ago I figured out that his object is to see if I'm fool enough to jump over it. But I don't bite, just walk around it. Then he tried the trick they all do—held my paws and tried to balance me up on the end of my spine. I never could figure out the point of that one. He started the music box, that tune that makes my ear hum and starts me howling—so I lammed it out and down the street. A dog passed me carrying a newspaper looking all pleased with himself—but the one time I tried that racket I forgot what it was I was carrying and started to bury it and when the Beard saw me, was he sore!



Pretty soon I saw my friend coming down the street. He was a fine big dog. He stopped and visited for a minute with a child he knew and then he saw me and came running in my direction. What happened next I couldn't see. It was noon and there were lots of moving rooms at the cross street—the first thing I knew was that one of them had stopped and then another and that several people had gotten out. I hurried over with some men.

It was my friend, lying on his side and bleeding out of his mouth; his eyes were open but his breathing was wrong. Everybody was excited and they pulled him up on the lawn; bye and bye his little boy and girl ran out of their house and came over and began to cry. I and another dog that knew him well went up to him and I wanted to lick him, but when I came really close he snarled "Scram!" and got half up on his haunches. He thought I was going to eat him just because he was down.

The little boy said "Get away you!" and it made me feel bad because I've never eaten a dog in my life and would not unless I was very hungry. But of course I went away so as not to worry him, and waited until they carried him away on a blanket. After that we sniffed at the blood in the street and one dog licked it.

In the front yard I howled, I don't know why—then I went to look for the Brain. When I didn't find her I began to figure that maybe something had happened to her too and she wouldn't be back any more. I went up on the porch and waited but she

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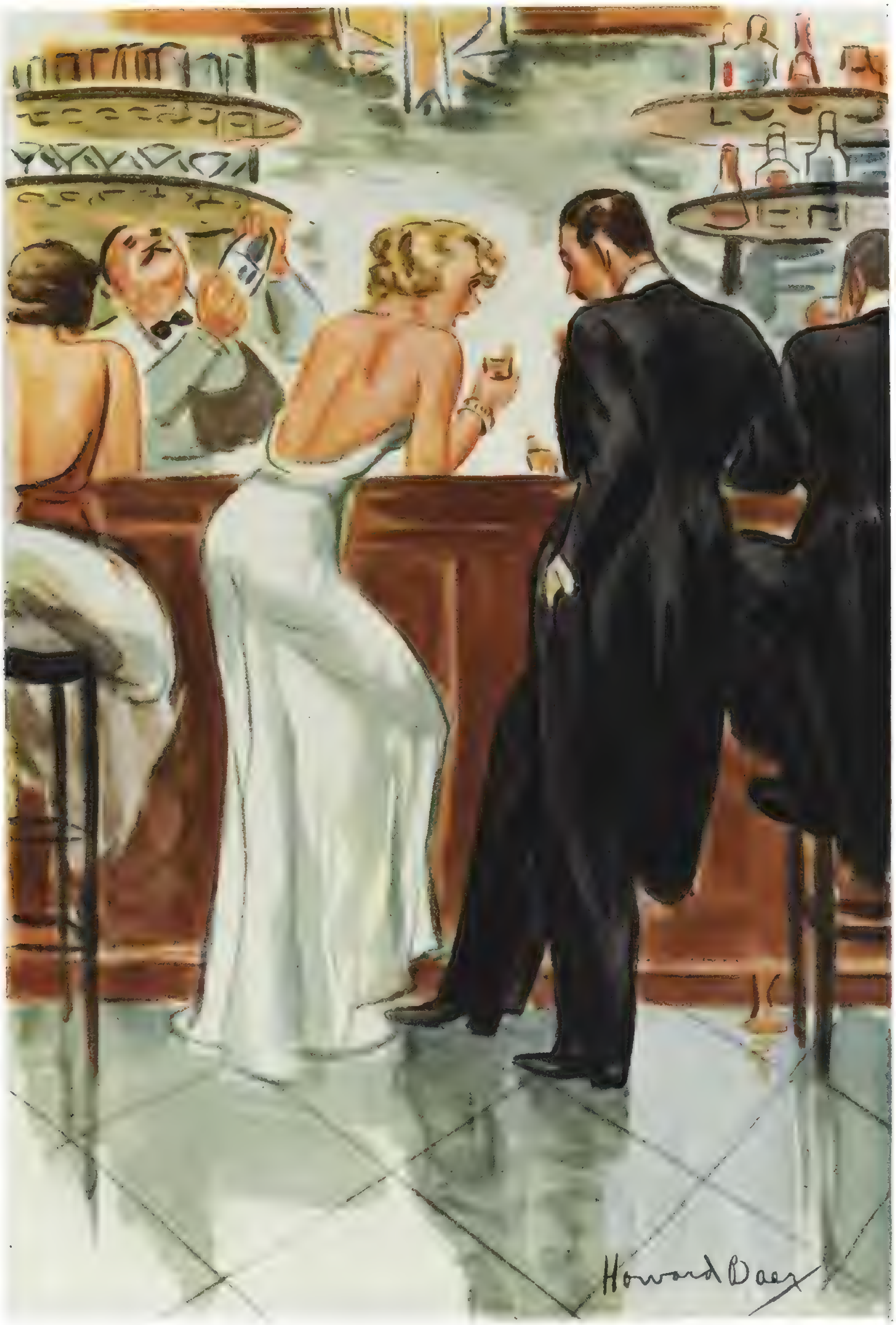

Howard Baer

"Sure they're potent, and they're very strong, too"

The Art of Understanding Women

Father, brother, lover, child, are the four strings to a woman's heart that Everyman must play

by W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M. D.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

OLD FASHIONED

The world is full of men who are good to their mothers, fair to their employees, kind to children and puppies, honest and upright in their business dealings, honorable and responsible toward their fellow men, devoted to their ideals—for whom no woman will ever put an extra dab of powder on her nose. Some of these men are acutely unhappy because they cannot find the way to a woman's heart. Others delude themselves with various struthious mechanisms: they insist that women are false and unworthy of their love; they bury themselves in business so deeply that it appears they have no time for women; they occupy their leisure in the passionate pursuit of prowess in bridge, golf, politics, or polo. Some of these men even hide their quandaries behind bookish walls, or take refuge behind the ramparts of scientific research.

Try as they may to conceal their inner anxiety both from their own recognition and from the eyes of the rest of the world, the woman question obtrudes itself into their lives with something akin to malicious persistence. Some men sigh and marry their housekeepers in order to solve the problem and assuage their consciences quickly and effectively. Others hesitate and procrastinate so long that nature solves the problem for them by protecting them behind the sclerotic walls of senility. Most of the men who remain eternally mystified by the challenge of womankind make tentative attempts to solve the mystery, are frightened by their ineptitude, and retire to sigh and suffer for the rest of their lives.

It is a curious thing that in a world in which so much technical virtuosity is acquired in overcoming sales resistance, building better automobile engines, and manufacturing better cheese, no one has thought of founding a school for love. We have developed experts in the proper use of the mashie, in the technique of tooth extraction, even in the art of making the population banana-conscious, but no one has had the temerity to set himself up as an expert in the technique of the masculine approach to a woman's love. Many a magnificent lover has gone to waste for lack of the requisite technique of getting to first base (perhaps we should better say, to first bed!) in the game of love. Yet it requires no sage to point out that a man's millions are worthless if he cannot share them with the woman he really loves. No man would strive and sweat for honor and prestige if he did not feel that at the end of the long pull there was a woman who would approve and reward him for his efforts with the precious coin of tenderness, understanding and love. The paradox of our civilization is that we school ourselves assiduously for the attainment of unessential objectives at the same time that we blithely leave the preparation for the most essential and meaningful happiness that we can ever hope to attain largely to chance—and the timid aggressions of our women!

The average man who is unsuccessful in his relations to women blames his stars, the perfidy of women, or the confusion of the times for his failures. The fault is far more likely to be his own than that of the women who will not fall for him, the failure more likely to be caused by the ineptness of his approach, the inadequacy of his technique, the absence of a proper "follow-through," than by the difficulties and resistance of women. I shall devote this article to the clarification of the problem and the elaboration of some practical hints for timid men, be they bachelors or benedicts. It is obvious that merely being married is no certificate of proficiency in love. There are as many husbands whose lives are made unhappy by their ignorance of the soul of woman and the fine art of being a lover, as there are timid bachelors who fear to chance marriage because of an inner sense of insecurity born of their incompetence and maladroitness.

Let us approach the problem from its very fundamentals. For the last six or seven thousand years, as far as history can tell us, we, in the Western world, have been living in a patriarchal civilization. At some time near the dawn of history men discovered iron, fashioned tools, domesticated animals captured in the hunt, and built up a civilization based on the possession of flocks and grazing grounds. The older agricultural communal civilizations were overturned, and with the transformation women, who had formerly been the dominant sex, became subordinated to their men folk. Evidently the men who first acquired power and prestige in those far off days were much afraid that their women folk would turn the tables on them at some future time, and, therefore, secured their newfound power by instituting laws and conventions which have kept women more or less enslaved ever since.

For centuries women were content to be classed as second-rate men. Those who attempted to rise out of their dependency and inferiority were usually promptly burned as witches. Women had no chance to earn their living independently, and perforce, were constrained to remain at home and do the world's dirty work. All this changed with the birth of the machine age. The true emancipation of woman began with the death of feudalism and the rise of the middle class. With the development of machinery and international markets, women, for the first time in six thousand years of history, were able to maintain themselves by their own labor, and so to take their place as equals in the civilization of today.

I am interested not so much in explaining the sociology of woman's present rise to power as I am in demonstrating that this sociological, economic and political process has given rise to a very interesting psychological and human problem. Ever since women began demanding "rights" as human beings and getting privileges by earning them in economic competition with men, three main types of women have appeared on the scene. And no man who wants to be a successful lover can afford to be ignorant of this evolution of the modern woman.

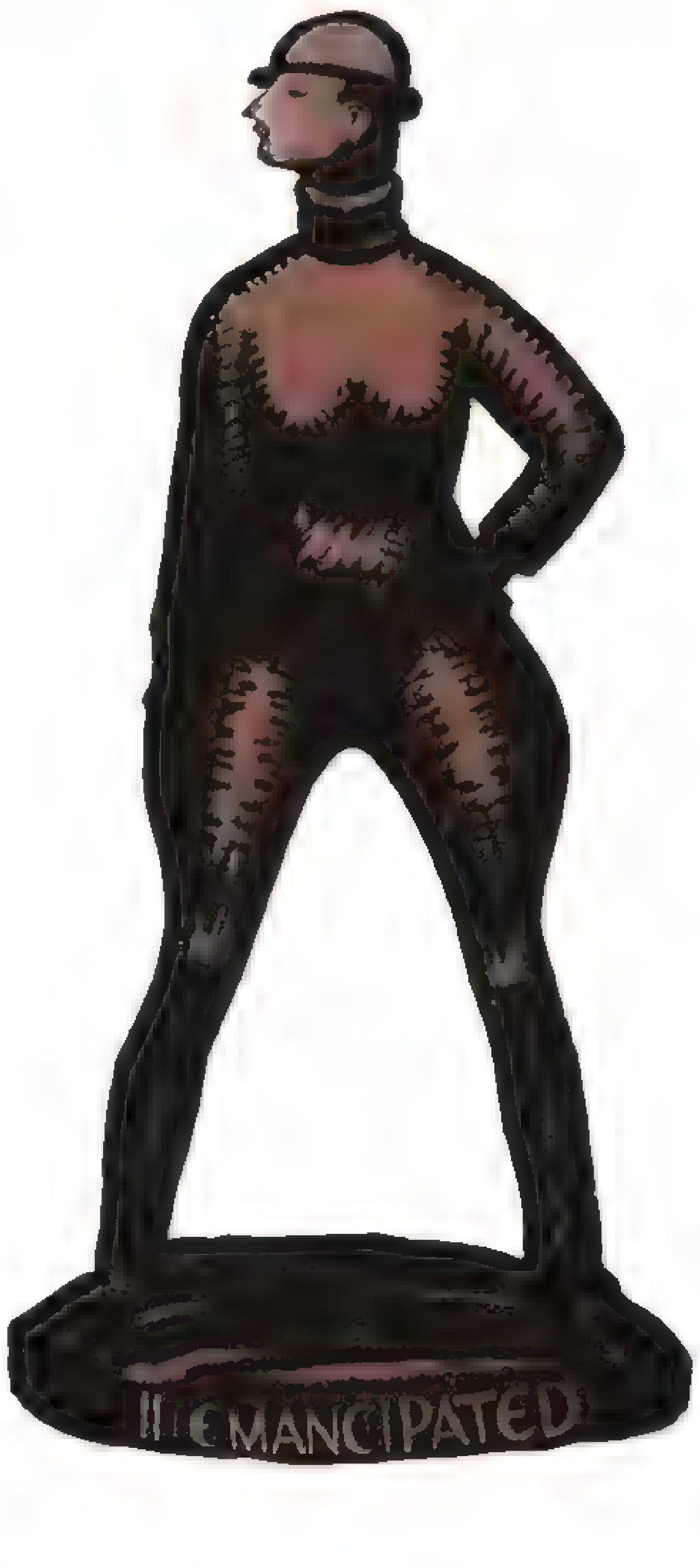
The first of these three types is the "old-fashioned" girl. She still believes implicitly in the inferiority of women and the superiority of men. She wants to lean on a strong man, demands that she be treated chivalrously and protected as if she were a delicate and frail flower incapable of existence in a hard and matter-of-fact world.

The second type is the woman who has been caught in the revolutionary stream of emancipation. She rejects the old theory, and not only believes that she is as good as any man, but often insists that she is far better. She is aggressive, independent, "mannish," go-getting, and resents the imputation of weakness. She will have none of your old-fashioned chivalry. She wants to pay as she goes, wants to be treated "like a man."

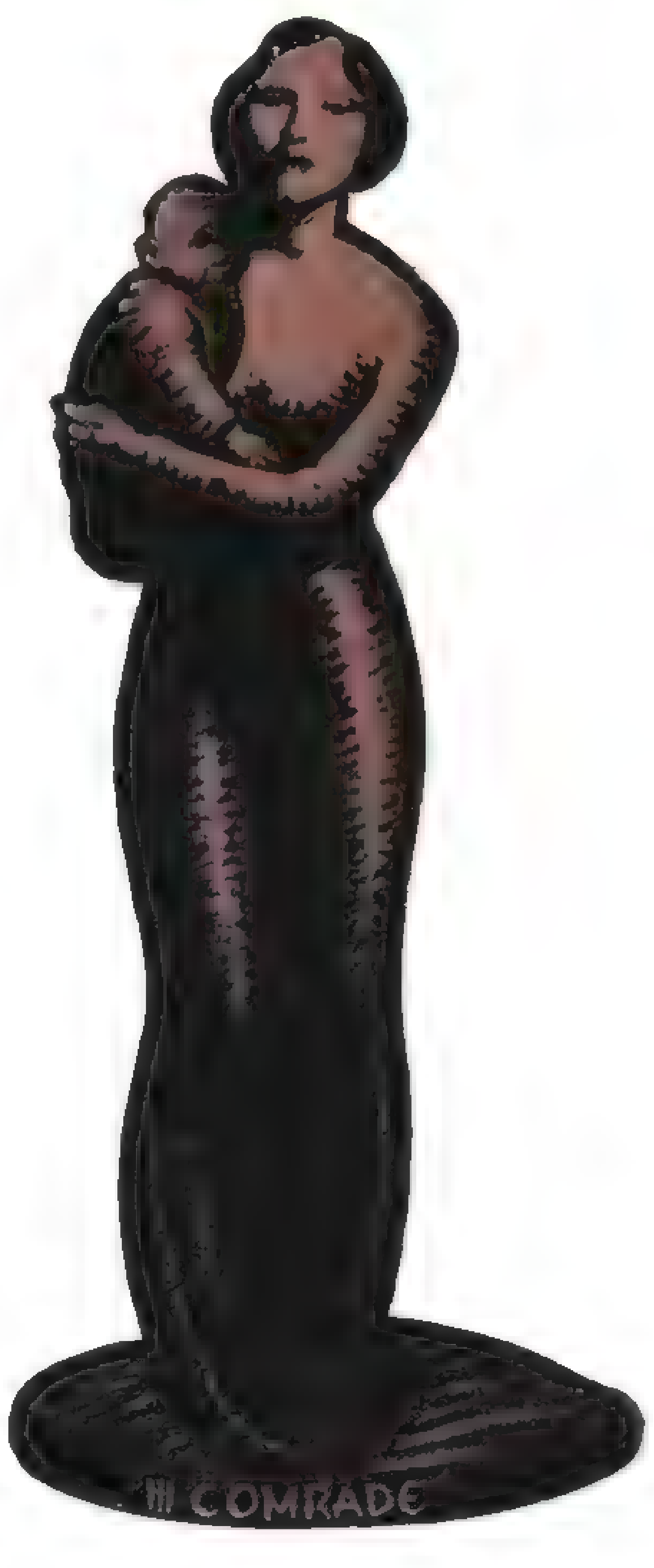
The third type, and perhaps the rarest of the three, is the psychologically mature woman who recognizes that being a woman is neither a sign of inferiority nor of superiority. She wants to be a comrade, a complement, not an ornament. She is a helpmate in the best sense of the word. She wants to share both the privileges and the responsibilities of freedom and demands that her own spirit and independence be acknowledged for their true worth. She neither wants to cling to a man and play the weak sister, nor does she want to parody masculinity by expressing her "mannishness." She is the woman of the future, and I wish every man the good fortune of finding such a woman for his wife or lover. She is the most satisfactory, the most thrilling, the most completely human woman to have, the hardest to get, the most difficult to hold.

Of course all women do not fall into sharp categories, but most of them fall predominantly into one or the other of these three types. There is a fourth type which also requires description because women of this fourth type make up a great proportion of the women who populate urban America. These are the women who vacillate between the harems of the type I women, and the business offices of the type II women. They want the privileges of emancipation without its responsibilities, the solicitude, chivalry, and romanticism of feudalism without the concomitant inconveniences of chastity belts and chaperones. Women in this fourth type are hopelessly involved in the age-old problem of having their cake and eating it too. No woman has ever succeeded in solving this problem satisfactorily, and, therefore, most of the type IV women are serving long-term enlistment in the vast army of Neurosis. My advice to young men is to flee from type IV women as they would from the plague, for the man who has not the patience of the saints, the insight of a psychiatrist, and the sense of humor of a man able to crack jokes about ropes while being led to the gallows, will ever succeed in being happy with such a woman.

Now suppose that you are a thoroughly conservative and traditionally minded man who has a normal feeling of incompleteness without a woman, but who wants that woman to be an ornament and supplement to his own ego. You want to express your masculinity, you want to be a thorough he-man, you want to feel that no matter how hard the world treats you on the outside, you want to be the master in your own home, you want to dominate your own bed and board. You belong to the Old Guard of masculinity and you will want something of a clinging vine for your mate to properly set off your own independence and dominance (God help you!).



Psychologically you are going to be attracted by the active and aggressive woman of type II, who will challenge your masculinity by the impudence of her mannishness. If you want to succeed, you must avoid such a woman, for she will sell you out. To court a type II woman is to court eternal conflict, and unless you desire to spend the rest of your days in a cat-and-dog conflict for prestige, leave the hard-working, hard-hitting type II girl strictly alone, and concentrate on finding a type I woman. You can tell her by her coy gestures, her thoroughly feminine manners, her tendency to lean and to wait. A woman of this type will look up at you with big collie-like eyes of wonder and amazement, and your masculine heart will beat a tattoo to tell you that you have met her. Of course you must seek a formal introduction to such a woman.



When you have found her you must treat her with the utmost chivalry. Give her flowers and perfume for presents, and never take her to hockey games or prize fights. Always help her with her coat, lift her across curbstones, compliment her on her exquisite taste in dress and look soulfully into her eyes now and then. The usual movie technique will be just the right thing here, and do not fail to be nice to her mother and bring little presents for her younger sisters and brothers. You can brag about your athletic exploits, and let her feel your muscle. Play the he-man, take her to church, imitate her father, never tell her bawdy stories, and keep your copy of Esquire safely hidden at your office.

But suppose you are fed up with the he-man stuff, and believe that a woman should do her part. Keep away from the type I woman who will always annoy you with her helplessness, and find a tailored girl among the type II candidates. You can open the conversation with a risqué story. She will appreciate it because she will sense the fact that you are approaching her "as if" she were a man, and your perspicacity in this will not go unrewarded. Let your first present be a new niblick, or a new cravat from your own haberdasher, or a cigarette lighter. Ask her whether she would not feel more comfortable if she shared in the week-end expenses. Let her drive your car and take her to a prize fight and do not hold her chair when she sits down at a table, and above all never help her across a street. Talk to her about her business or professional accomplishments, compliment her on her activities rather than on her looks, ask her advice on your business problems. Let her win an occasional golf game from you, and do not use the movie technique with her. Avoid sentimentalizing and patronage, and look for opportunities to let her take the initiative in your mutual activities. And unless I miss my guess, she will want to go home alone in a taxi rather than let you play the cavalier to her door.

With type III women—may Heaven make more of them!—you can be yourself. You need not display your masculinity, nor must you fear that you will insult her by offering to be courteous or normally solicitous. She will expect you to pay for cocktails, but will expect to share on the week-end. She will demand that you respect her—as a human being—not because she is a woman. She will be interested in children *and* sports, in a home *and* a career because she is a normal woman. Naturally, the man who can find such a woman should do everything in his power to honor her, and the beautiful part about type III is that she is the easiest one to get along with. And as I have said, when you see a type IV woman, a woman who wants freedom without responsibility, put on your running pants and streak!

Most of the men who cannot approach women and most of the men who cannot make women care for them are not suffering from a specific sexual maladroitness. It is their egoism and lack of community and social feeling that is basically at fault. Women are not essentially different from men. Women are human beings, and the same laws that apply to ordinary social intercourse apply equally cogently to the approach to women. Perhaps women are more sensitive to uncouthness than men—it may be a defensive gesture in their unconscious. The man who would be a success with women should pay especial attention to the finesse of dress and personal appearance. Dirty fingernails, unpolished shoes, bizarre color schemes in dress, unkempt hair and unshaven faces may not determine the true value of a man, but they are strong indications of the degree to which his social feeling has developed. Success with women is basically dependent upon the robustness of this social feeling, and most women who are worth their salt have a profound intuitive appreciation of these apparently unimportant indices.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have indicated certain types of women produced by the sociological, economic and historical determinants of our civilization. The type that appeals to you will be largely a matter of your own psychological maturity. Success in love, however, is based on something far deeper and more essential than the ability to distinguish these external categories of women and to make the appropriate approach to each. The man who would know and understand women, and thus be really successful with them, must have a

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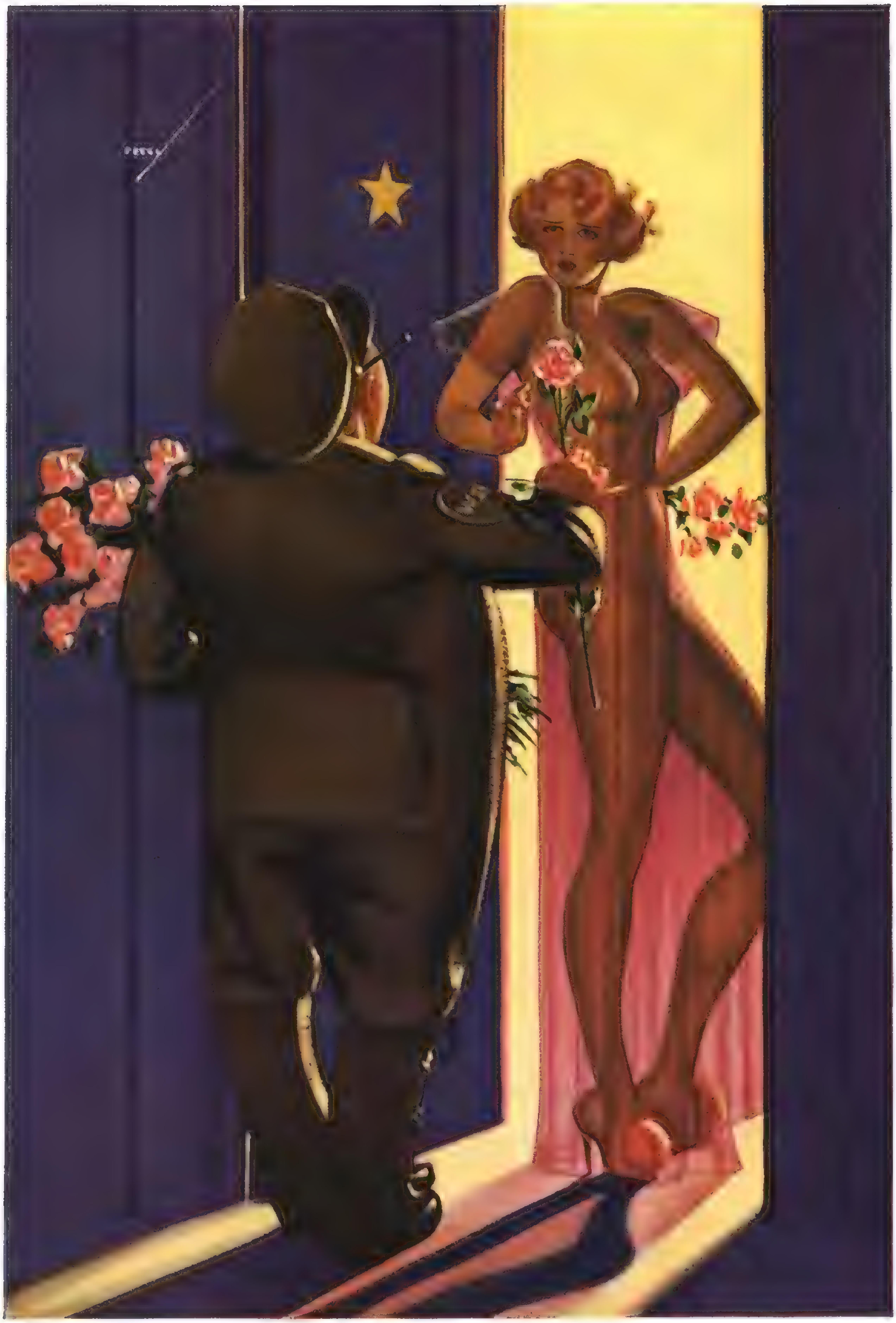


"What's the idea of handing me those roses one at a time?"

A Matter of Modesty

A tax of one cent on every $ couldn't fall on anybody who didn't have the dollar, Q. E. D.

by EZRA POUND

▪ ARTICLE ▪

HAZ anybody here seen BANKHEAD? An nif not, who told him to hide? Bet it wasn't Tallulah!

"Virgin huntress chaste and fair"

or however that beautiful poEM runs. I bet it wasn't Tallulah tole ole pop, or ole Uncle John from Jasper fer to go hide in the bayou. That a man anna SenAtor from Allybarmer shd / have an idea, or shd / emit an idea before it wuz worn out and chucked in the dust-bin is NOOZ to the rest of the continent (European and Asiatic papers please copy, cause the Paris Press club was never TOLD).

Well, of course the poetry that gets printed, and the rich and rare caviar, not to say reparteee that is stored in the CONgressional record, will surprise future Babylonian researchists and bollygizers in the year UmTumUmptywufgle. But speaking of Bankhead, and his side-kick the revered Pettengill (a fish-like sort of a name), what they wishsper, I mean the learned gentry that have Purrfesser in front of their names and X.C.B., Dr. Xot. P.B. and so forth trailin', IZ "we don't think there is anyone here that will touch it, but we (plural, notice the plural) are very glad that you are (A R E, present tense) going ON Wiff it."

"Does the senator ever eat?" said Senator Bankhead to a bone-headed colleague, speaking in the third person, as is formal.

What I am getting at is that, while fat Herbie was still in the Hite Whouse, an idea got into the Senate. I don't say it got in very far, or that Bankhead knew much about it. But still: EF evvury aMURikun citterzen had 30 cents in the morning thet he hadder spend before nex Choosdy night?

Of course that spells trade revival. And of course taxes iz all bloody hooey. I'ma TELLIN' you TAXES IZ nuts. There is no god damn use of TAXES. And there are more'n one way of doin' without 'em. Just the same as bright lads can git over the Ocean, the Atterlantic Oceam both by Zepperlin and by Air-plaine if they're good enough. Taxes IZ just plain baloney. Douglas tells you how to get rid of 'em. But it takes human intelligence to understand him, so it'z NO use to the Electorate.

And Sil Gesell put most of 'em onto MONEY. Heck! I say you can get taxes OFF what you eat, and shift the tax onto MONEY.

Doug don't like it, cause he says it za TAX. But if there wuzza tax on money oncta month, of one cent on the dollar it couldn't fall on anybody that didn't HAVE the dollar when it fall'd DUE. And that is damn near AXiomatic.

And there is no more reason for a country not paying its expenses in stamp-scrip than there is of my trying to borrow YOUR FEET to walk on.

Money is mostly now made out of paper, covered with print or engraving, with an occasional siggychoor.

And what the hell can it cost you to live? What can it COST the nation from one year's end to another? It costs what the nation uses up and wears out and chucks overboard.

And whatever import taxes IZ levied is paid by blokes INSide the country. And don't yew fergit it.

Mr. Keynes is written a book on the ballet. The ex-rhooshun ballet. The British ain't gawt nothin' on us. They got McDonald and Simon, so they got no right ter lafft at America. And as fer their kneeconymists. Well there's the ballet. Prof. Pigou, that used to explain to 'em Asquiff, has taken to Alpinism, and says he dun't care a pig's whistle. Which is wise of him at his age. And he is two jumps ahead of the American Univursteries that used to lap up his opinyums.

Lemme tell you again about the economists of the period. As Remy used to say: at Carneval time there is also "la costume historique," fancy clothers for the carneval or costume of the period, as Hem. said the dazzle orficer's clothes wuz.

An lemme tell you again, when Doug' sez to Llard Geo.'s frien' the "economists consulted of nations," he sez

"Wot is the cause of the H(igh) C(ost) of L(ivin'). The kneeconymist sez: "Lack of labour."

An' there wuz two millyum men out of work, in London town while he wuz sayin' it.

That, m' deerly beluffit bruddrem, is ECONOMICS as wuz, and hellass, as iz still taught in the kawledges. And there's a bloke called Von Mice in Geneva, fillin' up fewchoor Murkn deeplomat's with just that SAME sort of damn hooey and the pore young things wastin' time an' money to learn it, if they ain't there at the govvymint's charge.

An' how come Doug wuz in THAT gallery? Cause I took him, thass how he got there, plus SOCIAL pressure. I won't call her the "daughter of an hundred earls," 'cause Tennyson's joke about that "syndicate de paternite" never did seem to me in good taste. But at any rate she wuz might. And so I brought 'em together. AND it was worth it, ust like when I took Parson Elyot to see the Prima Ballerina and it evoked "Grushkin"; as you can see in that bewteeful poEM entytled "Whispers of Immortality."

So nobuddy can say I ain't done my bit fer science an' kulchur. Social xxxperiment. That's my methord. You have to go round and see things. The guvvyment could pay its expenses in stamp-scrip which eats up its own tail, and is easier to unnerstan' than brother Douglas (the great Scotch mahatma). But Doug's got the better HOW. Oh yes, when you folks get bright enough you will SEE that. But in the mean time. Fer something to use in normal (I don't think they are) but still, fer to get the idea . . . into motion. I think you better pay divvys in stamp scrip. Just to get used to the idEA thet the country HAS credit.

Like I don't go to a bank and borrow money, when I want to eat at my Albergo. Cause I got CREDIT. So has the nation got credit. And why the HELL don't we USE it? Cause you blokes don't KNOW that we got it. That's why we don't use it.

And the mos' discouragin' thing about the Administration has just been printed by Uppie Sinclair. Ghees!! wotter book he has written! "What a kind man," he sez. "What a luvvable man!" he sez. And he tells deh WOIL' wotter luvvybl man is the President, and inna few weeks he is out yellin: "His bassarly friens double X'd me!!"

But thet ain't the harf ov it deerie, what is DEEpressin' (Are we ter beeleev' it? I hope not) but WOT iz depressin' is Upton's story of hoe he wandered all about and around in them orfices down thaaar by the POtomack, and everybody listen'd to Upton, and everybody said "Yes, Sir," to Upton, and treated him as a light of intelligence. That bloke is no MONOmaniac. We gotter make a noo word fer Upton. Cause every notion that ever got into hiz bellfry iz nailed to the wall. If you get me. A Polymaniac, thass what is Upton. Every gordamn dead plastered notion that ever got into Upton has been shot, stuffed, mounted, an' put on the wall or the mantlepiece. His mind izza REAL muZEEum. And all the country needs, apart from a little good charwin' terbakker, is fer Sis Perkins and a few more of Upton's spiritual relations, to be appointed curators.

EZ P'O
or with my full siggychoor,
EZRA

Spooks and Tickers

Hoodoo colors, jinx cats, lucky socks, mystic numbers turn gods of finance into primitive men

by ALBERT PARRY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE jungles of Wall Street seethe with voodoo. A deep-seated maxim of the Street is that the obvious never happens. Everything is a matter of unexpected chance. In order to swing the chance your way you must leave nothing undone, no matter how improbable or wild the method may sound. For the chance that comes your way in the Street is often both wild and improbable. That is why Wall Street is full of beliefs in lucky charms and unlucky colors, in the magic of mascots, in the power of certain numbers, in star-gazing ladies and all manner of medicine men.

Meet, for example, Mr. Michael J. Meehan, the gentleman who a few short years ago made the Radio bull market and cleaned up a tidy fortune. He strongly believes that green ties or suits are unlucky to him, especially if he happens to wear them while operating on the Exchange floor. He recalls that once, at the prodding of James, his brother and partner, he did try the green color, but by the end of four days he had lost so much money that he gave up this defiance of the frowning gods. As soon as he changed to another color, he says his luck changed. He does not explain his prejudice beyond a semi-defensive, "I look Irish enough without a green tie." But a Bowery bum once supplied me with a clue to this fear as he coaxed a fellow-drinker: "Dis here green-lookin' bottle won't hoit ya. Green gits us in de end anyways. Green grows de grass over our graves when we dies, an' dat's no mistake."

Wall Street never explains its fears. It acts on its hoodoos and hunches with no attempt at reasoning. Why is it, for instance, that a certain Stock Exchange member never allows any lavender or purple touches in the color scheme of his office walls and furnishings, or of his employees' ties and suits and shirts, not to speak of his own clothing? Of course, you and I would agree that lavender is too sissy a color for a he-man dealing in millions of dollars. But purple—isn't this just the color for a man of violent experiences and decisive actions? Again, you may say that this is merely a pardonable expression of color taste on the trader's part. But his employees know better. With a panicky fear rather than a finicky insistence he has sent them to the nearest haberdashery, in the middle of a busy day, to change to other colors when they happened to be forgetful enough to wear ties or socks of the wrong hues. He is frank and unashamed in his protestations that the lavender and purple do bring him bad luck. He may not know why he thinks so; he may only dimly recollect some unpleasant event in the long-ago, connected by mere chance with these two colors; but he won't recede from his position.

Lucky and unlucky colors are by no means uncommon in the Street. The practices take on all sorts of curious variations. Some traders, for instance, fear their color-taboos even if outsiders, and not their own men, disregard them. If such outsiders happen to be in the stock-gambling profession these traders won't deal with them. But many another man of the Street, though forbidding a certain color in his own and his staff's clothes, will welcome it in other traders, for he feels that by wearing an unlucky color the men are exposing themselves to the danger of loss which, if he deals with them, will automatically become his profit.

"Go change your underwear, it's about time that you do that."

You may have heard this good-natured advice as you wove your way through the Wall Street crowds. The man addressed takes such advice gratefully. It does not at all mean that his underwear is of the wrong color, or that he has B. O. (and here, I do not imply that he deals in Baltimore and Ohio railroad shares). It means that the streak of luck, which the man has enjoyed for the last few days or weeks, is over, and that his friend advises him to do something drastic about it.

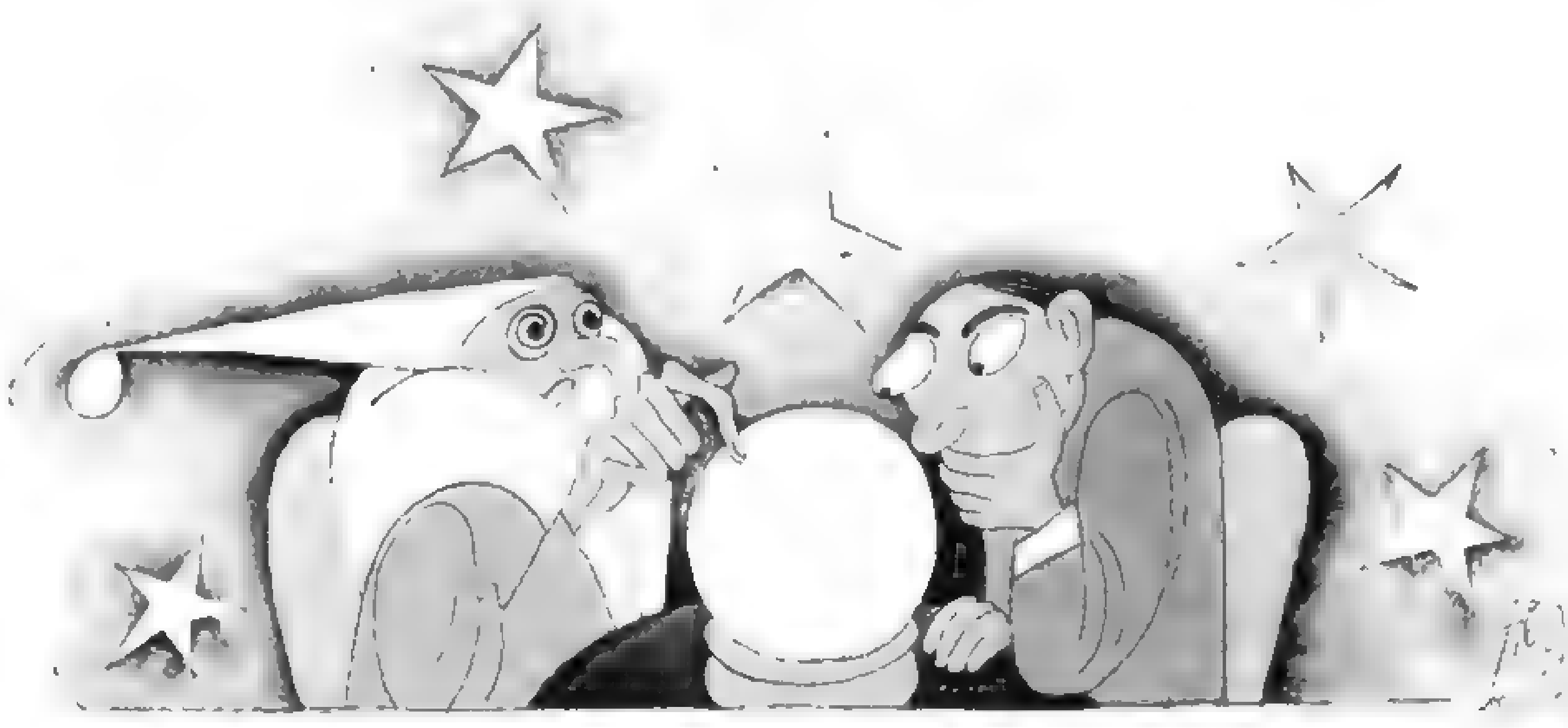
For on the Street it happens frequently that a trader would continue to wear for days or weeks the tie or suit or shirt or some other piece of apparel which he had on him at the moment of a particularly lucky killing in the stocks.

To prolong this ray of luck, he ascribes it to that bit of apparel and continues to wear it as long as he can. The rumor is that this superstitious rule is often applied not only to coats and shoes but even to such perishable articles as shirts, socks, and underwear. You may picture for yourself the nightly frantic call for the family's laundress or the nearest Chinese master of the suds as soon as the Exchange member arrives home, and the early morning rush from the laundry to the member's home with the freshly washed and ironed amulet, mascot, or what would you call it. The outstanding example of such fetishism is a German stock-trader of the Street. Everybody knows that under his impeccable, manly trousers he always wears a pair of long silk stockings. It is said that during the World War, while the man was in the German navy, something happened to him which saved him from a great misfortune and which was somehow connected with a pair of long silk stockings. The original pair is, of course, long since gone, and there have been innumerable successors of the luck-ensuring pair, but each new pair, including the one he is wearing, has been as efficacious as the original.

Then there are lucky bills and, particularly, lucky coins. Sometimes the bills are not the same; that is, from time to time, though infrequently, they are spent, but always and promptly they are replaced by other bills of the same kind. Why does a certain Wall Street figure never leave his house in the morning without at least one $1,000 bill in his pocket? He won't, nay, can't tell you. Surely, as he pays by checks only, he does not need all this cash for his transactions. But there is his superstitious desire to plunge into the daily battle fortified by a feeling of riches and power which these big bills in his pocket give him. The same goes for the pearl pins in the ties of many men of the Street—for the pearl is a symbol of strength and wealth.

Why does a certain financier of New York always finger a gold piece as he walks and talks and buys and sells? He believes that this particular bit of gold assures him of success and profit, but he will be the last man to probe into the deep recesses of this belief, to know that the non-rusting, non-decaying quality of gold is dimly connected in man's mind with the possibility of his own long and bright life.

Some lucky gold pieces of the Street are not of the government coinage. Often they are made by New York jewelers on express orders of the Street men, and instead of the traditional eagle there is the symbolic bull or bear graven upon the yellow disc. Sometimes it is a camel, "because he is funny," as an Exchange member explained to me; or an elephant, for the good-natured and long-lived elephant is generally considered a fortune-bringing animal. There are also lucky coins with impressions of two storks: a bird with his head raised on the head side of the coin, and another with his head under water on the tail side. The stork is, of course, a widely recognized symbol of fertility and increase. Then there are coins with nude women artistically engraved upon them. Often, a woman faces you on the head side of the coin, and has her back disdainfully turned to you on the negative side of the coin. Other coins tend to more lasciviousness. There are also foreign coins in the traders' and brokers' vest-pockets.



"We think they are lucky," said a stock-trader to me, "because generally we brought them from our trips abroad where we had a gay time. Pleasant memories, don't you know."

But whatever the coin, it must have a distinguishable head and as plain a tail. When a Wall Street man has to make a decision about the stocks, and either side of the problem seems to have equal chances, he tosses his lucky coin, and faithfully abides by its fall.

The luck-bringing animals appear in the Street too, not only on the shining coins.

In the fall of 1929, a tragedy occurred in which a live Wall Street mascot figured. It was shortly before the Great October Headache, and in those pellucid days tragedies were rare. A black cat was sunning himself on the window ledge next a financier's desk. Someone in the office may have yelled out in sudden jubilation at the news of another bullish spurt of a favorite stock. Or perhaps the cat himself was to blame; perhaps, he had a particularly fascinating dream of chasing a mouse. At any rate, the cat made a move, and fell down twenty stories to the sidewalk.

The news of the cat's death spread through all the numerous offices of the firm. Immediately, trading was suspended and stayed so for the day. The partners would not dare to tease the fates by making any more deals that day. For the cat had been the good omen of the firm. Many months before, when the firm was small and occupying modest space on the ground floor of the same building, the cat had walked in, and the partners adopted him. Business since then had improved remarkably, the firm moved up, its offices expanded, and the partners esteemed the cat the cause of it all.

Identification with animals, this pathetic seeking of luck through four-legged pets, openly or secretly, consciously or unconsciously, has been practised by many American financiers and stock-gamblers of note. Hetty Green, the Witch of Wall Street, had a little dog, Dewey, on whom she showered comforts and luxuries which she did not allow herself. She identified herself with the dog to such an extent, and sought fortune through him so persistently, that in some of her activities she masqueraded under the name of Mrs. Dewey, that is, named herself after the dog. J. P. Morgan the Elder was fond of dogs; his vehement dislike of Samuel Untermyer dated not to the day when the lawyer managed the Pujo investigation of the banker's doings, but to an earlier occasion of a dog-show at which Untermyer's entries outshone J. P.'s prized pets. Yet earlier, in 1895, when August Belmont wanted to commemorate his and Morgan's part in the gold panic of that year, he thought of no better way than presenting J. P. with a fox terrier named Emergency, the bronze tag on the dog's collar explaining the historical event in the Street.

Most plungers into the Street have been passionate horsemen, and the tradition was carried well into the days of automobiles and airplanes. On the desks of many operators you will find statuettes of steers and grizzlies, most of them presents from fellow-gamblers in commemoration of this or that happy pool or corner.

For bulls and bears in the Wall Street mythology are hoary and graphic symbols. The bull tosses the stock up with his horns, while the bear drags it down with his claws. Another expression in the Street folklore, "watered stock," is also of origin that an aspiring anthropologist may well call totemic. Before he became a shrewd dealer in the Street's shares, Daniel Drew used to be a drover, and it was his habit to feed salt to his beeves, thus making the cattle exceedingly thirsty and then bloating their size and weight with water. Later, he brought the expression to his new calling, perpetuating it in the Street to our days.

The victims of both the bulls and bears, in the parlance of the Street and the press, are, of course, lambs, and it was characteristic of Drew that he never pronounced the word, "shares", otherwise than "shears." A favorite Wall Street saying of old vintage has been that in order to make money on stocks all you had to do was "to buy 'sheep' and sell 'deer'." This playful corruption of the English tongue was always attributed by the Street's brokers to old Meyer Rothschild.

The same totemic touch may be detected in Drew's historical saying about his Wall Street methods: "If a cat would eat fish she must be willing to wet her feet." A recent court decision in a case of an investor against a bad adviser spoke of stocks "of feline and canine variety"; this came from the popular Wall Street term, "cats and dogs", for low-priced or good-for-nothing stocks. Yet another animal-spirit-invoking manifestation may be seen in Dave Lamar's highly publicized name, "The Wolf of Wall Street."

Just as there are animals that bring luck, so there are periods of the year or days of the week that bring good or ill fortune to a stock-operator. You have to avoid or foster trades on certain set days as carefully as you would cultivate a cat mascot or treasure a bull statuette or shun a green necktie. "A bull Thanksgiving means a bear Christmas," says the brokers' superstition. After January the first, you must look exceedingly sharp, for the first session of the new year on the Exchange *must* bring you a loss, perhaps no more than a few cents on a laughably small transaction. If you fail in this supremely important detail, the entire new year is liable to be bad for your gambling business. A trader explained to me this custom of loss:

"There are liable to be losses during the year, a certain number of them that cannot be avoided. Might as well start the year by incurring one of those losses, and making it small."

There is his sacrifice to the gods at the beginning of the season. There is his invocation to them to cause all his future losses to be no bigger than his first loss of the year. But it is a different matter with the first trade of a man when he has just been made a member of the Exchange.

His first trade as a member must be of profit to him. Moreover, it must be a big trade, not a mere hundred shares.

A good day to trade on the Exchange is considered some important Jewish holiday. In the fall, it is believed good luck to buy on Rosh-Hashonah (the Jewish New Year) and sell on Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement).

The belief is entertained and practised not so much by Jewish traders, most of whom go on these days to synagogues and necessarily abstain from trading, as by their Gentile confreres. Thus, Jewish holidays have come to be big trading days in Wall Street.

There is your ancient habit, O Man, to pay sneaking homage to your neighbor's gods and to borrow their protection. I have it on good authority that some Gentile members of the Exchange carry in their pockets, as luck-bringing charms, miniature *mezuzahs*, those metal holders of Hebrew prayers which you may see nailed to the doors of the homes of orthodox Jews. And the same authority assures me that some Jewish members of the Exchange secretly carry around in their pockets not any such *mezuzahs* but Catholic amulets.

But to come back to lucky and unlucky days. A non-Jewish trader says that his best day in the stocks is each and every Saturday. But with Jesse L. Livermore, so runs the common rumor of the Street, every Saturday was a day of complete abstention from market activities. He would trade big and small on any other day of the week but Saturday, and he was, as you may know, neither a Jew nor a Seventh-Day Adventist.

Among the men of the Street it is Friday that is considered an ill-starred day. Wall Street history is full of Black Fridays, from the gold-panic day of September, 1869, to our own turbulent times. Often, the panic begins not on Friday but a day or two before.

Continued in center of page 166

They! They! They! They!

THEY own the air, THEY run the elections, THEY run the world, THEY make a war, who are THEY?

by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

• ARTICLE •

THERE is a vast force in the world which is never given adequate recognition, if any at all.

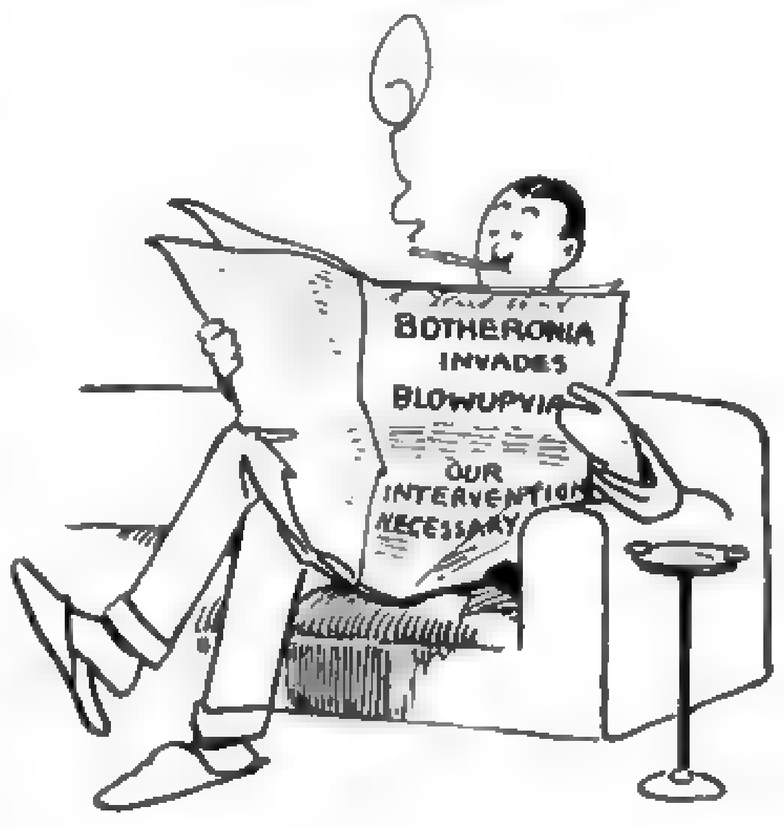
It dominates us individually, and collectively, even nationally. In small things and in big.

Whether we are rich and powerful or poor and feeble, we are swayed by an overwhelming power, vaguely alluded to as THEY.

What THEY are going to think, or what THEY are going to do, is a matter of ceaseless import to us all.

We can find ourselves saying "I hear THEY are going to tear down this street we are living in," or "It looks as if THEY will declare war," but we never can quite figure out who THEY are, or do anything about it. If THEY don't like a play, it has to be taken off.

The man who was never going again



If THEY won't buy a newspaper because of certain features, the features have to be thrown out.

THEY brought in Prohibition, and THEY took it out.

This mighty power must not be confused with any Government. If you turn out a Government THEY still remains, and is, apparently, completely out of control.

At the present moment all sane people are agreed that Peace is better than War, yet the world is at the mercy of what THEY are going to do.

"Do you think THEY will have a war in the Far East?" or "Do you think THEY will start something now that the Nazis are in the Saar?" One hears these things everywhere, and cannot help feeling that it is not the German, French, Japanese or Russian governments who are responsible, but a bigger, more intangible thing behind. Something out of control, and which only can be described as THEY.

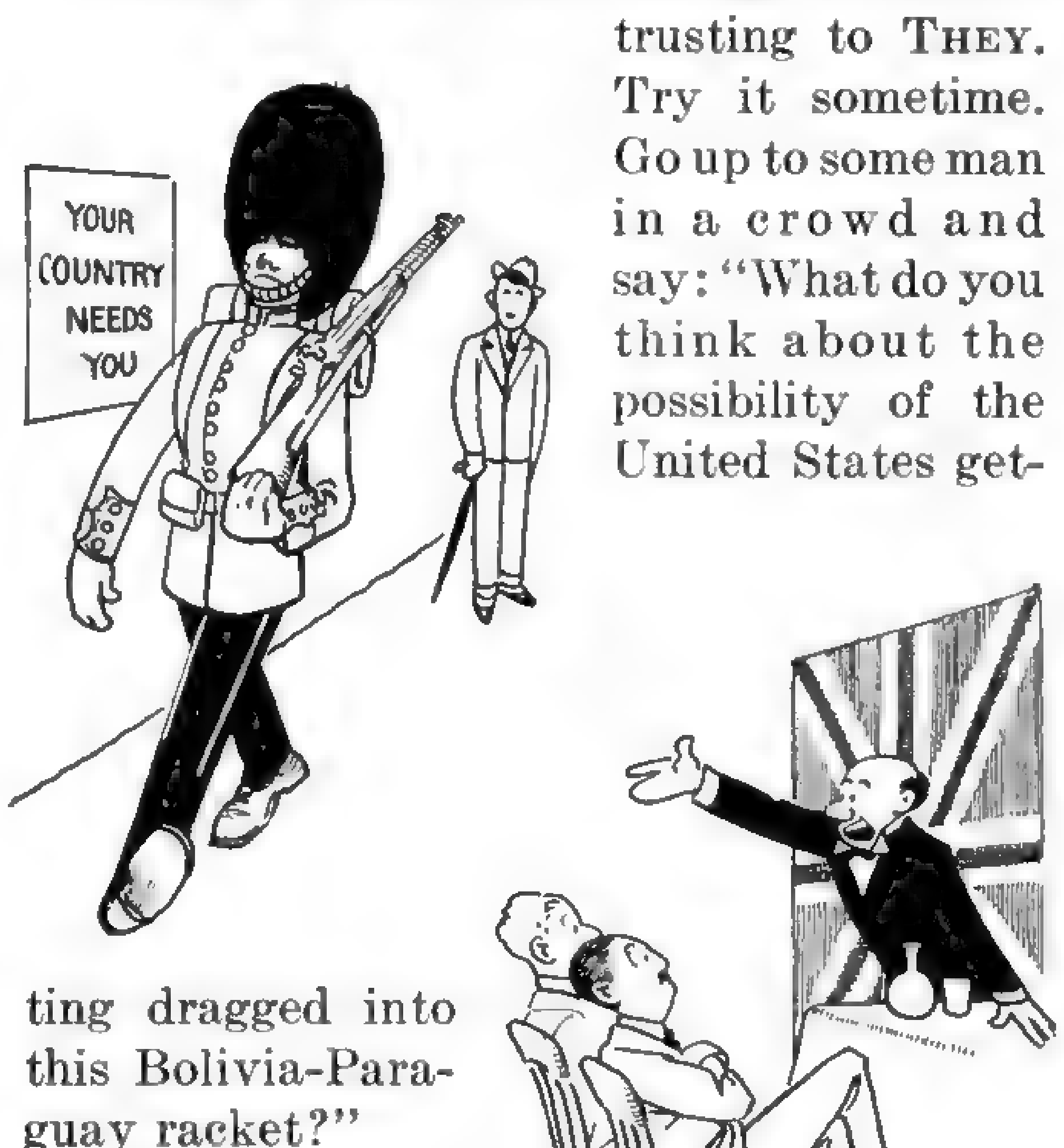
Every country has its THEY, and it is the insecurity of the possible actions of the collective European THEYS that gives the world the jitters now.

In England we wonder what our THEY will do in the event of a row. It is not a question of what our "Government" will do, for it is only a small manifestation of the titanic power of the invisible THEY.

The individual has no say in the matter at all. He is content to form his little opinions, as a result of hearsay from other individuals, and the reading of papers. This enables him to get as far as being able to announce, when called upon, "I see THEY are making a submarine which, instead of a torpedo, discharges a squirt of Hiccup gas." He knows as he speaks, that there is no defense against this having been done by THEY. Look at any ordinary, typical group, or crowd of people anywhere. In a street, a stadium, a hotel lobby, or the foyer of a theatre. It is obvious that they are but pawns in the hands of the great invisible THEY.

Pick on any one member of such a group, or pick on the lot of them, one after the other. Not one percent will be coherent, or decisive as to what is going to happen in their own country, or the world at large.

The dear souls pulsate through existence, trusting to THEY. Try it sometime. Go up to some man in a crowd and say: "What do you think about the possibility of the United States getting dragged into this Bolivia-Paraguay racket?"



The answer will begin, "Well, I guess THEY'LL..." etc. The impotent state of the individual is pitiable. His only hope is to trust to THEY.

As an example, let's look back a bit.

In 1914 I was never asked whether I thought it was a good idea to send an army to Belgium. Never heard a word about it until somebody announced THEY'VE declared War! There was nothing more to be said. A war had started.

I naturally thought what THEY would think, if I didn't go to it, so I reported myself to THEM, and went.

It is this impotence, in the face of the great THEY, and our unavoidable trust in their decisions, that makes one uneasy now. Will some secret and never-before-mentioned treaty, pact, or "understanding," be suddenly pulled out of the bag, which gets us mixed up in the next and inevitable Continental bother?

Only THEY know.

At the present time even a careful observer might think that THEY would have a stiff job getting England sufficiently inflamed to start fighting about anything, anywhere.

Since that last holocaust, England has acquired a pronounced aversion to war. Pacifism is rampant. There are those who declare they would only agree to war in the event of invasion. There are some who are even in favor of letting the Empire go, rather than fight to keep it. The entire anti-war composition is, however, divided into three main points of view, culled from reason, rather than sentiment.

Firstly, there is a large section of the population that believes in having no Continental entanglements whatever. It believes in the obliteration of all side-taking treaties or obligations, in favor of complete isolation.

"Let the Continent have a good war of its own if it wants to, but don't page England."

Secondly, there is a considerable section of the public that most reluctantly feels that out of defensive necessity, it is impossible to maintain such desirable isolation.

The third, and by far the largest section of the community, doesn't know what it's all about, cares less, and goes to see football matches instead.

All sections being outwardly, and apparently agreed, as to not wanting war.

Bruce Bairnsfather

This, then, is the mental cross-section that our THEY have to deal with. You might think from this, that England would be too inert, in the event of a row, to ever get into it quick enough, if at all, but that is where England is so misleading. It was this quality that so annoyed the Kaiser way back in 1914.

The outside world doesn't fully grasp the power of our THEY.

If for some reason, emanating from the stratosphere of British politics THEY have decided that it is essential for England to go to war, all our varying viewpoints will be made to mix into a useful whole, like the ingredients in a giant cocktail shaker, wielded by THEY.

There may be some lofty thinkers who will dispute this statement, but if they do, I fear they overestimate the pacific side of human nature, and underestimate what THEY can do, using the right incentive.

In order to try and prove this contention,

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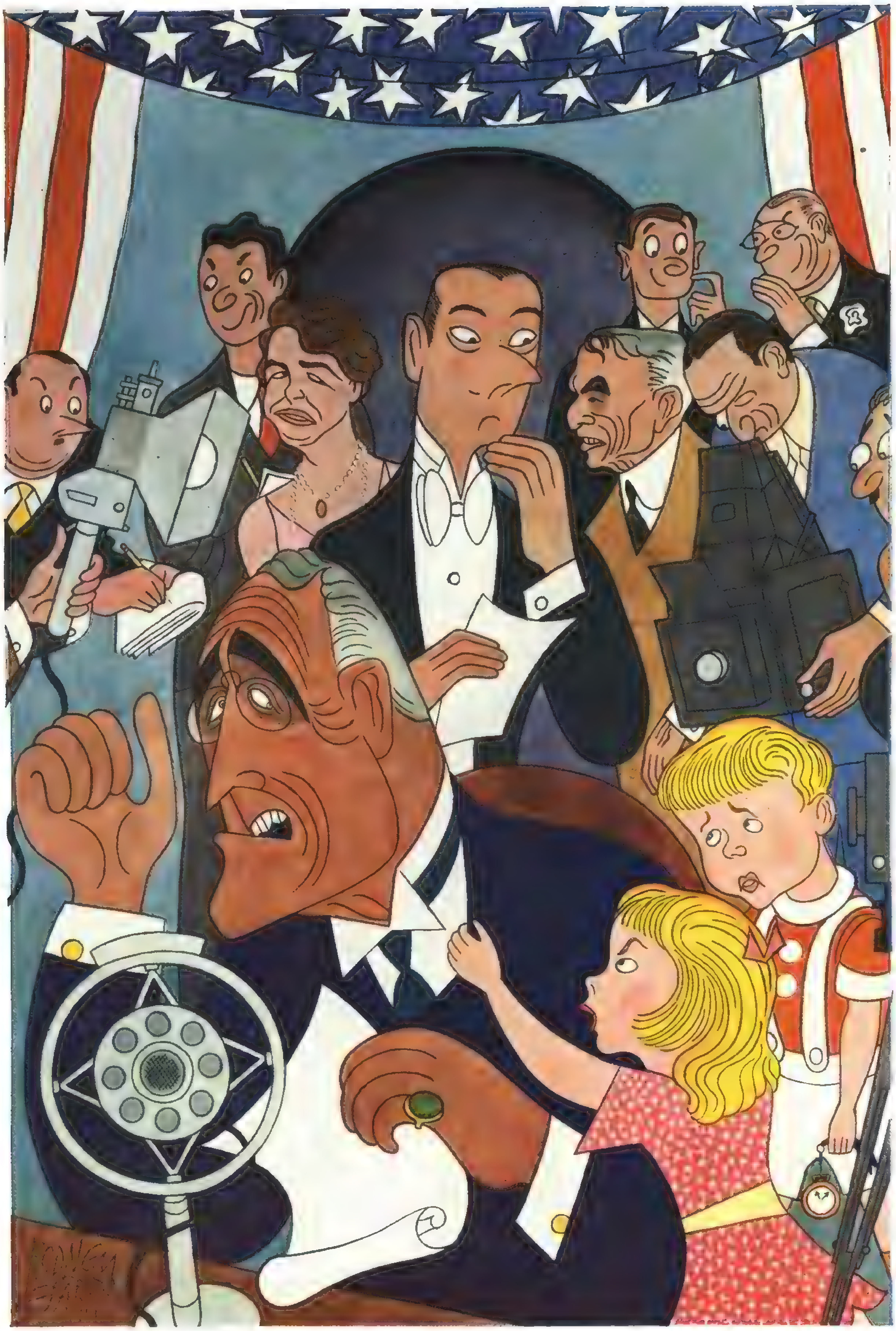
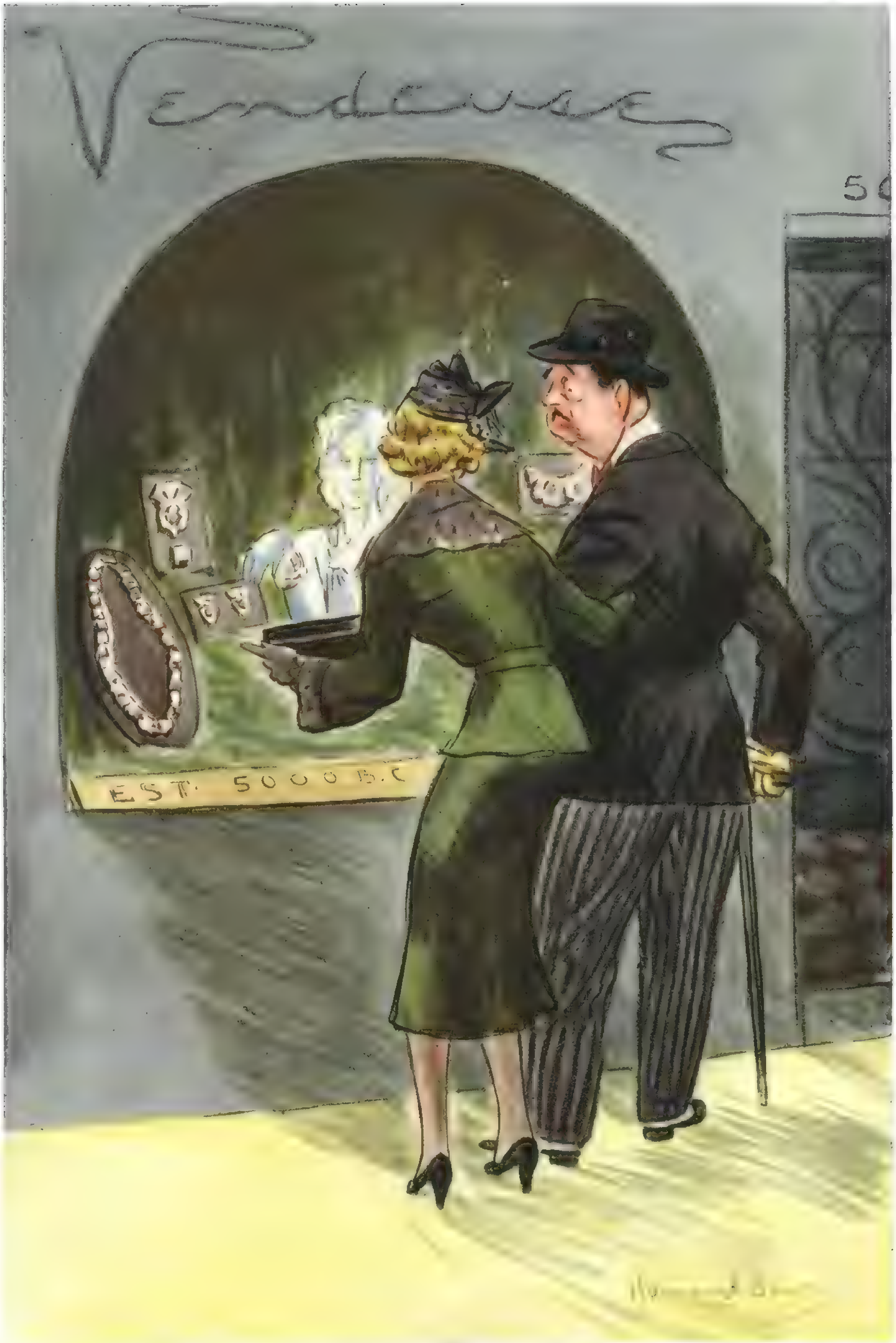


"Aw, gee, gran'pop, you're runnin' over into Ed Wynn's program!"



ENEMIES OF MAN No. 13: THE GIRL WITH THE GIMME EYES

The lowest, as well as the rarest, example of the species is the old-fashioned outright purrer of "Oh daddy, buy me that." Far more numerous, as well as more insidious, is the subtly casual pause prefaced by "Oh wait, I've got to get something for my sister's birthday—let's see, which one do you think she'd like? Oh, well *that* one *would* be nice if it were for *me*, but as long as it's—yes, that's the one *I'd* like but—" beyond which point we cannot take you, because it's just beyond this point that you get *took!*

As You Desire Money

Life began at 54 for Pirandello and the Nobel prize package came to him thirteen years later

by FRANK SCULLY

• ARTICLE •

The last time I talked to Luigi Pirandello he was working on a piece that began with Adam and Eve and ended at the next red light the future might hand him as a stop-signal. He was in exile from his native country, and that meant, of course, that he was living in France.

Most of them were in those days. Whatever country considered them *persona non grata*, from red-baiting America to white-baiting Russia, they found what passes for peace in the last civilized version of the Medieval free city.

In a stretch of a few miles in France you could find Grand Duke Alexander, who couldn't go home to Russia; Frank Harris, who was poison to America and England; Alexander Berkman, who got kicked out of America and walked out of Russia and Luigi Pirandello whose sense of humor was too acute for the land of his birth.

They all cruised between Paris and the Riviera and were cheered on by a mob of younger expatriates who would rather not live in countries which had kicked out their betters.

Pirandello and I had made a date to meet in the bar of a picture house off the Champs Elysées where they were playing (*quelle ironie!*) *The Outsider.*

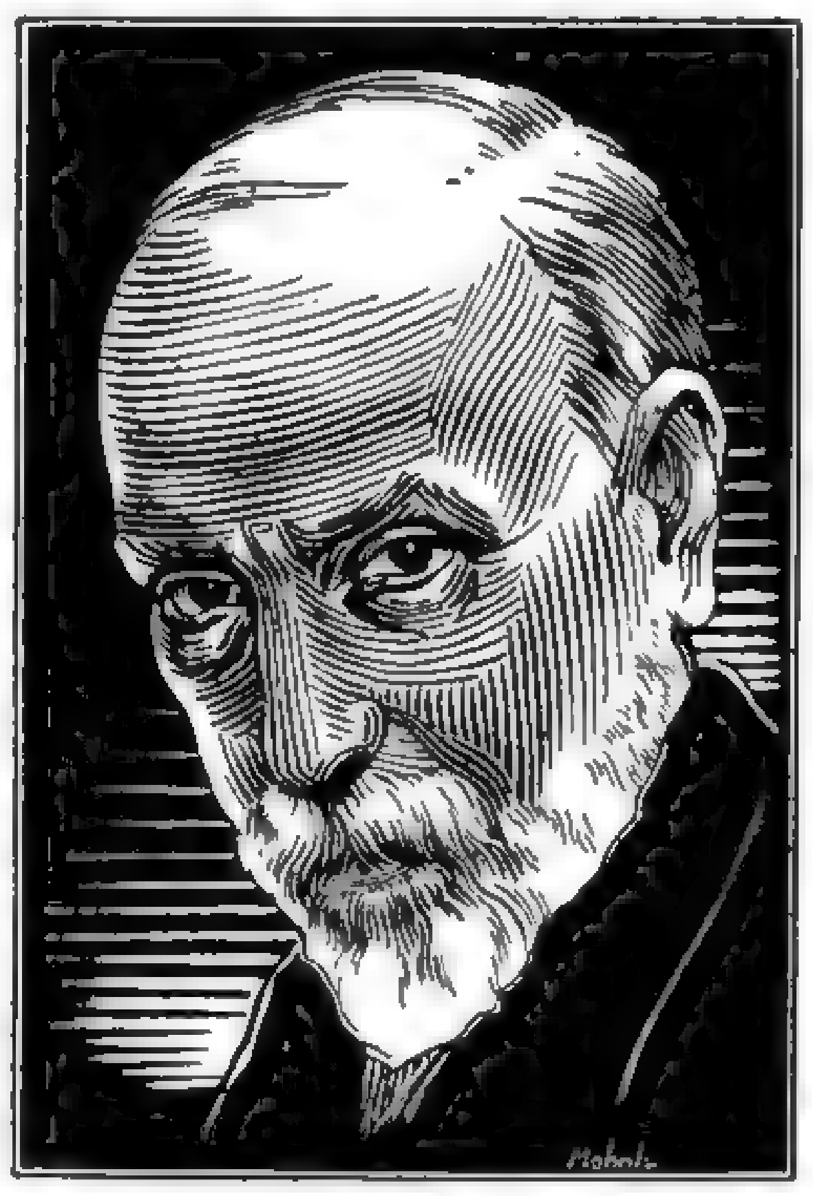
I had a curiosity to know if his nose was longer on one side than the other. In *One, None And A Hundred Thousand* he has a character, strangely like Luigi Pirandello, looking in a mirror. His wife catches him at it.

> "What are you doing?" she asks.
>
> "Nothing," he tells her. "I am just having a look here, in my nose, in this nostril. It hurts me a little when I take hold of it."
>
> His wife smiles. "I thought," she says, "that you were looking to see on which side it hangs lower."
>
> He whirled like a dog whose tail has been stepped on.
>
> "Which side hangs down the lower? My nose? Mine?"
>
> "Why, yes, dear," she assures him. "Take a good look; the right side is a little lower than the other."

Whether Pirandello's was or not, I couldn't quite make out. The indirect lighting of modern bars is hard on all noses. Otherwise he looked like his pictures, a sort of Foxy Grandpa, with a bald head and a short, white pointed beard; dressed in a blue serge suit and distinguished by a red *Legion d'Honneur* sort of *boutonnière*, which everybody in France either wears or looks as if he expected to be awarded any minute.

He didn't try to talk English and my Italian being Early Gorgonzola, we made the grade between *aperitifs* in French of sorts. Later we went in to see the picture and talked, *sotto voce*, through all the soupy love scenes.

He had been over to see Shaw and thought a great poet was lost when Shaw decided he had a number of sermons to preach and even a greater number of antagonists to rout from the intellectual battlefields of the twentieth century. When Shaw went back to Saint Joan, the poet in him flowered and you got a great play. As Pirandello had several volumes of verse to his credit, he wasn't talking through his black soft hat in expressing that opinion of the *other* "greatest living dramatist."



In fact, he told me, he had started out as a poet and after taking a Ph.D. at the University of Bonn in Germany had returned to Rome where he wrote verse between teaching Italian literature to high school girls. He put in thirty-odd years there, finally quitting when a right-handed salute became more important than a handshake.

All those years he had been writing as well as teaching. He turned out five volumes of verse, twenty of short stories and three novels—ample proof of his labors in the solitude of his study. He even found time to do a book on humor. He lived a secluded life in the outskirts of Rome and rarely accepted invitations to go anywhere.

He never liked writing plays, he said, but turned to them for distraction in the war years. His first pieces were curtain-raisers, light comedies in the Shavian manner, but *Six Characters In Search of an Author* set Rome upside down. It got plenty of praise and even more abuse, but the praise was enough to establish him as an ace author. That was in 1921 when he was fifty-four.

Life on the loose began for him then. He formed his own company and toured summers through Europe. Chiefly France, England and Germany. The hermit of the school for flappers became the suitcase playwright. Hotels and *wagon-lits* became his writing rooms; airplanes, his re-write quarters. Bright red and blue pajamas and a portable typewriter became his props. He said goodbye to cloistered ease, and because his plays got the name of "cerebral dramas" he had to get out and rehearse the parts to show that there could be passion in intellect as well as bedrooms.

Soon he was jumping up from his typewriter, gesticulating, exclaiming, declaiming, until hotel-keepers as well as producers decided he was an amiable lunatic, harmless chiefly because he paid his bills, and left before he began wrecking the furniture as the climax to *Act II.* But most of those bills were paid beyond the frontiers of his native land. He could afford to do this better than other exiles because he was doing better financially. The best most of the others could do was pace in their Gallic cages like circus lions.

He laughed at dictators by selling away from dictators. A play sold for picture purposes in Hollywood would bring him twenty or forty grand. A book in England, perhaps, five. He had good translators and good agents, and he played ball with them beautifully. He was a success on the loose, a rolling stone that gathered no boss.

His sense of humor is such that I'm sure his laughter on finding himself enriched by a forty thousand dollar prize when he didn't need it any longer echoed into a remoter Champs Elysées where Rabelais, Cellini, Voltaire, Swift, Anatole France and other ribald dissenters were working out their immortal gags with the gods.

As dictators are quick to recognize a winner, they're probably working out a way to welcome Pirandello, the Prodigal, but Luigi, remembering how nicely they bottled up other great minds, will hardly fall for it at this late day.

Dictators still believe that the old tired liberals must be "removed" unless they can snap into a salute and shout for national glory and regeneration. Pirandello still believes all that regeneration stuff is so much sour salami. Life to him is a sad piece of slapstick, because all of us have in ourselves the need to deceive ourselves by creating a reality (each to his taste, and each changing daily) which proves to be vain and illusory.

"My art," he will tell you, "is full of bitter compassion for all those who deceive themselves, but this compassion gives 'way to a savage derision of destiny for condemning man to such deceptions."

He wrote that *Enrico IV* of his just when dictatorships were getting under way, and produced it the same year of the march on Rome. *Enrico IV* (called *The Living Mask* over here) was about a guy who went nuts because of an accident and imagined himself King. After he recovered his reason, he discovered the world had left him so far behind he couldn't possibly boss things any

Continued on page 169

All for Love, and Love for All

Parable of the forest in the Hollywood warehouse, and the big hunters in their own cage

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

After lunch Oliver Kane always disappeared. Sometimes for only half an hour, and sometimes for an hour. Then he was back again at his desk in the office of the very famous movie company. If you should happen to telephone this office in the early afternoon, you would probably be told that Mr. Kane was out to lunch. That is all they would know about him.

When I first came to work on this Hollywood lot, I had occasion to visit Mr. Kane's office. It was luxuriously appointed with Oriental carpets, oak-paneled walls, and Jacobean furniture. It was the office of a big executive, and there were certain things in the office that displayed the personality of the man. There was a walrus tooth on his desk that he used as a paper-weight, and there was a native spear on one of the walls. It came from Africa or some place where savages live in peace. And in the corner of the room, two curious canes stood in an umbrella stand which was made out of the hide of an elephant's foot. It was strange to see the great white toenails of an elephant resting on a Turkish rug in a supervisor's office in Hollywood. These things gave you something of the personality of the man.

The history of every movie supervisor or big company official is public record, and people like to open the record and finger the pages. And even smudge them up a little. For instance, it is said that Mr. Schwartz had a fishmarket, or was a fish peddler before he came into the industry. The truth of the matter really was that Schwartz had a wholesale fish business and he made a great success of it. He sold out and put his money in the film industry at a time when very few had this insight or were willing to take the risk.

At any rate, that is how people talk. This one was a fish peddler; and the next one was a pants presser; and the third one played a piano in a boarding house; and so on throughout the whole list.

But not with Oliver Kane. He must have been born with a piece of film already in his mouth. And his rise to his present position was due to his own efforts and his own talents. When he was still a young man, he started playing with a motion picture camera. His first picture consisted of a series of landscapes and marine views. It was well composed and well done and showed signs of talent. But it had no story, and even the cutting room, ingenious as it can be, was unable to supply this lacking ingredient. But then Kane got the wonderful idea of going up north and photographing the home life of the Eskimos. His picture was beautiful, and it was all very intimate; and Kane became famous overnight.

Of course, it is naturally assumed that if a man can make something good out of Eskimos he can also do something with savages in Africa. Therefore Oliver Kane was sent as the chief camera man on the great African hunt picture. And this picture was also a big success and made a lot of money for the company. And in the years to follow, Kane was sent to see what he could do with the headhunters in Borneo, and he was sent to other wild places on this small round globe. Every time he had the urge, he proposed to the directors that he should be sent to one place or another. And he always came back with something worth while, and something profitable for the company. Very often the pictures that he brought back with him had no story, but this was easily supplied in Hollywood by the staff writers, and by building scenes in the studio that were similar to those illustrated in his films. Almost anything that was missing could be easily supplied. Double photography, trick shots, and a couple of actors painted up to resemble savages—and anything that you missed in Africa could be quietly inserted in Hollywood.

A good camera man in Hollywood is usually rewarded. He is made a director. And often he is a bad director, but that doesn't seem to matter, for if he is really bad enough and his pictures make lots of money, he becomes a supervisor at a million dollars a year—or perhaps it's only a hundred thousand. Kane, however, did not make a bad director and he was not really a bad supervisor. But when he was promoted to these high stations, the world lost an excellent camera man. And it always seemed to me that he was too good an artist and photographer to be wasting his time dictating memorandum, business letters, and making out contracts in the papery office of a film company.

At any rate, that was what impressed me when I first came on the lot. And after visiting his office and shaking hands with him, and catching a glimpse of the elephant's foot on a corner of a Turkish rug, I started to write the wonderful picture called *All for Love, and Love for All*. It was a job like any other job, and while there were a good deal of exacting requirements that one had to meet, and quite a few people who had to be pleased, still there were certain privileges that a writer in Hollywood could enjoy.

First of all, a writer on a good lot is his own boss and he does not punch a time clock. And then also he is allowed a certain latitude to take care of those vacant spells known as moods. He is permitted to leave his office at any moment to visit the barber shop or lunchroom, or any of the stages that happen to be working. And there are nice girls to be seen all over the place. Or he can run off in the afternoon and have a swim, or play a game of tennis or golf. And should you telephone his office and not find him in, his secretary would no doubt tell you that he is out doing research. Research is a wonderful word. It takes care of everything.

But a good film company does not care how a writer writes, as long as they can get something good to put their teeth into. Something like that fine post-office scene that I wrote for *All for Love, and Love for All*. It is in this scene that the postman opens one of the mailbags and discovers that his own daughter has been gagged and bound. Here is a chance for some fine emotional acting, and in a scene like this the director has something to embrace and he can give it big stuff. And so there are very good moments on a lot for any writer. But there are bad moments too.

I really thought the post-office scene would finish the picture, but then I was informed that I needed four more scenes to fill out two more reels. And these had to be delivered as soon as possible. Ask a sculptor to add two more arms to his statue and he would refuse; but in writing everything is supposed to be possible, and a writer should always be hopeful and trust to inspiration—and perhaps a little aid from the devil.

It was time for lunch, and I walked through the streets of the lot in the cheerful

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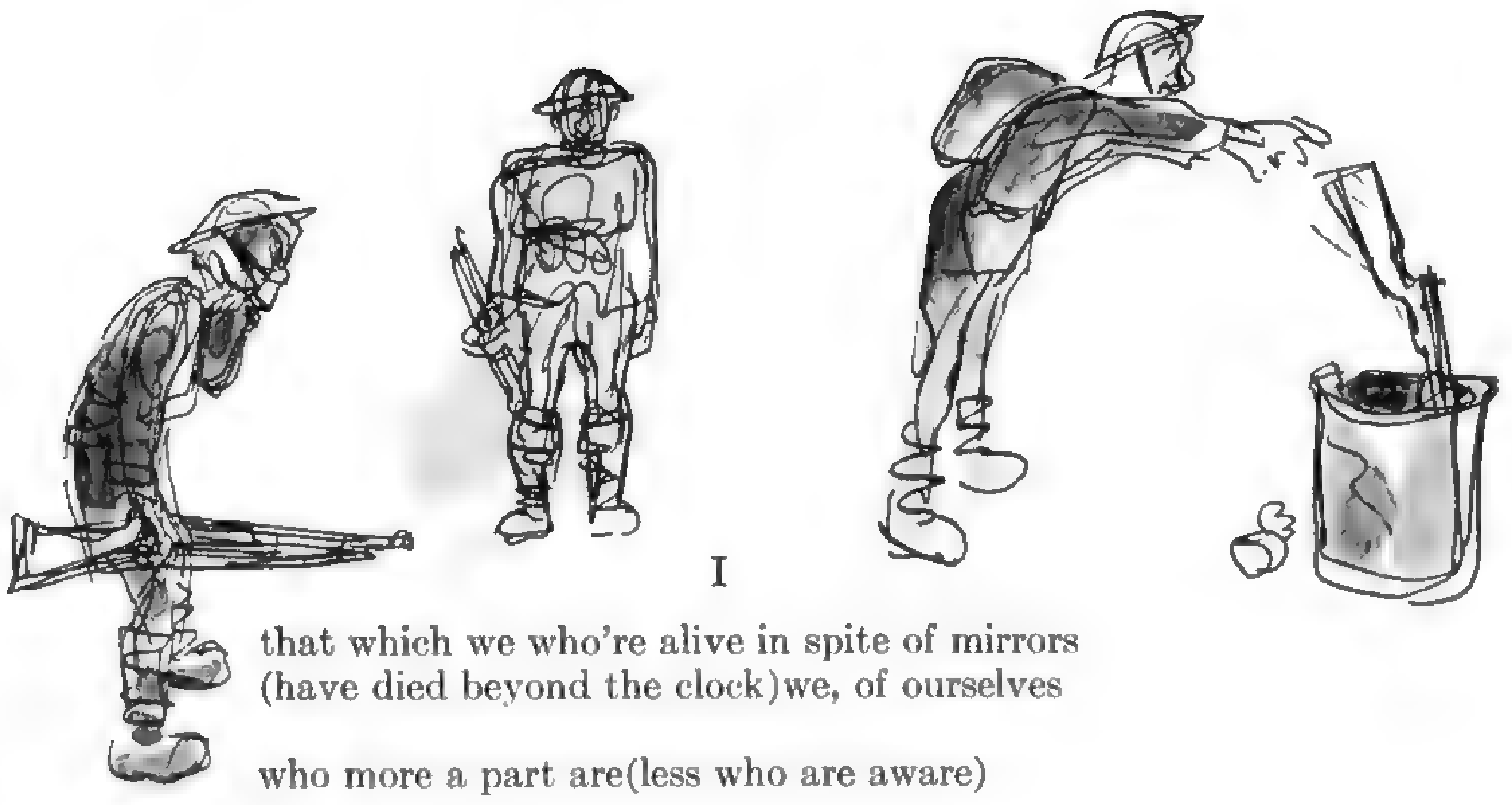
FIVE POEMS

by E. E. CUMMINGS



I

that which we who're alive in spite of mirrors
(have died beyond the clock)we, of ourselves

who more a part are(less who are aware)

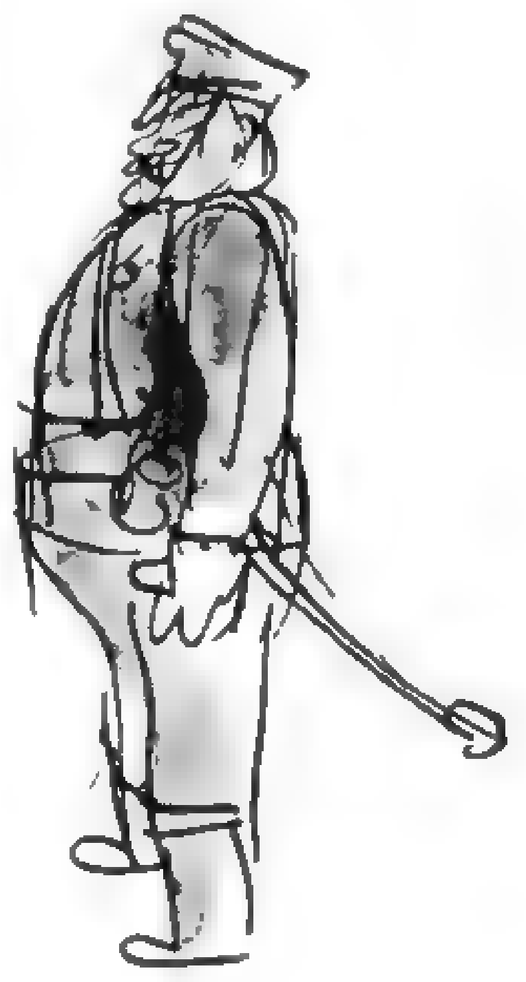
than of my books could even be your shelves
(that which we die for:not when or unless
if or to prove,imperfectly or since

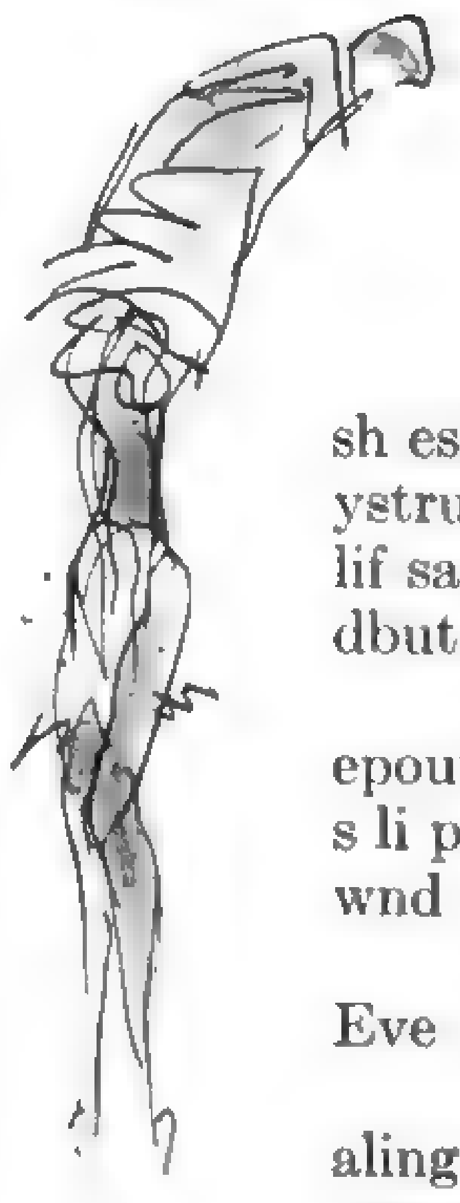
but through spontaneous deft strictly horrors

which stars may not observe;while roses wince)
that which we die for lives(may never cease
views with smooth vigilant perpetual eyes
each exact victim,how he does not stir)

O love, my love!soul clings and heart conceives

and mind leaps(and that which we die for lives
as wholly as that which we live for dies)





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but Rully yes i
know)but what it comes

to(listen you don't have to

i mean Reely)but(no listen don't
be sil why sure)i mean the(o
well ughhuh sure why not yuh course yeh well
naturally i und certain i o posi but

i know sure that's)but listen here's

(correct you said it yeah)but
listen but(it's Rilly yeh
ughhuh yuh)i know

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course)but what i mean is Nobody Understands Her RERLY

IV
sonnet entitled how to run the world)

A always don't there B being no such thing
for C can't casts no shadow D drink and

E eat of her voice in whose silence the music of spring
lives F feel opens but shuts understand
G gladly forget little having less

with every least each most remembering
H highest fly only the flag that's furled

(sestet entitled grass is flesh or swim
who can and bathe who must or any dream
means more than sleep as more than know means guess)

I item i immaculately owe
dying one life and will my rest to these

children building this rainman out of snow

V
IN)
all those who got
athlete's mouth jumping
on&off bandwaggons
(MEMORIAM

John Groth

Diamond Blues

Yearning for the old time when a game was less a business and a boy could believe in his heroes

by JOHN K. HUTCHENS

• SPORTS •

Barring wet grounds, eight servants of the public stood up a month or so ago, were genial for the cameras, and threw out the first ball of the season in eight big league parks from Boston to St. Louis. Bands played and the newspapers said there was nothing like the good old national game after all, and maybe they were right. I wouldn't know. All I know is, there must be a whole generation who felt, perhaps, a little excitement—a little, but not much. They went through all that a long time ago, and then on a September day in 1920 it stopped meaning anything much to them. That was a generation really lost.

I mean this: when the story of the 1919 world's series scandal broke in the following autumn, any boy who had grown up in Chicago might have figured in that mawkish legend wherein the kid in the crowd hollered to Joe Jackson, the White Sox' great left fielder. In plaintive accents, he begged the great man to say it wasn't true—that business of selling out to the gamblers who "fixed" the series. It was true all right, and it wasn't funny. Worse than that. On that September day the world broke into small pieces around any boy who had been going to ball games in Chicago since 1913. It was hard to take.

I say "the world," though that's giving the universe some extra latitude. A real Chicago fan stuck to either the Cubs or the Sox and wouldn't go to the others' park except for the city series. But if you were raised a little distance out of town—in Hinsdale, say—you could look at the matter coolly. You could pick your spots. That's how it was with me, and that's how life began and continued right to the smashup.

Of course, Chicago in 1913 wasn't the best place to start going to ball games. An eight-year old could see that. The White Sox hadn't got anywhere in particular since 1906, when they took the world's pennant as the "Hitless Wonders." They were still hitless but hardly wonders. And over the Cubs hung an air of departed glory, something a little sad to feel. The great four pennant machine of Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance was shot. Still, Johnny Evers kicked the Cubs into third place that year. Even the White Sox, finishing fifth, broke even on their season's games with the 1913 championship Athletics. I mention it only to show that our boys were all heroes, even the mugs.

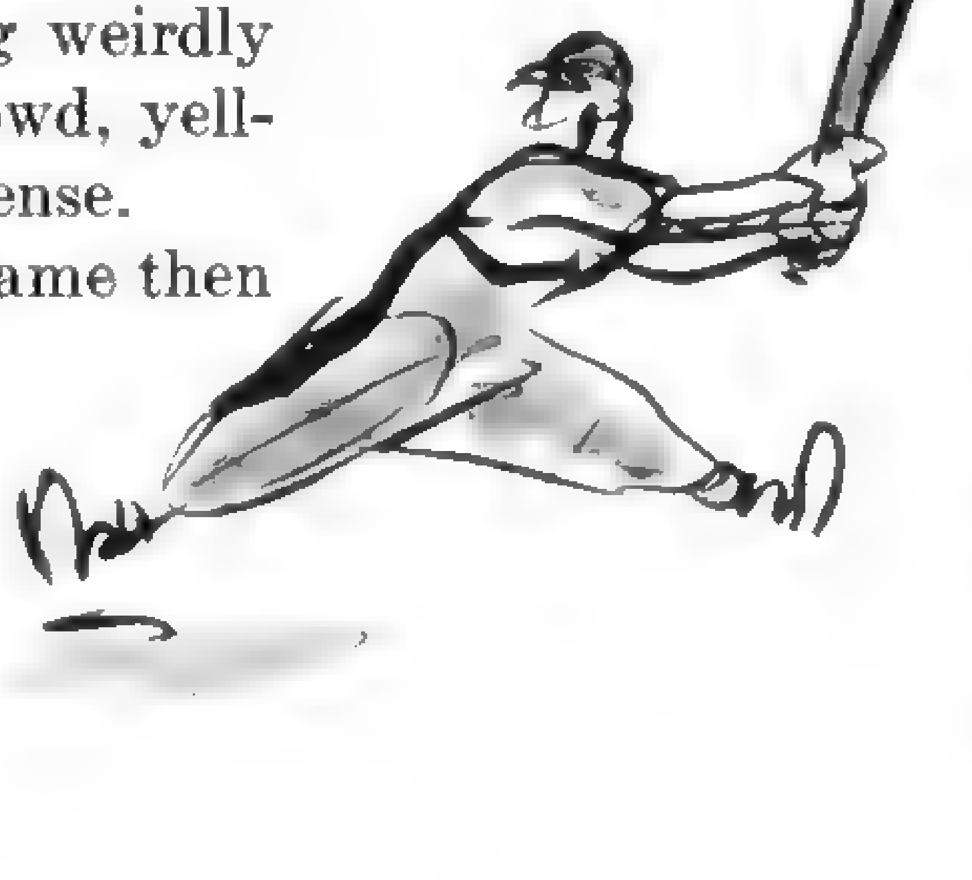
That was the first thing you learned in a seven-year course in baseball: an abiding, golden faith in what you saw before you. And, if one who was never an expert may say so, you saw a good deal then. The boys hadn't started swinging from the end of the bat, and a single run was worth fighting for. The people and things I like most to think about in baseball are all tied up with that school of a run-at-a-time. So are certain lessons that carried over after 1920 when, as I have said, the world broke into small pieces.

I'm trying to remember this exactly, without the color of nostalgia. There were the Giants, riding high in 1913. They came to town on a hot Summer Sunday, and in the old West Side park the air was charged with a sullen mass hatred. I had felt it coming in with my father from Hinsdale to Chicago on a train filled with fans. The Giants were a lot of bastards, they said. And now, in the park, they were talking of Fred Merkle's famous boner and the 1908 playoff for the pennant. They were still reminding Merkle of it. They were refreshing Snodgrass' memory concerning the fly he had dropped in the 1912 world's series, the muff that lost for Matty against the Red Sox. The game started and reached a shrill climax about the eighth inning when McGraw roared down from the third base coaching line and Evers came in from second base behind a wagging lantern jaw. A swell chance an umpire had then! McGraw bellowed for reasons of policy, and Evers because he had stomach trouble. I didn't know that. What I saw was sun and shadow, dust and drama, and big Jeff Tesreau's spitter breaking weirdly around Chicago bats. And the crowd, yelling, ominous, approving, always tense.

Out of this, my first ball game, came then a primary lesson in realism, one of those to be remembered later. With a few exceptions, the worst losers were the best ball players. The most interesting, anyhow. High-sounding chatter about sportsmanship was impressive at league meetings and trophy-awards, but on the field the boys worth watching were the fighters. And of these the king was Cobb.

We hated him. You had to hate a man who made your heroes look foolish a dozen times in an afternoon. He was lucky, we said, knowing in our hearts that he made his own luck, and looking forward secretly to the holiday double-headers at Comiskey Park. If you think a home run by Ruth involved more brains, speed, suspense and drama than Cobb displayed in stretching a double into a triple—why, you belong to another school, and in any case it's your own business. I'm merely saying that these were great circuses, with raucous preludes: Cobb and Crawford standing along the first base line, swinging their waiting bats and jeering at the pitcher—Jim Scott or Joe Benz, say—who was serving them up nervously to little Donie Bush, the lead-off man, while Hughie Jennings chewed grass over near third base and filled the park with his "Eee-yah!"

Before I ever saw Cobb, I was ready to admit that he might be a superman. When the great day came and I did see him, I sensed his greatness before I ever saw him in action. Through the park the air tightened, perceptibly, when he strutted toward the plate, swinging three bats, throwing aside two of them. The Georgia Peach! Then the crowd fell into a nervous silence that was a tribute accorded no other ball player I ever saw. He was working on the pitcher, carefully, cockily. The duel ended with a short single. The left fielder juggled the ball momentarily and Cobb pulled up at second without breaking his stride. I was sitting back of third base, on a line with second. I remember this because, a moment later, spikes seemed to flash in my face and I cringed watching that terrific hook slide starting twenty feet from the bag. Ray Schalk, no cinch to steal on, had got the ball there ahead of him. The crowd laughed, in a kind of



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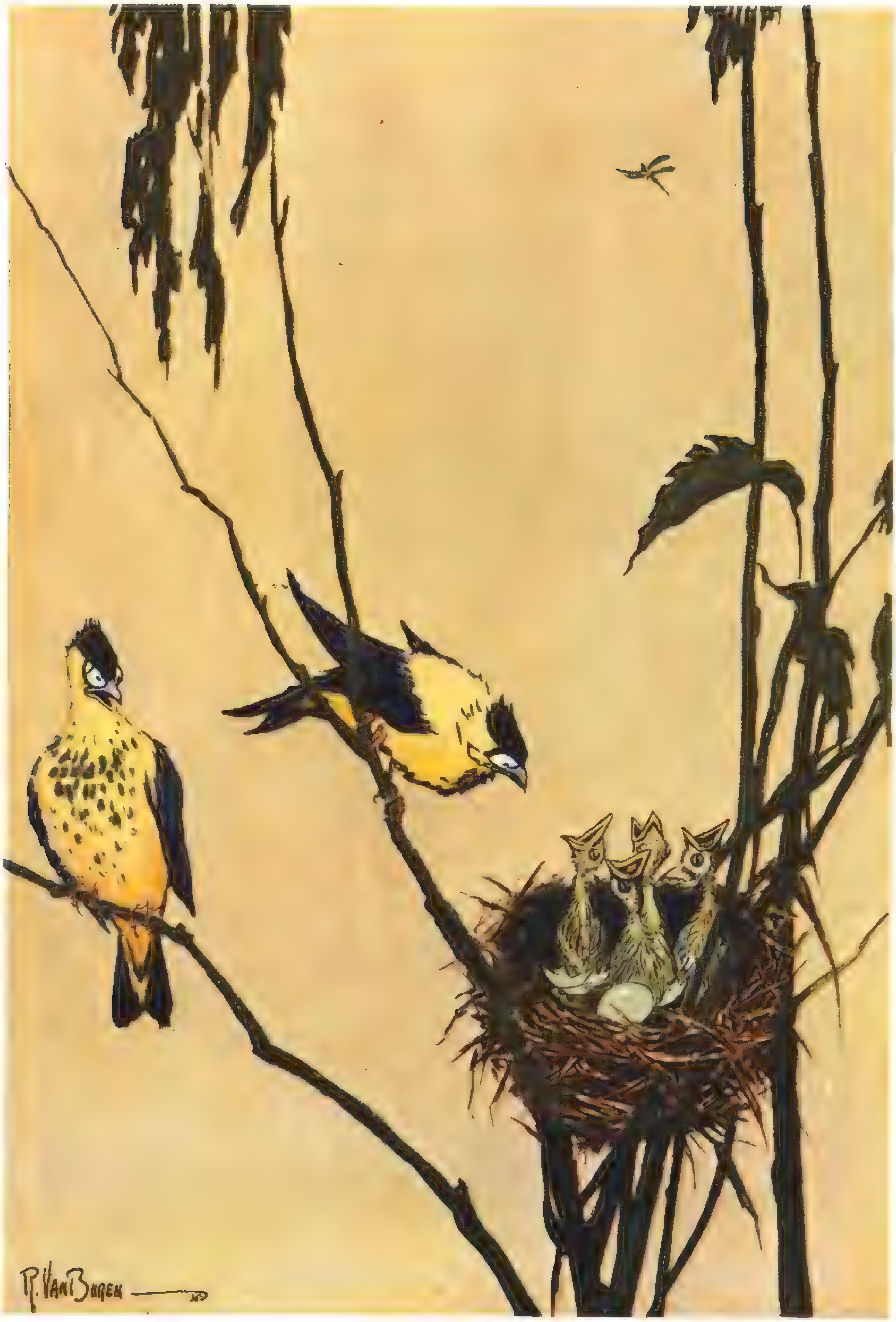
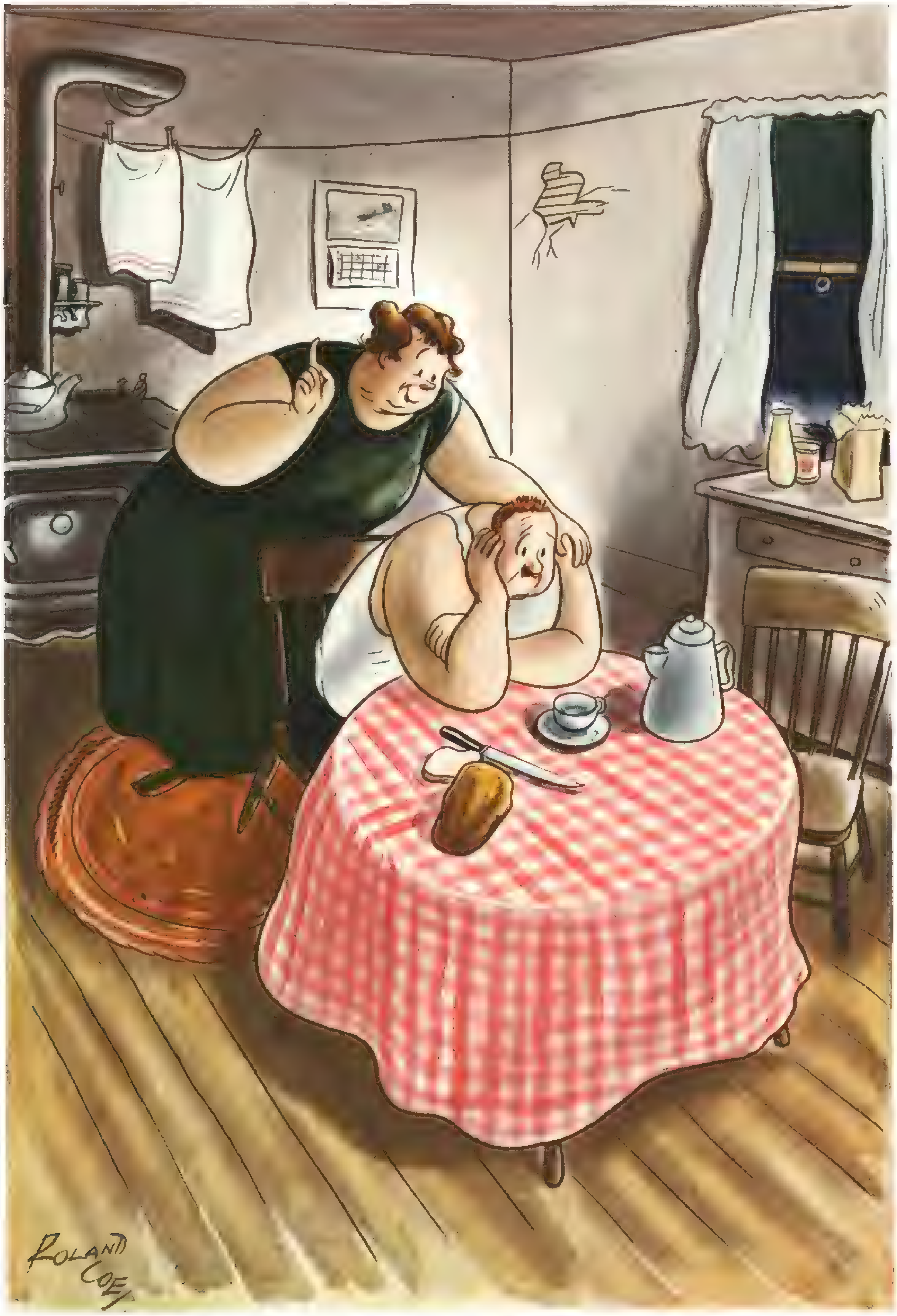


"Our first foul ball, Emily"



"Chin up, stout fella!"

African Golf

Seattle Slim educates you on educated dice, from improved tapping bones to pad-rolling

by EDW. JEROME VOGELER

ARTICLE

For the past twenty years, Seattle Slim has been living at first class hotels throughout the country by tossing dice here and there under every imaginable condition. In scores of open gambling halls of the west and southwest, he is barred by alert game keepers who know his skill and refuse to permit him to throw the dice—even out of a bottle. But Slim finds ways and means. Today, the nickname no longer fits him as he has acquired a decided paunch through easy living.

He is a middle-aged man with innocent blue eyes, scant hair and a leaning for arresting haberdashery. But, the long fingers of his well kept hands have not lost their skill.

Ordinarily, Seattle Slim wouldn't consider giving a crap shooting lesson to anyone—as it is almost as great a violation of the ethics of his profession to "put a chump wise," as to "give a sucker an even break." But the circumstances under which he was induced to break down were extraordinary. The ego of the artist was touched by the profound admiration which the writer of these notes professed at his amazing skill. And an offer of twenty dollars for a complete course on how to become a dice cheater wasn't peanuts—in times like these.

After all—twenty bucks was twenty bucks, whether acquired through the medium of "tops and bottoms," or in the field of education. And how was Slim to know his information might appear here and serve to stiffen the sales resistance of thousands of potential customers? There was no way, and so Slim waxed eloquent upon his subject.

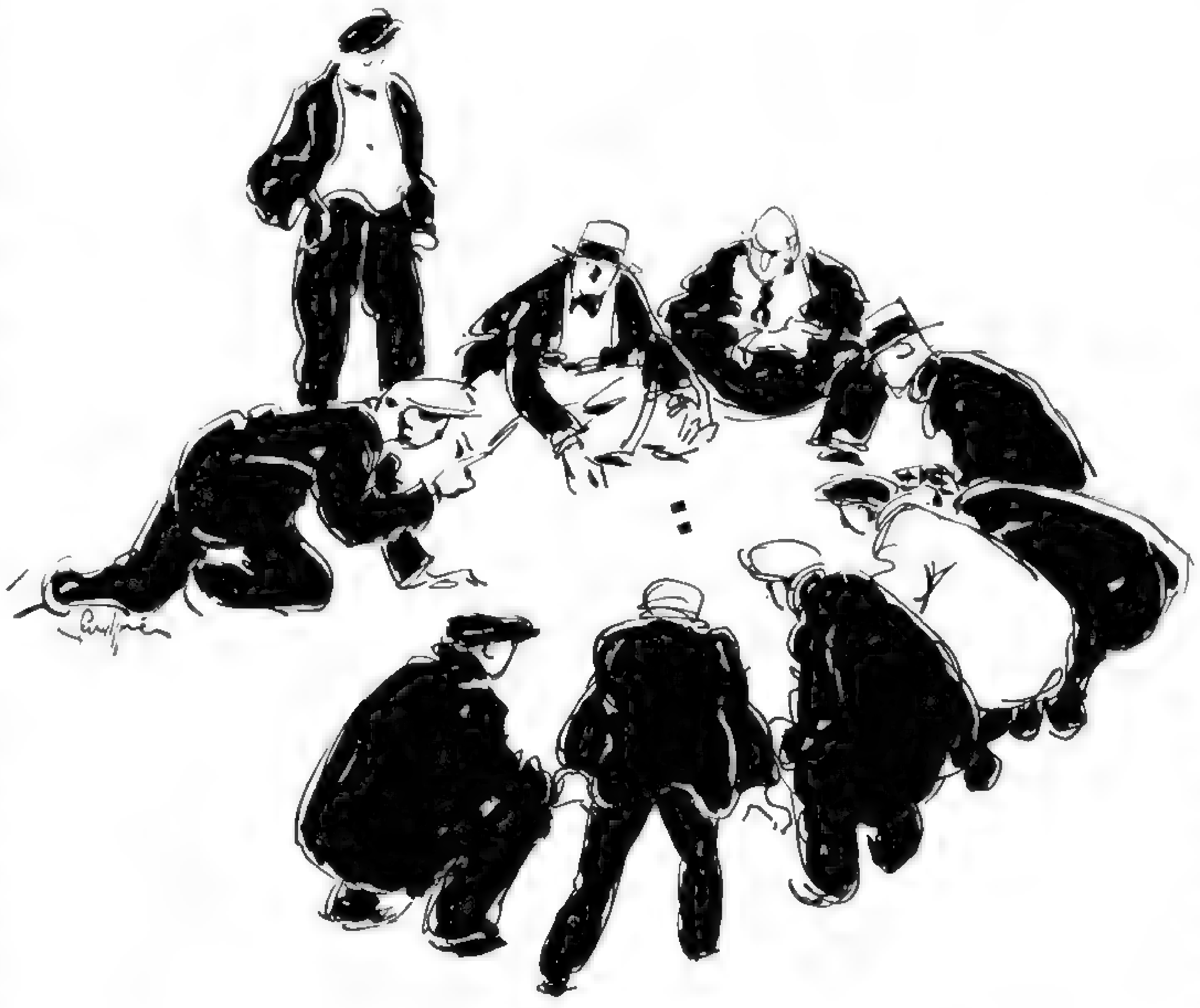
The finished crap shooter, Slim explained, uses any one of three methods of getting the money. He employs one, or several pairs of highly educated dice; or, when necessity requires it, he will make unimpeachable dice do his bidding; or, when driven farther to the wall, he will win by simply being a better mathematician than his victim. As the great majority of fish are caught in the net of educated, or crooked dice, we will consider this branch of the profession first.

Unnatural dice are divided into three general classes and a thousand subdivisions. The fundamental groups are: "Tops and Bottoms," "Horses" or "Murder Dice;" loaded dice or "Heavies" and lop-sided dice or "Shapes." The first of these are the crudest of the dice sharp's implements of trade, are seldom used upon any save the dullest of novices and are usually scorned by the expert.

Tops and Bottoms are so called because the opposite sides of each die are numbered the same, with the result that no combination of the dice will total a seven. The most cursory inspection will instantly expose their rank duplicity, with almost certain disaster to the cheater if the fighting blood of the intended victim is in any way in keeping with his gambling blood.

He who said "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" probably never saw a crap shooter who has detected a pair of "Tops and Bottoms," "Horses," or "Murder Dice," for these bold devices are an insult to a monkey's intelligence.

Far more important in the crap shooting picture are the virtually endless variety of "shapes" and "heavies" that rattle their cheerful and subtle deception upon public and private crap tables throughout the length and breadth of our allegedly fair land.



In Chicago, there exists a large concern that makes a specialty of manufacturing crooked dice for cheaters in all parts of the world. The heads of this company contend that theirs is a perfectly legitimate enterprise, as there is no law against the manufacture of crooked gambling devices—however numerous may be the statutes against their use.

Seattle Slim gave the writer the address of this firm, with the result that he now possesses a beautifully lithographed and comprehensive catalog which affords almost as complete an education upon the art of dice cheating as Slim's twenty-dollar course.

Consider, for instance, the "improved tapping dice!" Tap them once and they win. Tap them again, and they lose. Could anything be more simple or delightful for the gentleman who desires to give his customer but one chance—and that one a chance to lose.

These can be purchased for the moderate price of $17.50 a set and constitute but one of a score of patterns obtainable at from $2.00 to $20.00 a pair. Others include: capped "missouts" and "passers;" capped and filled "missouts" and "passers;" capped "singles;" "shaped" capped to pass; "trip" or "slick" dice; raised edge trip dice; saw edge trip dice; raised spot trip dice; filled transparent dice; gold load inlaid dice; new idea crap dice; invisible shapes; buffed shapes; adhesive or suction dice; loaded white dice; gravity dice; "floaters;" "double cross" dice; electric dice and controlled poker dice.

To acquire a full set of all the crooked dice listed in this up-to-date catalog would necessitate an outlay of about a thousand dollars—an investment which the average roadside hustler is not prepared to make. Most of them are specialists in one or more types of cheaters and half a dozen pairs will usually serve their purpose. And many of the true artists, including Seattle Slim, scorn the offerings of the big manufacturers and insist upon making their own.

Slim's dice making outfit is very simple. It consists of a small vice, a few polishing wheels and sanding sheets, several straight drills, a number of bottles of ink, a cake of polishing soap, a bottle of celluloid cement, a sharp knife—and an ounce or two of amalgam for loading.

"For eight bucks," quoth Slim, "I will make you three pairs of dice. One pair of winners, one pair of losers and one pair which is strictly on the up-and-up. And I give you a written guarantee that nobody but you won't be able to tell which is which."

Certainly a fair and square proposition—but possibly a violation of the dice manu-

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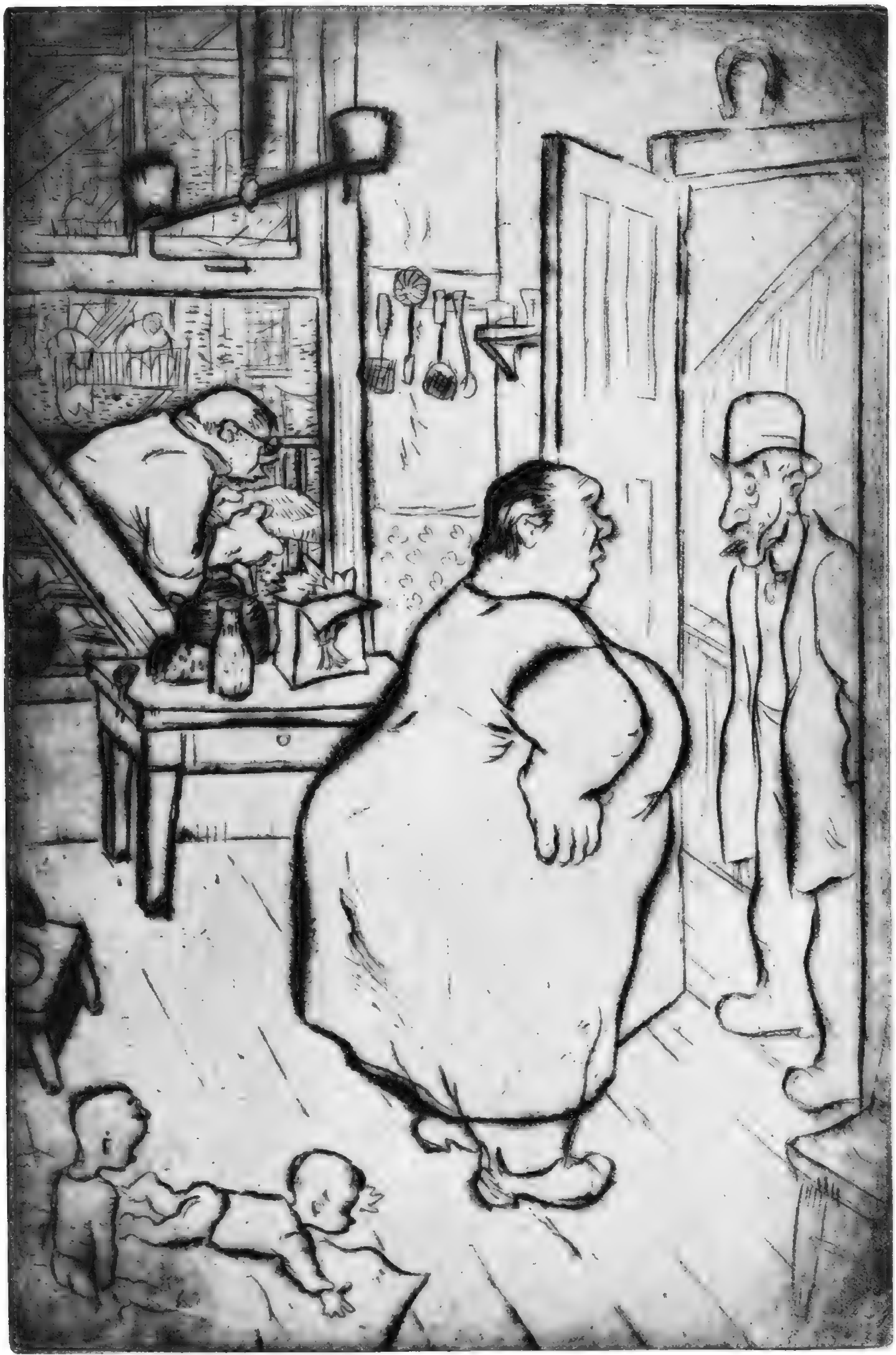


DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

"You'll find Irving on the terrace"

Moscow on the Subway

Life is real, Life is Marxist, Rent is Revolutionary Dues in the co-op colony of the Bronx

by BEN MERSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Overlooking the Botanical Gardens in Bronx Park stands a uniform group of trim "neo-Gothic" apartment houses. Ivy-clad turrets rise from the flat geometrical roofs, blocking from view the skeleton structure of the East Side El nearby. The street is quiet and sunny. The trees and flowers in the park, the half-paved roadway, and the boxwood hedges and winding concrete walks within the courtyards conjure a mood of suburban tranquillity that not even the passing trucks altogether dispel.

To the casual pedestrian, the orderly row of red brick buildings might epitomize the ultimate in middle-class American home life. Structurally hybrid, they have, nevertheless, a curious grace wherein pure form is sacrificed for utility, comfort and convenience.

The snug little apartments breathe quietude and repose—hearths, pipes, babies and all the classic props of conjugal bliss.

This is the Workers Co-operative Colony. And here in an anomalous setting of bourgeois conservatism and piety, dwell 4,500 Communists—men, women and children. For ten years they have been living here, and except for architectural exteriors, existence has not been placid. The very nature of the enterprise precluded that. Party leaders had warned from the beginning that a Marxist Utopia was impossible in a Capitalist State. But time proved Capitalist States have paradoxical virtues. Buffeted by the abracadabra of high finance, the colonists soon lost title to the property. Five years later they regained it through the beau geste of Mrs. Margaret Mailhouse Burnham, mother of the so-called eugenic baby. Unknown to the harassed comrades, Mrs. Burnham paid the $250,000 mortgage which had lapsed. Her cryptic action has never been explained. She was not a resident of the colony nor had she at any time expressed Communist sympathies. Many theories have been advanced as the reason for her largesse. One hypothesis (dear to the romantic rationalists) is that her vaunted super-child was sired by a prominent comrade. The $250,000 gift is supposed to have been in recognition of his unselfish services.

KATZ FOOD
KA IS UN
DO NOT BUY
KATZ IS UNFAIR

Whatever the explanation, the colonists speedily lost their property again. A mysterious oligarchy of banks, bondholders and trust companies got control of the enterprise. They are still the nominal rulers. Yet the legerdemain of finance is such that the dictators are loathe to dispossess the revolutionary vassals. In return for modest tithes, the colonists have won the right to pursue their objective relatively unhampered.

But the ideals which they hope to fulfill are somewhat vague. No code of conduct, aside from the general dogma of Marxism, was laid down by the founders. To question these messiahs would be sacrilege, akin to questioning Gautama Buddha on the occult significance of his Bo Tree—and equally difficult. Like Gautama, the founders of the colony have been shrouded in a fabric of legend, parable and mysticism. True, they probably still may be encountered strolling on Union Square. And undoubtedly they would be delighted to utter a few omnipotent platitudes. But nobody solicits their opinions because nobody knows their names!

Capitalist rumor-mongers insists, however, that the identities of the founders are no secret in high party councils. They recite that the messiahs have fallen into disrepute for promulgating an enterprise that party leaders felt was injudicious, since it was foredoomed to failure and hence subversive to Communist morale. And, so the canard goes, the prophets are expiating their sins by submitting to the martyrdom of anonymity. In this wise, too, are their future visions effectively forestalled.

Meanwhile the colony continues in earnest operation. The majority of its residents are Jewish and Russian, with a few Negroes and Spaniards. They are a typical cross-section of the toiling men and women who earn their livelihood in New York's clothing shops, fur factories and textile mills. Almost all are immigrants or the sons of immigrant parents. As such, they have the serious purposefulness of the European worker; also his veneration of learning and culture. Undoubtedly it would be difficult to choose at random 4,500 persons so sincere in desire for intellectual improvement.

Marxism, of course, is the basis of everything scholastic in the colony. As a result, some of the cultural efforts of the comrades verge on the ludicrous, such as the frantic efforts to teach children of even three and four the doctrines of the profound economist. Fairy tales have been diligently rewritten from the "class angle." Thus, Jack in the Beanstalk has become Mischa, the little Communist schoolboy. The grimacing ogre is now the rapacious giant of Capitalism. The beanstalk itself symbolizes the pathway to freedom and light, which the ogre zealously blocks.

In the new version of the Grimm brothers classic, the climax has been altered dramatically. Whereas the original relates how Jack chopped down the beanstalk, killing the pursuing ogre and forever depriving Jack of the opportunity to visit again the magic regions above, Mischa is more facile. Borrowing a biblical device, he swats the ogre with a sling, thereby saving the beanstalk and the pathway to salvation.

Similar emendations have been made in other children's favorites, including Mother Goose. There are also a few originals, such as:

One, two, three!
Pioneers are we,
Fighting for the working class
Against the bourgeosie!

Continued in center of page 170

Profession of Pain

Any patient who can hand out so beautiful a set of symptoms has an operation coming to him

by ALVAH C. BESSIE

▪ FICTION ▪

WHEN my brother cleared his throat I looked reluctantly up from my book, for I knew I'd have no peace until he finished what he had to say. "Did I ever tell you about the fellow who came into the accident-room when I was at Gouverneur?" "No," I said, suppressing the remark that he'd told me about so many 'fellows who came into the accident-room' when he was an interne at the hospital. He bowed his head a moment and bit his lower lip, clasping his large hands and twining the long fingers. I have always been fascinated by my brother's hands—they are not handsome—they almost look crude, with their abruptly blunt fingertips, but there is a paradoxical appearance of sensitivity and nervous strength about them—preëminently the hands of a surgeon, and a good one, for I've seen him operate.

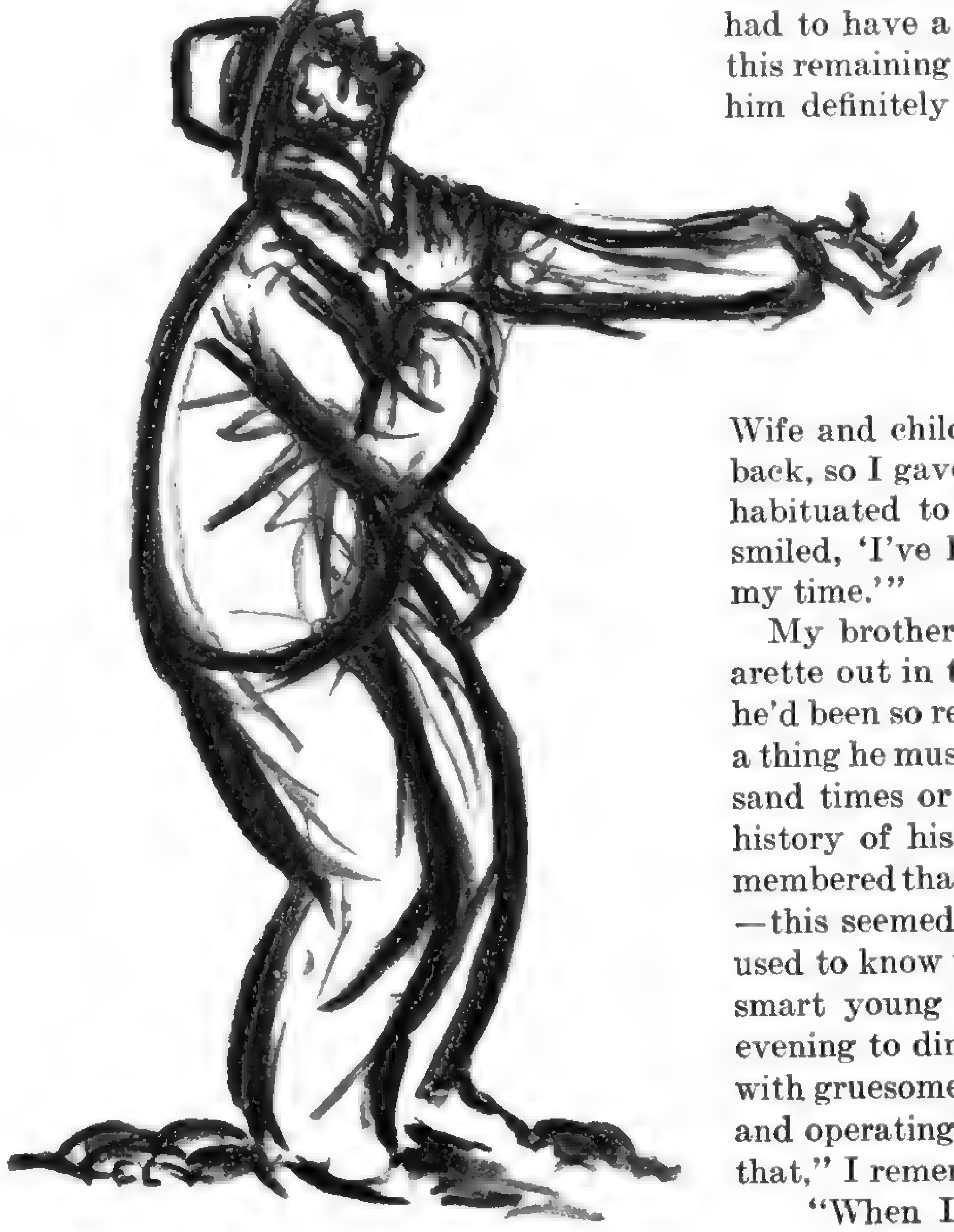
"The history of his case was pitiful," my brother said, and when he said that I pricked up my ears for the first time, for it was a phrase he hardly ever used. He knew I noticed it, for he smiled at his intertwined fingers and looked up. "No, seriously," he said, and shook his head as though to apologize for an unconscious error, "this fellow came into the accident-room one day when I was on duty, and one look at him convinced me that the man was in great pain—excruciating pain, I should say, for his face was absolutely ashen and he was bent almost double. He tried hard to stand erect, but it was obviously impossible, so I had him lie on the table—you remember," he said, and smiled again.

Could I ever forget! His reference caused my memory to execute a "flash-back" of that hot day in August when I'd ridden on the ambulance with him for the first—and last—time. In one vividly moving sequence I heard the bell rattle in the corridor, saw us both running down the hall, my brother grasping the huge black surgical bag, and jumping onto the back of the "bus," slipping our arms through the leather loops that hung on either side of the padded seat. We shot rattling over cobbles down through the jammed streets of the lower East Side, while the unbroken crowd was cut like a stream and formed a bipartate closing wake behind us. There was what appears to me now to have been one composite photograph of the endless mob that opened and then swallowed us as we stopped before the tenement on Rivington Street, and my brother ran up the stoop and into the house, looking strangely small in his neat white suit. Inquiries among the surrounding morbid crowd drew diagnoses of "man shot," "man's leg cut off," "man fell off roof," or "man killed himself." It seemed an hour till my brother reappeared, white and competent, heading a small procession of policemen, who carried a man sitting in a chair. He was wrapped in a blanket and his gray face jogged from side to side as they came down the steps. His eyes were wide and alive—in violent contrast to the strangely impersonal cries he uttered. "You'll have to step on it, Mike; don't want to bring in a stiff." Then I remember the passage back, easily twice as swift as our arrival, with the patient shouting in mixed English and Italian and my brother urging the driver to greater speed despite the patient's protests. He shot strychnine into his arm, and talked to me. "Got to get this guy in before he croaks," he muttered, "worst laceration I've ever seen. He fell off a roof and got caught on a projecting hook." Unconsciously, I followed them into the accident-room, where the man was tumbled onto the table, his clothes were cut from him and three doctors worked packing a wound which to my eyes seemed easily a square foot deep. They put everything back in place and stuck adhesive plaster over the edges of the great angular tear. "Take my shoes off—take my shoes off!" The man shouted in Italian, and I removed his bloody shoes. Then, "Take off my socks—take off my socks!" he cried, but before I could, they wheeled him out and up to the emergency ward, where they pumped him full of saline and waited to see if he would die. He went home three weeks later.

"Have a cigarette," my brother said, and then continued, "Well, I asked him what the matter was and he whispered, quite intelligently, too, 'nephritis, Doc—I've already had one kidney removed—shrapnel wound during the war—and part of the other, but it's still affected. Lightning pains radiating from my groin, right up to the small of my back. I know the thing's come back again, because my water's smoky.' I was surprised," my brother said, "to hear him use those terms, for only a person who was acquainted with medical nomenclature would ever think of them. I asked him if he was a doctor—"

"What terms?" I said.

"'Radiating'—and particularly,'smoky,'" my brother said, "he wasn't a doctor, but he told me that he'd had occasion to read the subject up, and I agreed that he certainly had. The morphine and atropine I gave him had no more effect than so much water, and I gave him a terrific dose at that, and then repeated it. By God, I felt sorry for the chap—after his pain had gone a little, he told me his story—I'd had him put to bed—a young chap, too, war-record—was wounded in the war and had to have a kidney removed. Then when he got back to the States, his other one started to kick up trouble, and he had to have a part of that removed. Now this remaining bit was up to mischief. I told him definitely that it looked bad for him, since a man can't live without any kidneys at all, and he told me he was resigned to it—he'd spent all his money on treatments to no effect, and he had to come to clinics to keep himself going. Wife and child to support. His pain came back, so I gave him another shot. 'I'm a bit habituated to the dope, doc,' he said and smiled, 'I've had to take so much of it in my time.'"



My brother paused and tamped his cigarette out in the ashtray. I wondered why he'd been so really moved by this banal tale, a thing he must have seen duplicated a thousand times or more, and even worse. "The history of his case was pitiful." I still remembered that phrase and wondered about it—this seemed a far cry from the brother I used to know when he went to P. & S.—the smart young man who came home every evening to dinner and spoiled our appetites with gruesome details of the dissecting room and operating theatre. "You get used to all that," I remember he had said.

"When I was making the rounds the

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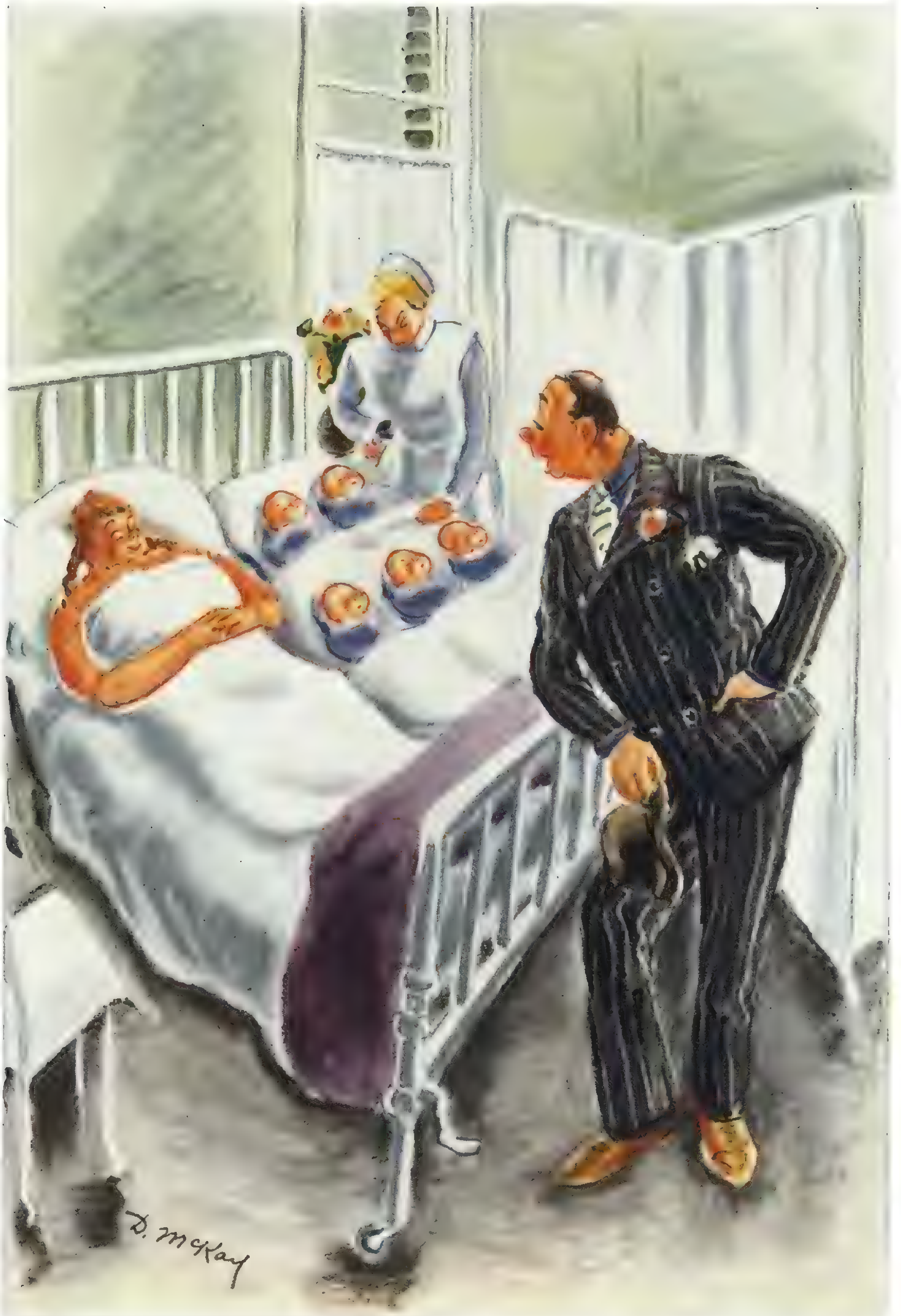
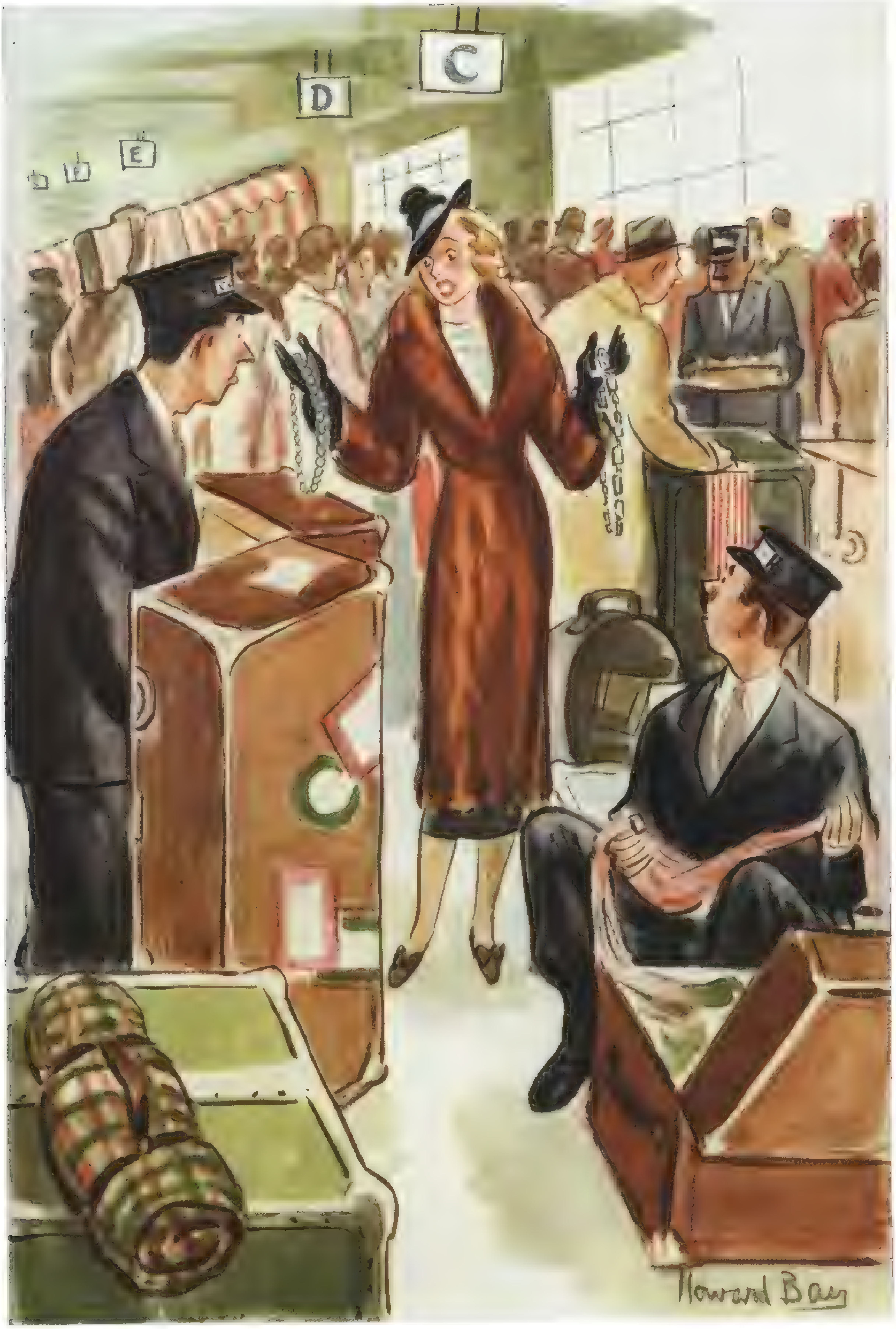


"It woulda bin nice to smash the world's record—but we can't have ev'rything, I guess"



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Howard Baer

"If I smuggle these in does that mean I don't have to pay any duty?"

The Best Policy

A mean but adaptable conscience worries a sweet little lady who is just as honest as she can be

by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

▪ SATIRE ▪

I MET her in the boat-train from Paris to Calais, the actual introduction being effected by the salt, the pepper, the mustard, and the butter, all of which I gallantly passed her in turn till she darn well had to say something else but "Thank you." Did I say she was young and pretty; or did you guess it? Never mind!

We talked happily all through the meal and I stood her a *fine*. After lunch I discovered a Frenchman in my compartment smoking what the French call a cigar, nobody having yet broken the truth to them, and so had a good excuse for joining her in hers. We talked further.

It appeared she was a little apprehensive about the Customs Examination at Dover. Ninety-nine per cent of her sex get these sudden qualms as they approach England.

They remember all the Absolute Bargains they *had* to snap up in Paris because, after all, one *is* saving on the duty; not till about Calais do they realize the saving of the duty is not yet accomplished and requires a brazen nerve, an innocent stare and an ability to lie so unblushingly that you can only do it by persuading yourself thoroughly beforehand that it isn't a lie at all and that even if it is, it isn't a crime to cheat the Customs.

This process was obviously already at work in my lady's mind, because every now and then conversation seemed to take a sudden dog-leg bend, apropos of nothing and she came out with: "It's the first time I've found myself returning to England since the new Custom-duties," or else: "I think it's a scandal to have to pay again for something you've already paid for."

A little later on the boat, she had got as far as: "Of course I quite understand duties and all that if one's bringing things home for *profit*, on purpose to sell afterwards I mean—but if it's just something you've brought for your personal use, it's all right, isn't it?" Symptoms of nervousness were now more apparent because instead of the above being, like the earlier remarks, parentheses in our main conversation, mere bubbles from something deeper in her mind, this time she expected an answer. "Isn't it?" she repeated anxiously.

"No," I said definitely, "I'm afraid not. Whether for your personal use or not, if it's new it has to pay duty." I realized exactly what the girl was trying to do. She knew well enough everything new had to pay duty, and she was merely trying to get me to say "no" and then use me to quell her conscience with. "That man," she would say to her conscience, "says it's all right, and he looks a reliable chap, so shut up, can't you!" And then with one foot metaphorically on conscience's neck and one hand metaphorically in mine, she'd swear blue to the Customs she had nothing to declare. And if caught out, she'd probably blame me for having deceived her. No, she wasn't going to catch me like that.

She turned a pair of hurt blue eyes onto me. "Oh, but surely?" she asked. "Why, if I'd thought that, I'd never have bought all the things I have. I've got a gorgeous new silk umbrella, and a frock, and stockings, and six lovely pairs of knickers."

"You'll have to pay duty on them all," I said. "And frankly I'd advise you to be honest about it. It's usually the best way."

"Do you really think I ought?" She added a pleading smile to the charming blue eyes.

I hardened my heart. "I think you ought—for your own sake. I'd hate to see you soaked for a terrible fine, or prison in default."

"There'd be no chance of your paying it for me, would there?" Frank seduction had now crept into the smile.

"I'd come and see you in prison on Fridays," I compromised.

"How darling of you! I say, I've just thought. Someone told me that once you've worn the things they cease to be new. I've worn the frock and the stockings and two of the knickers. Couldn't I get a cabin and go quickly and wear the rest of the knickers before we get to Dover? And I could put up the umbrella and say I thought it looked like rain. Then it'd be all right and I needn't pay on anything."

I shook my head. "Ingenious," I admitted, "but really not very good. You would have to pay on everything bought abroad."

"You're not being very helpful, are you?" she pouted.

"I'm trying to be, but really it's best to be honest."

"I wonder if you're right." Then frankly: "I never have been honest before, you know. I might try it and see what happens."

"It'd be the best policy. Even apart from the moral aspect, which I can see means very little."

"Oh, it *does*. It's just that I think Customs are stupid rules made by men who never bought jolly things in Paris; so I don't think one's bound to keep them.

"But," she went on hurriedly, seeing the expression that I simply couldn't keep out of my face, "you're a man and you don't understand feminine ideas of honesty. Still, you've been so sweet buying me that brandy and helping me with those ghastly porters that I'll do as you say. I'll be honest . . ."

I lost sight of her in the Customs. As a matter of fact I intended to lose sight of her for that period.

She joined me at the seat I had kept for her in the train, looking flushed and furious.

"Never again," she said angrily.

"What happened?"

"I declared the umbrella," she announced.

I looked at her sternly. "What about the—er—other things?"

"He didn't ask about them." I looked at her more sternly and she had the grace to blush. "That is, not exactly. He said, had I anything to declare, and I said the umbrella, and then stopped, waiting for him to say 'anything else?' but luckily he didn't. But, my dear, what a business over one little umbrella. I had to go to someone else at a desk and tell them the price of it, a hundred francs, and they calculated and do you know I had actually to pay four shillings. I really was *furious!*"

"What, at paying four shillings?"

"Yes, I thought they let you off or something for being honest." I gasped. "They have just a narrow-minded masculine outlook," I managed to murmur.

"Still, there's one consolation: they didn't ask to see the bill, because I'd paid 250 francs for that umbrella. But it's taught me a lesson," she went on heatedly. "I'll never be honest again."

This time I couldn't even gasp.

They're Off in the Derby

The cautious racing expert practices what he preaches against, naming a Derby winner

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •

The Kentucky Derby (correctly pronounced Darby) will be run this year on May 4th at Churchill Downs, in the blue-grass state. On the afternoon of that day a large field of the best three-year-old colts, fillies and geldings foaled in 1932 will leave the barrier for the long mile-and-a-quarter journey between one of them and the rose-blanket that is thrown over the winner's withers. For days before the race the newspapers of the country will have been full of sketches of its history and forecasts of the probably winner; fifty thousand persons will watch it in straining eagerness, including notables from all walks of life; and when the successful animal is led from the track another horse will have set foot on the ladder which may take him in one short racing-season to the heights sealed by Man o' War (which, incidentally, did not win the Derby of 1920 because he did not run in it), Exterminator or "Old Bones," the surprise-winner of 1919, Gallant Fox, winner in 1930, Twenty Grand, which won in 1931, or Cavalcade, last year's victor.

The history of the Kentucky Derby dates back into the '70's, and the race has been skillfully publicized until it stands today, and has stood for some decades past, as the premier racing-spectacle on the American continent. Other races are more difficult to win as constituting sterner tests of real thoroughbred-quality, like the Belmont Stakes at a mile and a half, run at Belmont Park, Long Island, in June. But thousands if not millions of Americans who never heard of the Belmont are interested in the Kentucky Derby; the race has gathered about it over the years degrees of tradition in the popular mind which other races for running horses totally lack. Run so early in the season, when most of the entrants have been untested by racing over distances as three-year-olds, and at a time of year when frequent rains or other inclement weather have interrupted training activities, the race often has been won by inferior animals which have happened to come up to the contest in sharpest form. Nevertheless the Kentucky Derby is preëminently America's horserace as the Epsom Derby is England's, and on the whole the roster of its winners constitutes a roll of honor of real thoroughbred class and quality.

The extent of interest in the Derby on the part of the public is shown by the fact that it is the only race for which the larger layers or bookmakers find it worth their while to make a future or winter-book, quoting odds against and accepting bets on individual entrants for some months before the race. Shortly after the first of the year these bookies issue their price-lines on (or rather against) the various horses entered. The favorites in such early quotations usually are at from 5 to 1 to 10 to 1 to win, whereas on the day of the race the actual post-favorite will be in the mutuel-machines at a price ranging from even money to (possibly) 3 to 1. Correspondingly more liberal odds are offered in the winter-books against outsiders, which may be quoted at from 30 or 40 to 1 to over 100 to 1, but like most apparent bargains in this vale of tears the superficially liberal prices quoted in the winter-books against favorites and outsiders alike are delusive and a snare. In making a wager on a horse entered in the Derby well in advance of the day of the race the player takes the risk that the animal eventually will not get to the post as well as the risk that he may (and probably will) be beaten. If he does not go, having suffered illness or accident, the bet is lost just as finally and effectually as it is if he does start and then runs far behind the leaders. And of the many colts, fillies and geldings entered for the race usually only a dozen to twenty actually compete. The risk that a horse bet on in the futures will not run is substantial, just as is the risk that he will not win. Hence the apparently liberal odds laid against all entrants, whether favorites or outsiders, in the winter-books.

Striking incidents that have marked past Derbys, like Exterminator's upset-win for Willis Sharpe Kilmer and Col. E. R. Bradley's running one-two-three with Bubbling Over and two of his stable-mates, have been told and re-told a hundred times and will be told again in all the newspapers on the eve of the coming race. Rather than re-hash such matters I propose to state briefly why it is so exceptionally difficult to pick the winner of the Derby well in advance or even just before the race.

For racing purposes a thoroughbred becomes a yearling on the January 1st after he is foaled, a two-year-old on the next January 1st, and a three-year-old on the succeeding January 1st. Horses are brought to racing as two-year-olds, when quite immature; many valuable stakes are programmed at all tracks for the baby-racers; and all these events, until the fall of the year, are at sprinting-distances of less than a mile. The existence of these stakes and other contests at sprinting-distances for two-year-olds places breeders under a definite inducement to mate stallions and mares of a type likely to produce foals which will mature early and develop in racing a high degree of quick sprinting-speed or early foot. Naturally a horse of this type, which can run five furlongs (five-eighths of a mile) in even time of one minute, or six furlongs (three-quarters of a mile) in even time of one minute and twelve seconds, or thereabouts, is a better prospect to win sprints in his second year than is some animal of the same age which has been slower to mature and lacks the bare early-speed capabilities of the first.

When horses become three-year-olds and eligible to run in the great stake-races for animals of their age like the Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont and others, then the picture changes. These races are run over distances substantially in excess of a mile; the Preakness is at a mile and three-sixteenths, the Derby at a mile and a quarter, and the Belmont at a mile and a half. Any one of these distances is a long, gruelling journey for a three-year-old colt under stake-weight of 126 pounds, or for a three-year-old filly under stake-weight of 121 pounds. To win, something more is required than quick early foot; a horse must be able to last the full route and to run at speed in the late stages. But while many wealthy breeders are attempting to produce speed and staying-power rather than mere early foot, the trouble is that most entrants in the Derby have run only in sprints as two-year-olds. No solid line on their ability over routes is available; a player in attempting to select a winner, must go on estimation of their performances in sprints the preceding year. And what a horse has done as a two-year-old at distances up

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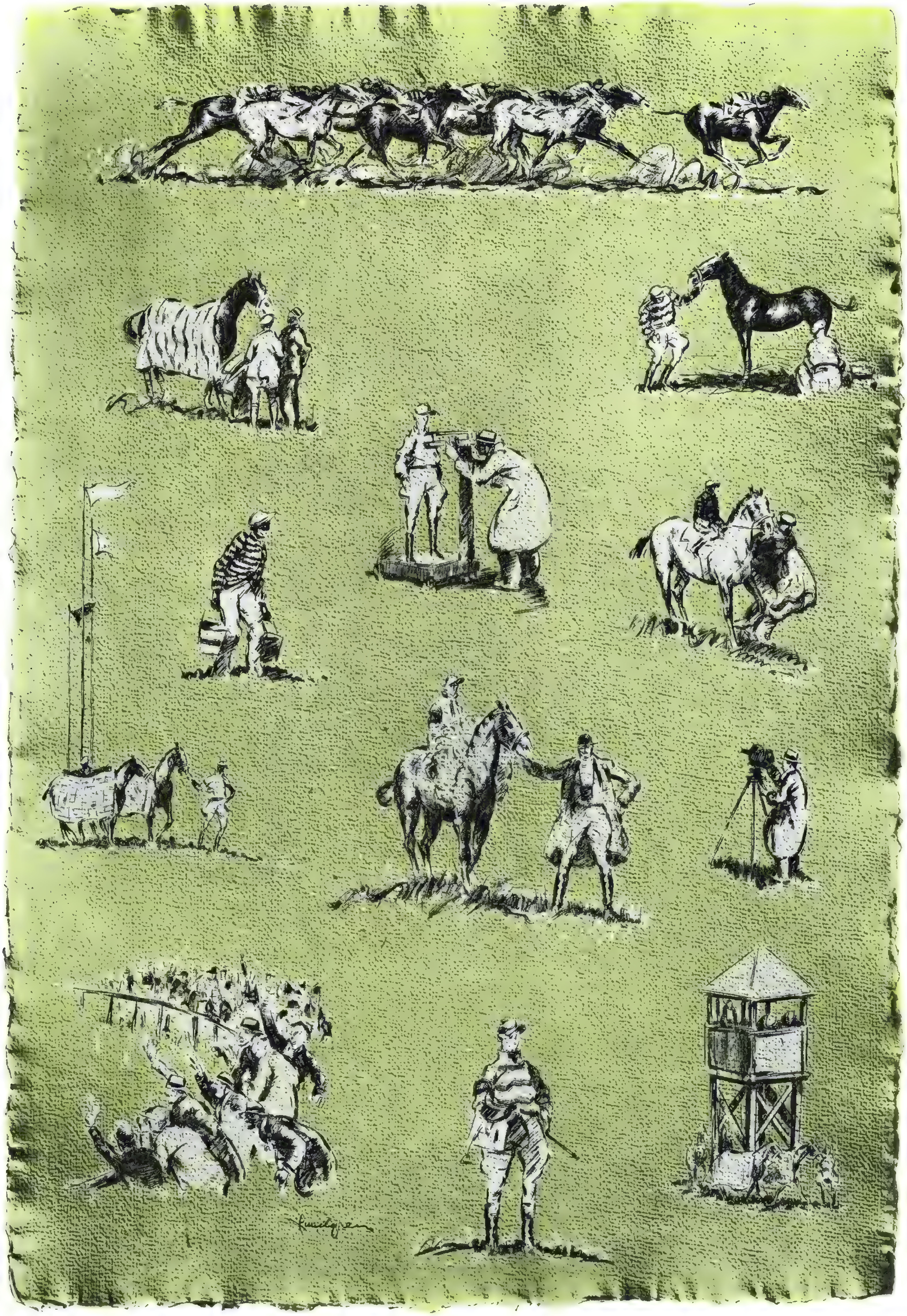


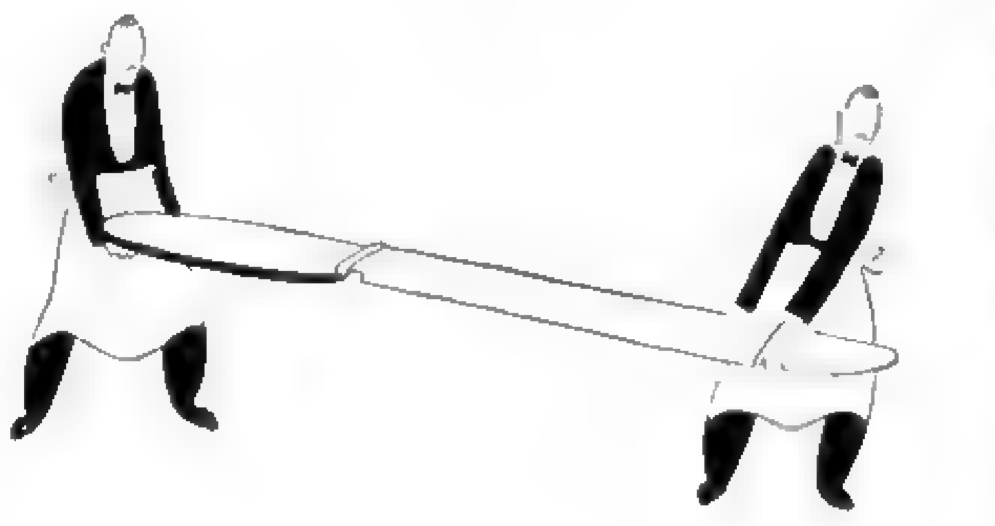
Roast Beef of Old England

The British have the best French restaurants, native mutton, and foreign delicacies

by JOHN GUNTHER

• ARTICLE •

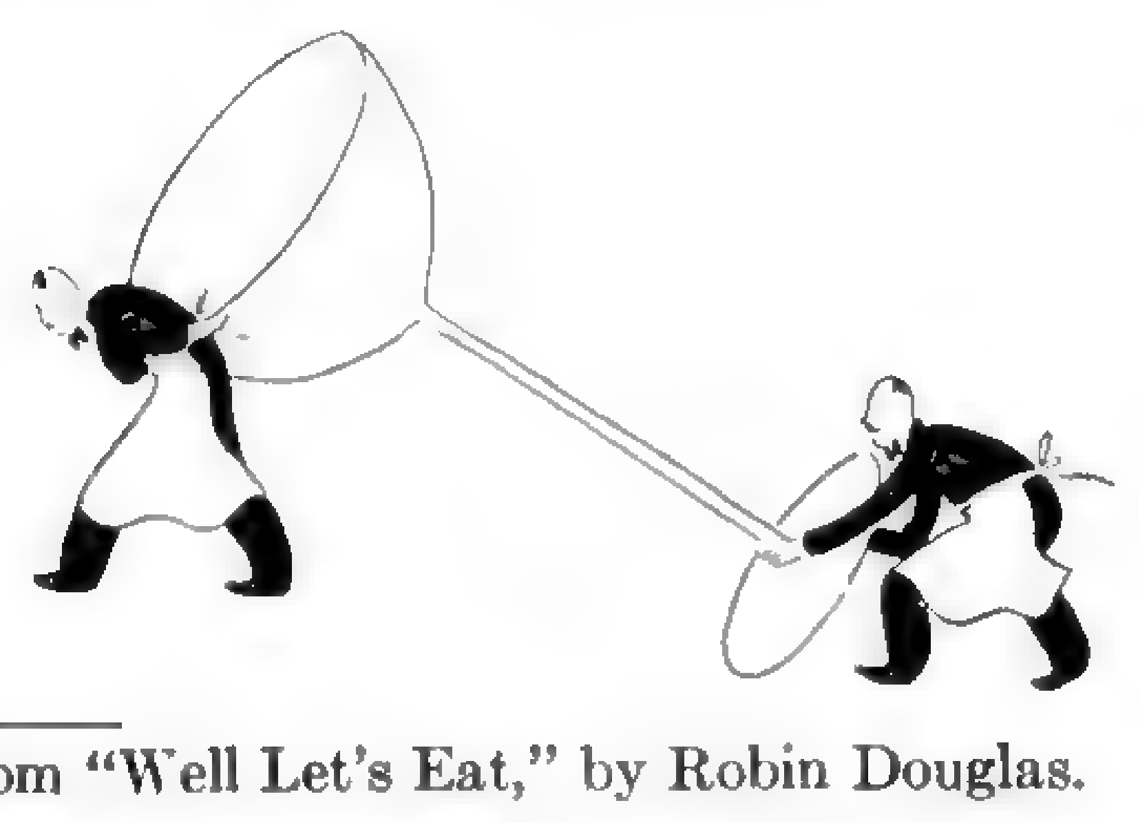
It is perfect nonsense to say, as is often said, that there is no good cooking in London. But good cooking takes a bit of finding and is apt to be expensive. The range of London restaurants is the greatest in Europe. You can find plenty of places where the cabbage, a foul vegetable anyway, becomes a hideous atrocity, soggy with cold water, or where the fish looks like mouldy cheese and tastes like cotton, or where the beef is thawed from ancient slabs of Argentine or Australian cattle. Also in London you may find sound and luscious cookery of almost any nationality. Probably the best Hungarian, Spanish, Indian, and Italian restaurants in the world are not in Budapest, Madrid, Calcutta, or Milan, but in London within a mile of Piccadilly Circus. And do not tell me that there is no good French cooking in London. I will take you to the Maison Basque or Boulestin and make you eat not only marvelous food but your own reckless words.

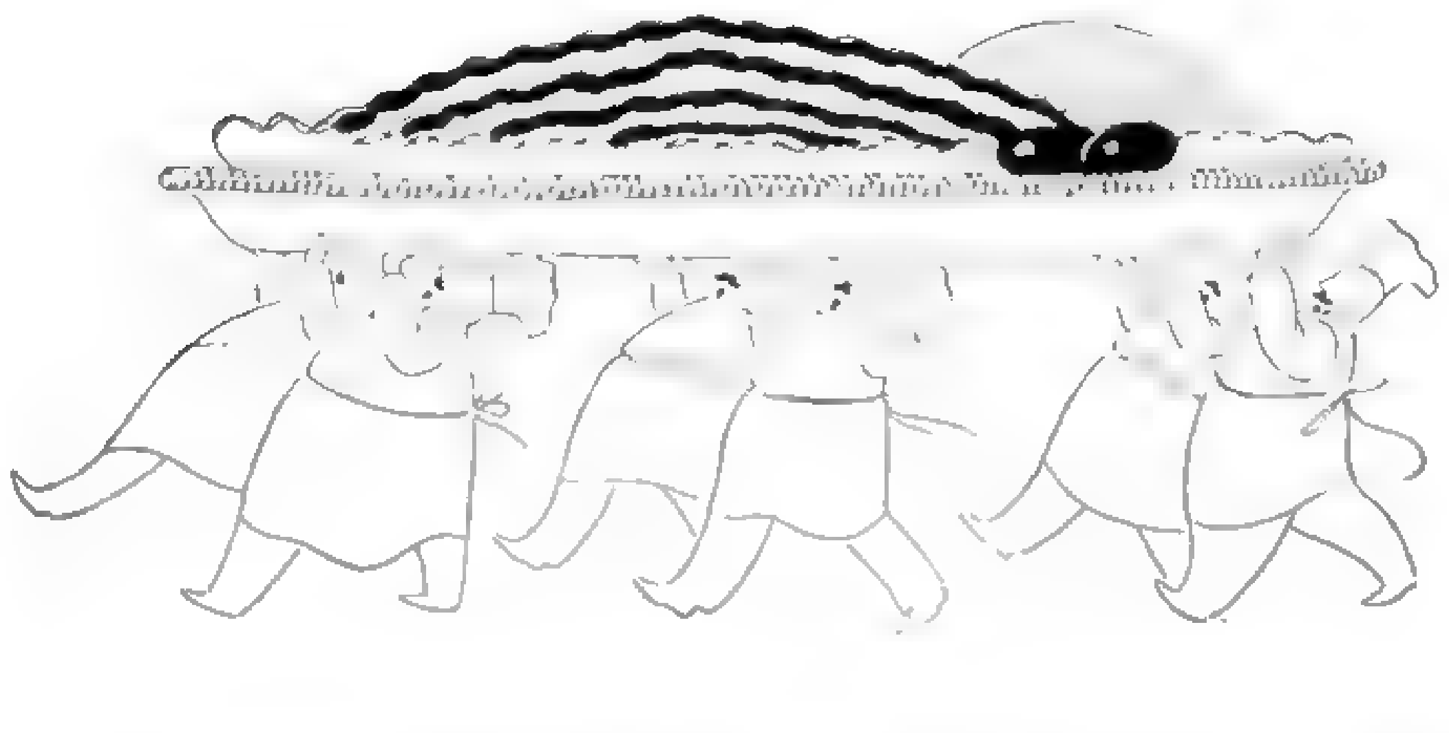


The best single dish I ever had in my life was Crêpes Nicole at Boulestin. This is the recipe:*

> Have some legs and wings of chicken poached with carrots, onion, and a bouquet of thyme, parsley, and a bay leaf. When they are cooked cut them in small cubes, toss them lightly in butter, season, and sprinkle well with paprika. Add a few mushrooms previously cooked, cut in pieces and mix with a little cream, just enough to moisten the mixture, and keep hot.
>
> Prepare a good béchamel sauce and a few thin unsweetened pancakes. Place on each pancake some of the mixture, roll it, and arrange all the pancakes in a long fireproof dish. Add a yolk of egg to the béchamel sauce, a little cream, pour over the pancakes, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under the grill. Serve at once.
>
> The dish can be garnished with asparagus tops or slices of truffles according to the season.

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street, is like Horcher's in Berlin, an almost holy citadel of supreme food. Like Horcher's, it is extremely expensive. Mr. Boulestin tells me that if you allow the maître d'hôtel to order for you carefully and intelligently, you can have luncheon for about $3.00, but usually it costs more. There are no flowers on the tables; music is not allowed; a few exquisite French paintings are the only decorations; the lighting is full and good. Mr. Boulestin, a Frenchman who has lived in England 25 years, is probably the best known restaurateur in Europe; he has written half a dozen amusing books on food, including a delightful technical essay on herbs and seasonings.





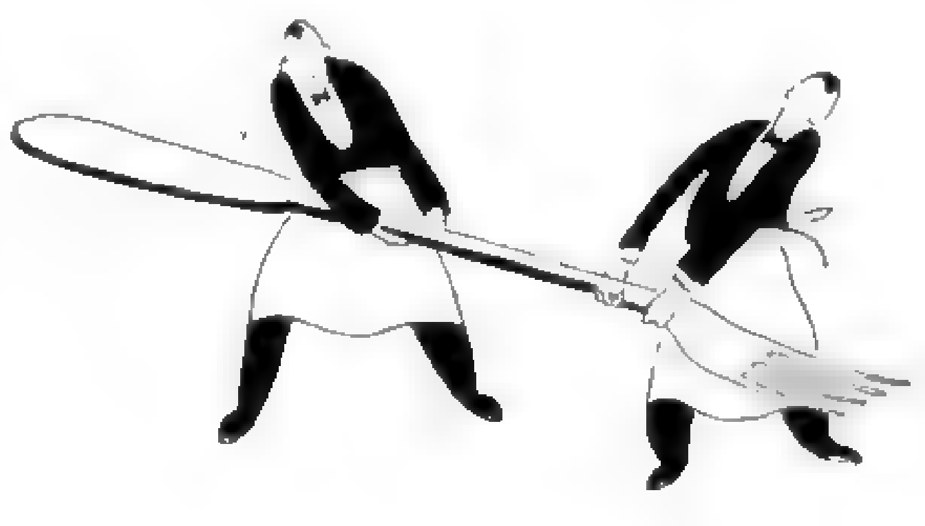
A simpler French restaurant, not in the same class as Boulestin but very good, is the Escargot Bienvenu, 48 Greek Street. The hors d'oeuvres, about 60c an order, are fascinating. An exotic French restaurant, the Eiffel Tower on Charlotte Street, is full of fuss and fairies; the prices are terrific; the cooking is sublime. A fashionable French restaurant, the Blue Train, is said by agents whom I trust, to be "almost" as good as Boulestin.

I like extremely three noble Italian restaurants in London. One is Quaglino, on Bury Street, run by the former manager of a superb establishment known as Sovrani's; it is Sovrani who now operates the Blue Train. Quaglino's is thoroughly expensive and absolutely worth it. Try the Ballotine de Volaille Chez Quaglino, a stuffed chicken leg of great originality. Another fine Italian restaurant is the Isola Bella, where you may have, for dessert, a cream cheese mixed with castor sugar and either chocolate, cinnamon, coffee, or ginger, a truly novel and exquisite dish. I believe, too, that it is the Isola Bella where Café diabolo is a specialty: this consists of coffee beans, cinnamon, sugar, and brandy cooked together. A third Italian restaurant, the Commercio on Frith street, is a cheap little place where many officials of the British Foreign Office go to lunch; I last went there with Vernon Bartlett, the political commentator for the B. B. C.; it is good and rowdy and you can stuff yourself for 60c.

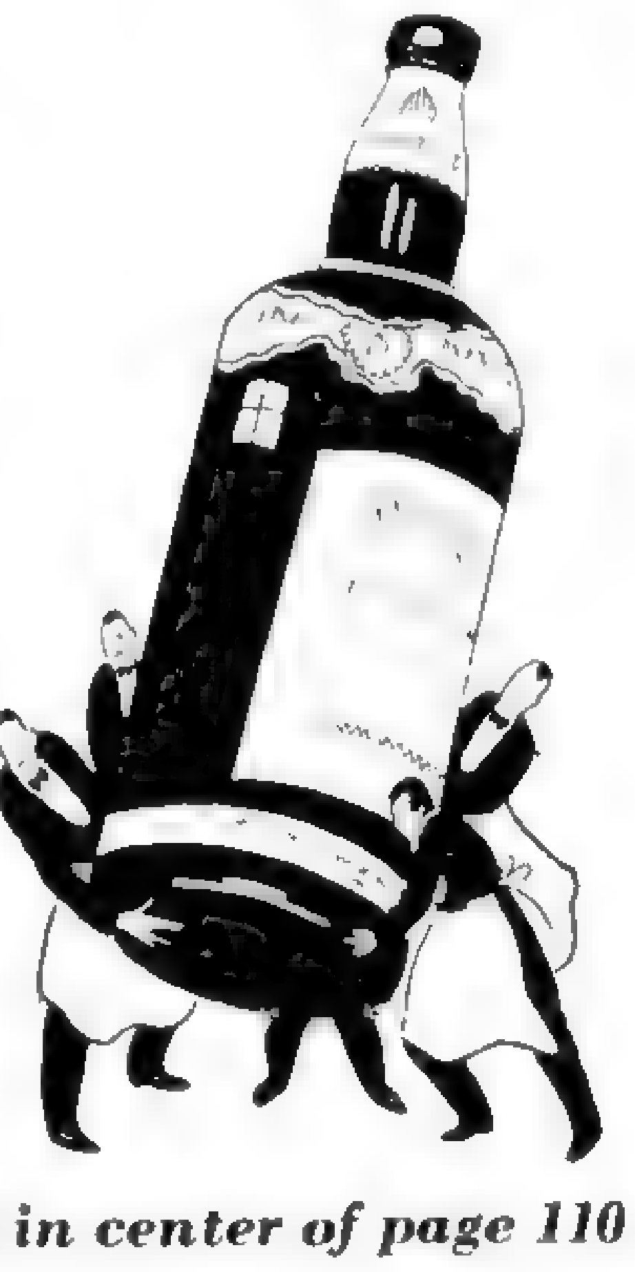
But in this article I want to talk about English restaurants and characteristically English foods.

There is, first of all, Scott's on Coventry street, just off Piccadilly Circus. I suppose there is no fish restaurant in Europe to rival it, except perhaps Prunier's in Paris. Once I took a friend to Scott's who said he liked prawns and had never tasted good ones in Europe and he ate four orders, a dozen each, in succession. Scott's will provide you with any kind of steak or grill or vegetable or chicken, but lobsters, oysters, and fish in general are the specialties. Try the mayonnaise of Scotch salmon, which costs $1.00. Or the grilled lobster at $1.50. Or any of the multitudinous forms of trout and sole. Scott's is expensive and makes no apologies for being so. You had better not count on eating there for under $2.50 or $3.00.

Then, next to the Savoy Hotel on the Strand, there is Simpson's. Every time I come to England I go to Simpson's for my first meal; it is now a sort of ritual and I have never been disappointed, partly because Simpson's is as standardized as a conveyor line and I know exactly what I will get. Simpson's has four or five "joints" every day; three of them are (invariably) roast saddle of Southdown mutton with red currant jelly ($1.00); boiled silverside of salt beef, (corned beef in American) with carrots and dumplings (85c), and roast sirloin of beef, with potatoes and yorkshire pudding (90c). The prices include a side dish of vegetables and Cheddar or Cheshire cheese for dessert. The other joints may be duck, turkey, turbot, or something I am not so fond of, boiled calf's head, bath chap, and brain sauce. (Bath chap is pig's cheeks.) The last time I had it was with Senator Moses of New Hampshire. All the joints are served on movable trolleys, and it is customary to tip the carver thruppence.



Simpson's is thoroughly British. The beef is from Scotland and so is the salmon. The head chef, Willis, is an Englishman, one of the few British chefs in the great restaurants of the world. The joints are cooked by Mr. Willis and his assistants in a fire-place with a capacity of 96 cubic feet; the meats hang on a sort of hook-and-chain arrangement over the special coal. Mutton is kept about a fortnight before being cooked, beef eight to ten days, and lamb and veal are served fresh. Simpson's uses between 35 and 40 saddles of mutton daily, and about 20 turbots. These huge fish are kept in run-



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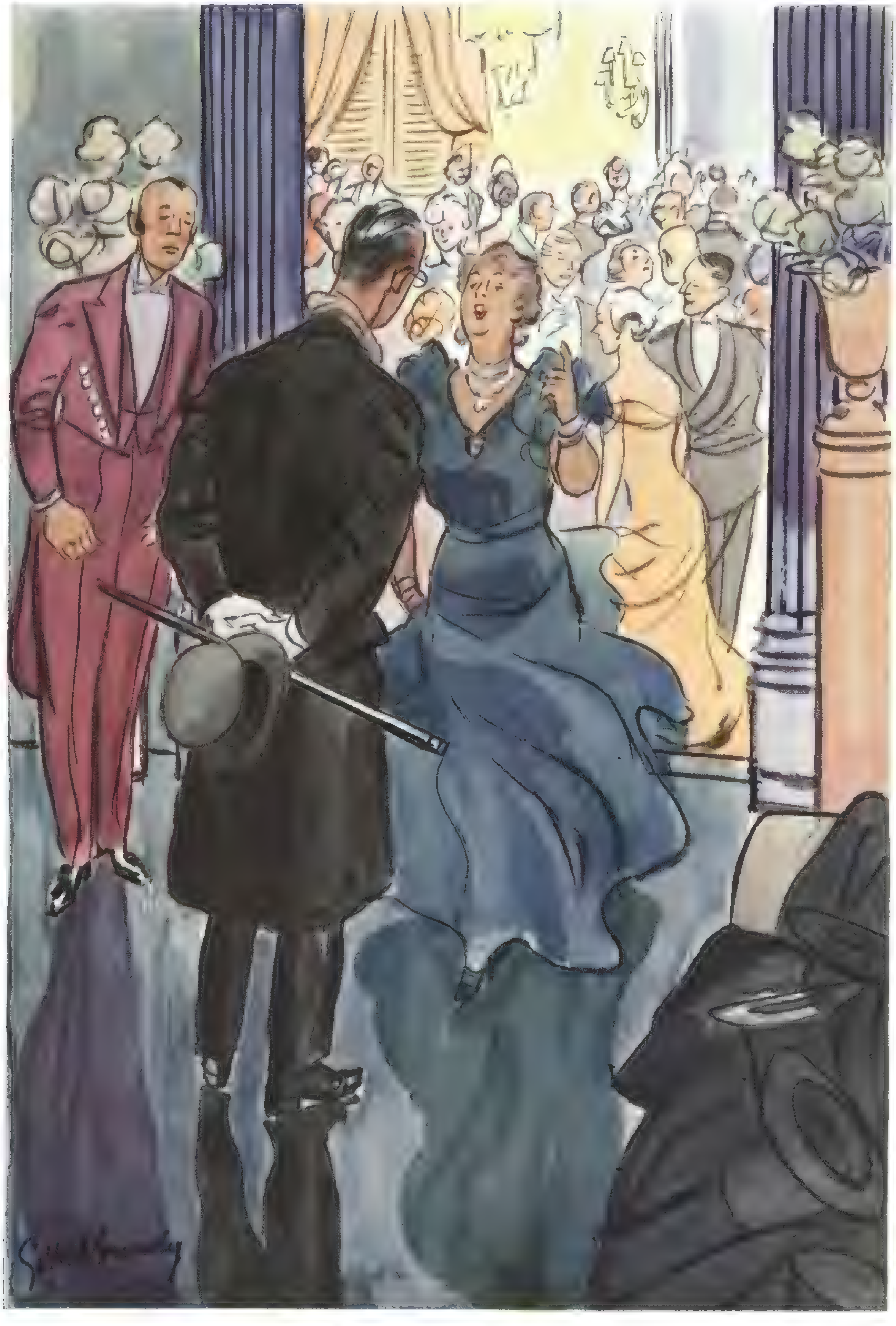
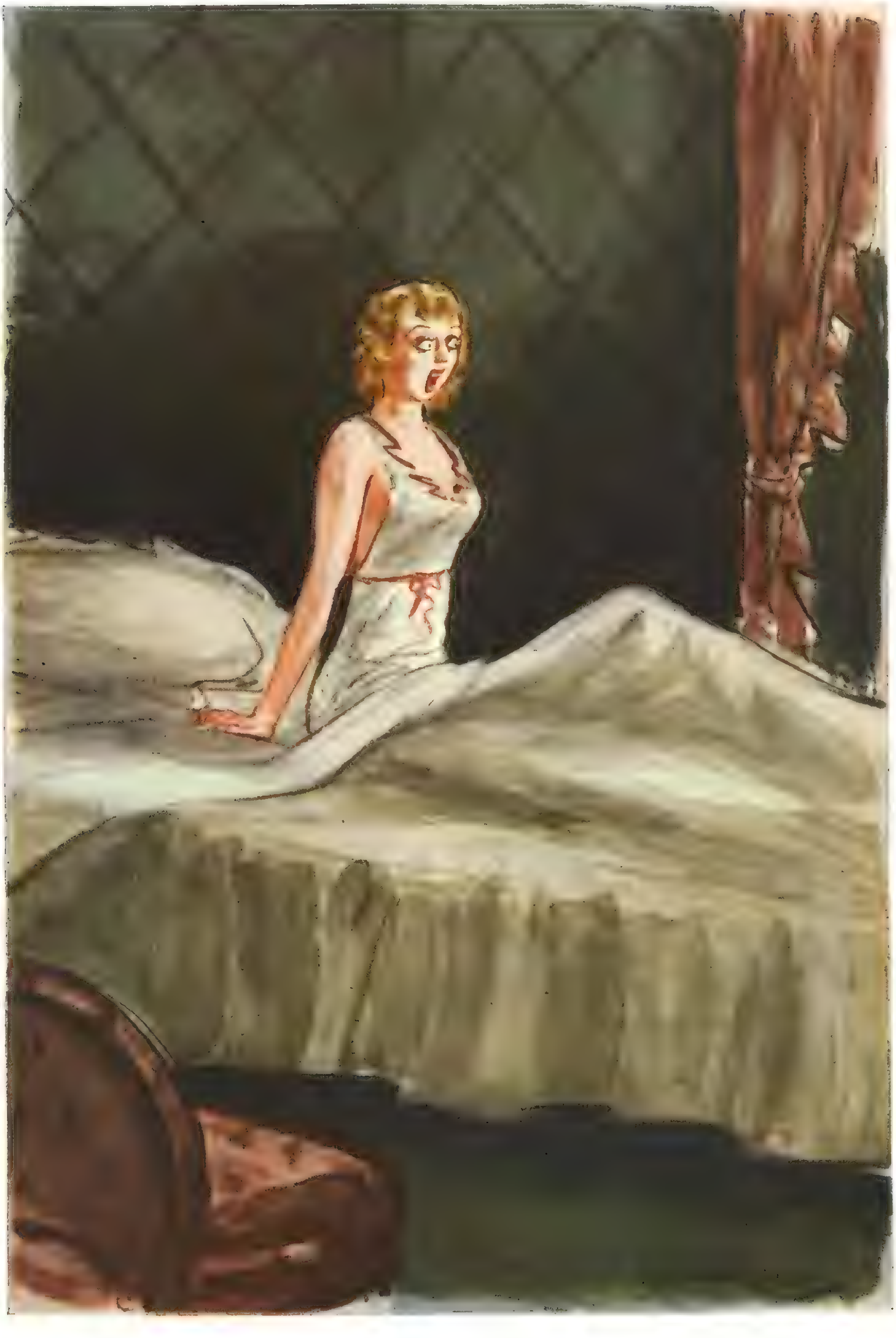
*From "Well Let's Eat," by Robin Douglas.



"No trouble at all, Mr. Bibber—I'll just run over next door and borrow another plate"



"Who's that!—Joe?—Alec?—Terry?"

Gold Is Still Where You Find It

If you can't locate a mine in your cellar, toss a hat into the air and dig where it lands

by MAJOR PAUL BROWN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Do you believe in Santa Claus? That babies are brought by the stork? That Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith? That a hair from a horse's tail will turn into a snake if placed in water? Or that the automatic sprinkling system of a toad can give you warts?

Do you, in brief, believe that any fairly intelligent man can go prospecting for gold with a reasonable expectancy of finding at least enough of it to pay him excellent wages—and possibly, even probably, find a huge fortune?

Well, you may be the skeptical exception, but in the established mining areas of the country everyone not only seems to entertain that opinion, but thousands and thousands of them are trying to prove it.

What's more, the cañons, the mining camps, the placer workings, the assay offices are all full of stories that show how easy and simple a process it is—and those stories are true; but oddly enough, there are no comparable stories of failure, disillusionment and disappointment. Even the unsuccessful prospectors are not dejected. They merely regard themselves as particularly unlucky. Just wait till next trip!

For instance, any unfortunate prospector in Colorado, returning to civilization after months spent fruitlessly scrambling along the Continental Divide, looking for his own especial Golconda, can defend his futile activity by telling you the story of Cripple Creek—and if you don't manage to prevent him somehow, he will.

However, the yarn has its points, at that. When the sturdy Argonauts of the late '50's were struggling across the plains with "Pike's Peak or Bust" lettered on the sides of their covered wagons many of them did "bust" in the sense of the word accepted at that time. But those who eventually did reach Pike's Peak "busted" even more spectacularly in the current understanding of that idiomatic verb—for, looking for gold, they drove right over Cripple Creek, Colorado's heaviest gold producing area!

That universal error was, in a measure, understandable, for the Cripple Creek location is a freak. It is the crater of an ancient volcano, and while the accidental original discovery of gold there is credited to a number of different men, there is one story that remains unchallenged—the history of the first dividend payer.

It was located by a tenderfoot druggist from the East who had become thoroughly disgruntled by his failure to find gold where experienced miners told him it could be expected. As a last resort he flung his hat into the air and started to dig where it landed. His success made mining history.

Nevertheless, the almost total absence of surface indications led to a wide variety of efforts to locate paying claims. Many hastily sunk shafts were never more than the traditional "hole in the ground owned by a damned liar," but the second successful claim was incredibly located by a willow twig divining rod that thrust sharply downward when over the ore, according to the wizard who operated the magic wand. Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, the ore was there! That hole in the ground became known as the El Paso mine, just as the first inevitably was called the Pharmacist. Reminiscent prospectors indignantly invite the skeptical to go take a look at the mines, for they're still there. What better proof could there be?

Not long after the discovery of the El Paso mine a couple of brothers named Wood decided to erect a hotel to accommodate the influx of prospectors. When they were digging the cellar they struck gold, and the enterprise that was to be the Victor Hotel became the Gold Coin mine so quickly that the time necessary to effect the change has not yet been found capable of measurement.

Several million dollars came out of that cellar excavation and to make the story more impressive, it has recently been verified by repetition. Another resident, intending to build a home, found a vein from which he is still taking high grade ore.

Cripple Creek may be freakish but despite the enormous advances in geological knowledge in the past several decades, all of which has immediately been made available to prospectors everywhere, the old axiom that "Gold is where you find it" still remains as axiomatic as it ever was.

For example, in the Cresson mine in Colorado, a short drift was being run from one of the main shafts to the sloping surface of the mountain for the sole purpose of admitting air into the workings. That particular mine was being operated profitably as the result of instructions from some of the best geological minds in the country, yet the labor foreman unexpectedly encountered a huge "vug"—one of those relatively rare and entirely unpredictable caverns in the interior of mountains—which yielded over $1,600,000 in almost virgin gold! The entire mine had not then produced as much.

Unless one has lived in mining country, particularly in gold bearing territory, there can be no real conception of the prevalence of such stories. Many of them are, of course, exaggerations, but generally it is the honest and unconscious exaggeration of hope long deferred. For instance, a small "pocket," where rock so heavily impregnated with pure gold is found that it is referred to as "jewelry rock," may be used as the basis for a story which will make a veritable Bonanza of a mere prospect—for a bushel basket might easily cover the entire pocket. Yet, in the first flush of enthusiasm and confronted with such tangible evidence as the rock itself, who would dare be skeptical? Certainly not experienced and hardened prospectors, even when they know better!

Skepticism and pessimism have no place in the lexicon of prospecting, for sheer accident has governed important discoveries in the past entirely too often to permit any emotion but incurable optimism. The enormously rich Bunker Hill-Sullivan mine in Idaho was brought to light merely because a tethered mule was bothered by flies. It walked in a circle around its picket pin all night, stamping at the annoying pests—and managed to stamp the slight covering of earth from one of the richest veins in the State!

Nor is that incident, fantastic as it seems, at all unusual. Mining country is most prolific in the production of incredible tales that don't even sound plausible, yet are quite true. A prospector named Pickens, temporarily discouraged because of his continued failure to find a paying claim, decided to spend one season as a teamster, hauling in supplies to more fortunate miners.

Walking behind his heavy wagon on a high and lonely mountain trail in Colorado, his keen and observant eyes noticed that the great iron rim of one wheel had scraped the

Continued on page 140

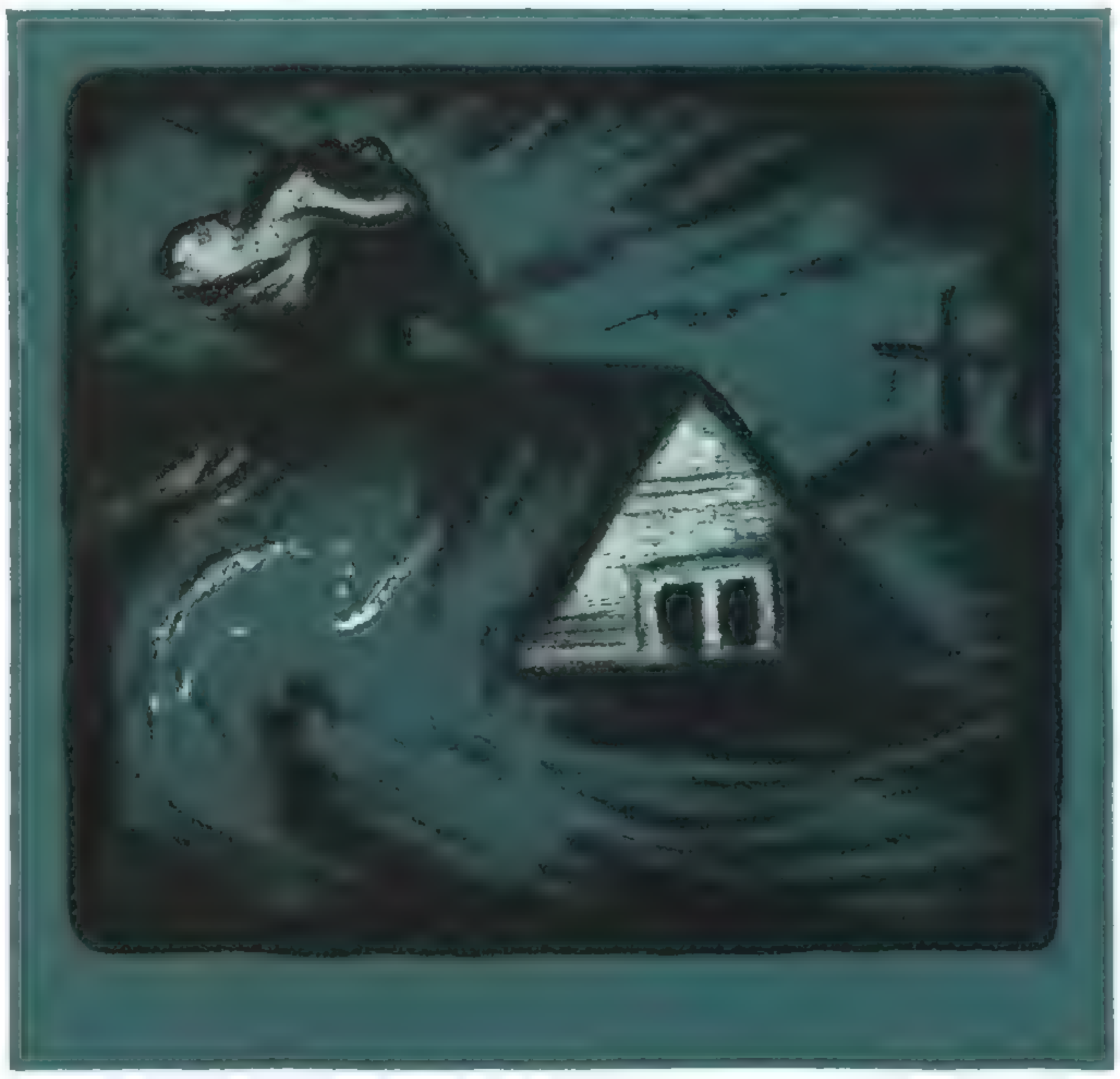
Southern Storm

Relentless description of human fear and heroism during a flood as seen through a child's eyes

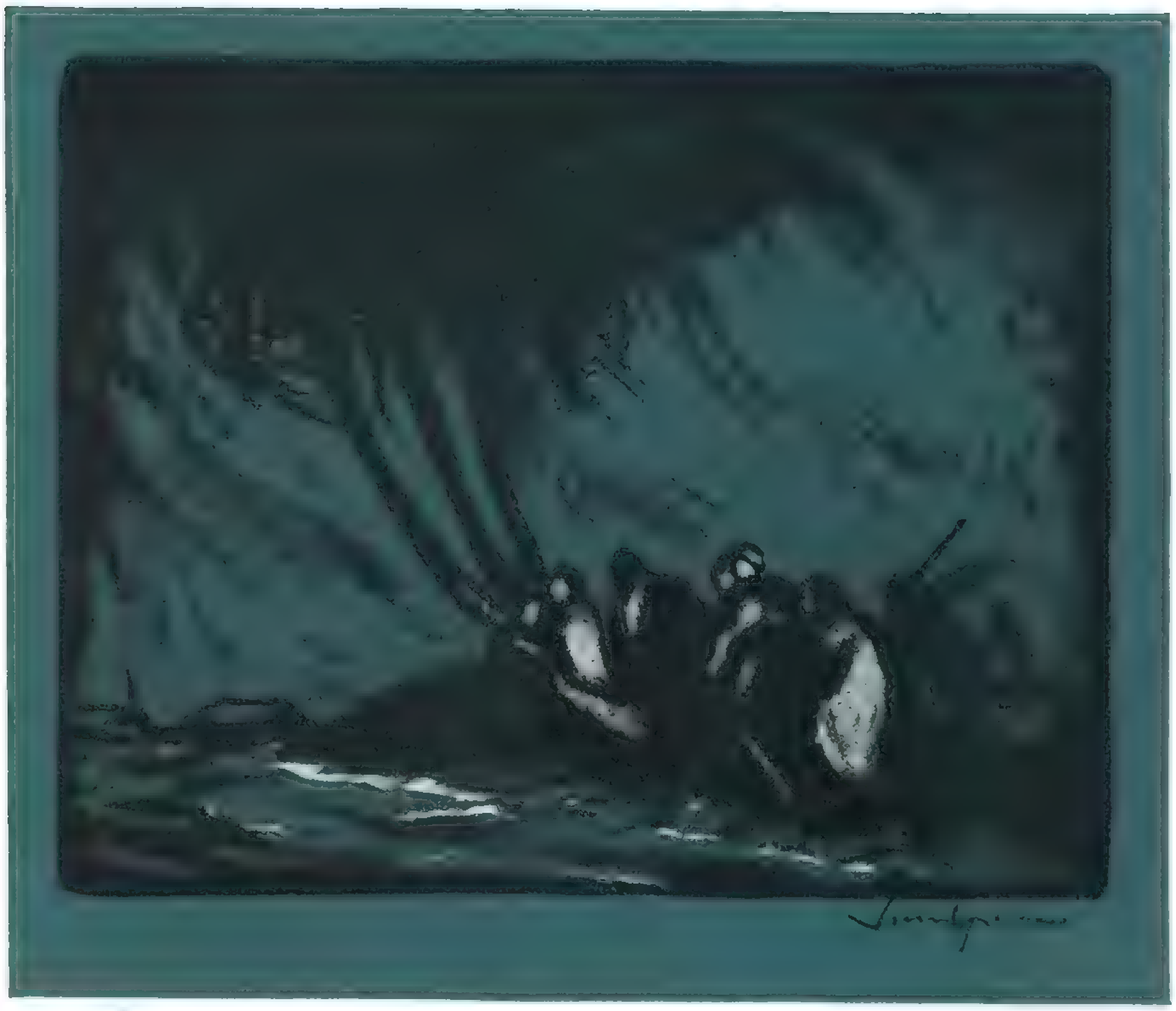
by KING VIDOR

• FICTION •

SOMEONE was out in the street calling to my mother. My mother went to the window. "Have you seen the waves?" came the voice from the street. It was a woman's voice and I could tell by the excitement in it that the waves were much higher than usual. I followed my mother and as we looked up the sandy street the mile to the sea I could see the waves crash against the street-car trestle then shoot into the air as high as the telephone poles. Higher. My mother didn't speak as we watched three or four waves. The neighbor woman had disappeared. I was only six years old then but I remember now that it seemed as if we were in a bowl looking up toward the level of the sea and as we stood there in the sandy street, my mother and I, I wanted to take my mother's hand and hurry her away. I felt as if the sea was going to break over the edge of the bowl and come pouring down upon us. But we just stood there in the sandy street watching the angry waves hit the trestle and bounce higher than the telephone posts. This town in which we lived was only as wide as the low island on which it was founded. I don't like to say "founded," it sounds too much like "foundered" and I wouldn't like to be in a boat when it upsets. But the island was only a mile and a half wide and about six miles long. Six miles isn't much today but we used to plan a month ahead, then spend a whole week-end going on an expedition to the other end of the island. So when the waves would roar in on the side towards the sea it was inevitable that the water level in the smooth protected bay would rise accordingly. My mother knew this and the color left her cheeks. The only escape from the island was across a rickety wagon bridge but sections of this always went out before we heard the house shutters banging, way before the hurricane signals went up atop the weather bureau. "They're high, aren't they?" I said, but my mother didn't answer. Then she turned deliberately and went into the house. She had been making the bed where my father slept when we heard the neighbor woman yelling in the street and now as she walked so deliberately into the house she still wore her gingham dress. "Put on your shoes and stockings," she said to me while she slipped out of the house dress and into a shirtwaist and skirt. I took my time about the stockings and went to a window and tried to catch another glimpse of the waves bouncing as high as the poles. In ten minutes we had left the house again and were walking quickly up the sandy street toward the sea. Other mothers were leading their sons and daughters up the street towards the bouncing waves. Most of the children hadn't been told to put on their shoes and stockings. I began to wonder about my father. He had left home soon after breakfast and was now on the other side of town at the bagging mill where he was employed. "Shouldn't he be with us?" I thought. Always whenever we went to see anything of a spectacular nature my father led the way. Invariably my mother held to his left arm and I to his right hand. Should we now go out and watch a crashing sea without him? My mother was brave around the house but was she capable of facing an angry sea without my father's protection? My mother was not a very large or heavy woman. She leaned on my father almost as much as I leaned on her. But together we stood on the car tracks and watched each following wave come higher than the one before. Under the trestle, over the trestle, over the tracks, over the sidewalks, over the fences, the shrubbery, the porches. The wind began to rip the sheeting off the houses lining the beach, and strangely enough it began to rain. Very close friends of my family lived in a large rambling house only three blocks from the beach. The rain drove us there. My mother grabbed a newspaper from a bench and held it over her hat as she ran. The hat careened upward at a sharp angle affording little protection to my mother's pretty face. Her features looked delicately beautiful under the rolled pompadour of her hair. Behind us we could hear the pounding of the oncoming waves.



The friends were named Boshke. Funny. We rang the doorbell but didn't wait for an answer. I helped my mother bar the door against the wind. Mrs. Boshke was glad to see us. "Have you watched the waves?" She had heard them crashing since early morning. As I said before, the house was a long rambling affair that stretched itself all over the place. We sat down to luncheon in the large kitchen. It was the cook's day off. While we were eating apple pie with yellow American cheese, the water started to come under the kitchen door. The Boshkes had a daughter, Marguerite. She was older than I by three or four years. Together we rolled the rugs on the kitchen floor and our mothers walked on them keeping their shoes out of the water that now covered the kitchen floor. Marguerite and I went barefoot and enjoyed the novelty of wading in water inside the house. We went back to the table and finished our pie. At two o'clock the water was half a foot deep under the piano in the front parlour. Outside we heard a man say that the water from the bay and the ocean had met in the center of Avenue I which is just about half way across the narrow dimension of the island. Soon after, a man I called Uncle Will came into the house. (I called him Uncle Will because he was Marguerite's Uncle Will.) He had his trousers rolled well above his knees. His socks had been stuffed into his shoes which he had bound together by their laces so that he might carry them easily over his shoulder. As he made his way through the front door Marguerite and I were sitting on the stairway in the front hall watching the water creep across the tread of the thickly carpeted steps. "Where's your mothers?" he asked. They were upstairs sitting in rocking chairs in the bedroom. We could hear them talking, even laughing occasionally, and I think they were sewing. Uncle Will went into the front parlour and surprised us by opening all the windows. Marguerite's mother came to the head of the stairs, "That you, Will?" Uncle Will finished opening the windows and then waded into the front hall. Marguerite and I both laughed to see a big grown man wading like a little boy. He looked so strange with his funny white legs. He told Marguerite's mother that he was going to open all the windows so the water could come in and hold the house down. That was a funny idea. Imagine a big clumsy house like this getting up and floating down the street thinking it was a boat. Marguerite's mother said simply, "Is it that bad, Will?" My mother now looked down the stairwell. "Have you heard from Charlie, Will?" Charlie was my father's name. Will said he hadn't. He said he'd come straight home as soon as it began to look bad. My mother said something about what my father would think when he went home and didn't find us there but she did nothing to correct this difficulty. Perhaps she couldn't. I don't think my mother was very effective, but rather inclined to worrying like the women of her day. At four o'clock we had moved up within four steps of the second floor. All the delicate chairs of the parlour had floated out into the front hall and bumped each other crazily as they bobbed in the current that come in through the front door. The grand piano was also floating now but it couldn't get through the archway that separated the parlour from the hall. It seemed to get itself caught in the leather portieres.



When it began to get dark all the chairs and tables of the lower floor were bumping against the ceiling and making a strange noise in the rooms above. I wanted to swim around in the water and push them out through the front door but I had waited too long, I couldn't see the front door any more, water had completely covered it. It was a weird sight looking along the tangled mass of floating furniture bumping crazily against the first floor ceiling. Soon it wouldn't be able to float any higher and the rising water would drown the delicately brocaded chairs. But the water stopped right there. About two feet from the top of the stairs. And it was just about pitch dark and the wind was screaming and hissing like the very devil. Marguerite's mother said, in the darkness, that she should have brought the rest of the apple pie upstairs. We all went into the front bedroom which usually seemed quite gay and cheery with its pale green and pink satin pillows and ruffled bed spread. Now in the dim light of two flickering candles it was really sad and helpless, like a neglected bride. A match applied to the open gas jet brought no results and Uncle Will discovered that the bathroom faucets gave forth only a sputtering and hissing sound instead of water. The two mothers in their attempt to ignore the real danger of the storm had neglected to bring drinking water upstairs with them. Perhaps they thought the bathroom faucets would continue to give forth their usual supply. We drank careful sips from a bedside pitcher filled the evening before. Eva, the colored maid's, last job of water-pitcher-filling before she died. She was drowned early in the storm with the others of her family when her father's ramshackle house collapsed as it floated off its scanty foundations. The gale outside the pretty bedroom howled and screamed in its dreadful anger. The windows rattled and creaked under the terrific pressure of the wind and the loose shutters banged the side of the house. Small branches broke from the trees in the yard and peppered the fragile window panes. The storm had brought with it lightning and Marguerite and I approached the window cautiously to see what was happening outside when the next flash of lightning came. Our mothers were in apparently serious and whispered conversation with Uncle Will. They would not have let us go so close to the bulging window had their attention been on us. Soon the lightning did flash again. In the yard the trees beat furiously in the wind, whipping the water around them with their flying branches. (Later that night the roots of one of the trees let go and the tree came flying through the air like a boy's kite. It crashed against the side of the house and a leafless branch reached in through the broken window like the wet arm of some black monster reaching in to grab us all and pull us outside.) And in that lightning flash we saw small buildings floating by partly submerged so that their visible appearance presented strange angles, and to the roof of one clung a man and woman. They were seated on the peak of the shingled roof which now sloped at a crazy angle. The man had on a black raincoat which was shiny with water and the woman was huddled close to him. She was wrapped in a wet gray blanket. In the second flash of lightning I saw an outhouse, or privy, or Johnnie, as my mother used to call them, floating along on its back following the house to which it belonged, just about in its accustomed position. A window smashed in another part of the house, upstairs, and Uncle Will went to investigate. While he was gone Marguerite's mother tried to tell us there was nothing to be afraid of but she had the effect of frightening us. Uncle Will returned soon and said he had helped two men into the bedroom across the hall. Their raft had bumped that side of the house and they had pulled their way along until they reached the window which they had smashed and crawled into the house. One of the men had cut himself quite badly crawling in through the broken window and Uncle Will was gathering towels and medicine from the bathroom to go back and help the wounded man. His absence left us with only one candle which kept flickering and going out, there was so much wind coming in through the cracks around the doors and windows, but they had a big box of matches so they laughed every time the candle went out. Before very long we heard voices of men in the upper hallway and as Marguerite's mother went to the door, my mother said it sounded like George. George was Marguerite's father and Marguerite's mother's husband. Marguerite's mother opened the door and waited tensely then called excitedly "George!" Marguerite's father answered, "Yes, it's me." And then Marguerite's mother began to cry and as her father came to the door she put her arms around him and kissed him even though he was soaking wet from the storm. And while his wife was kissing him he saw my mother sitting on the bed. "Hello, Kate. Is Charlie here?"

"No. He doesn't know where we are."

"Where is he?"

"Still at the mill, I suppose."

"He'll be all right. I got hold of a large skiff and one of the niggers rowed me home. We picked up two nigger boys on the way, half dead they were. They are all here now. The office nigger is crying about his family. Is there any whiskey upstairs?"

He didn't pay any attention to Marguerite and me.

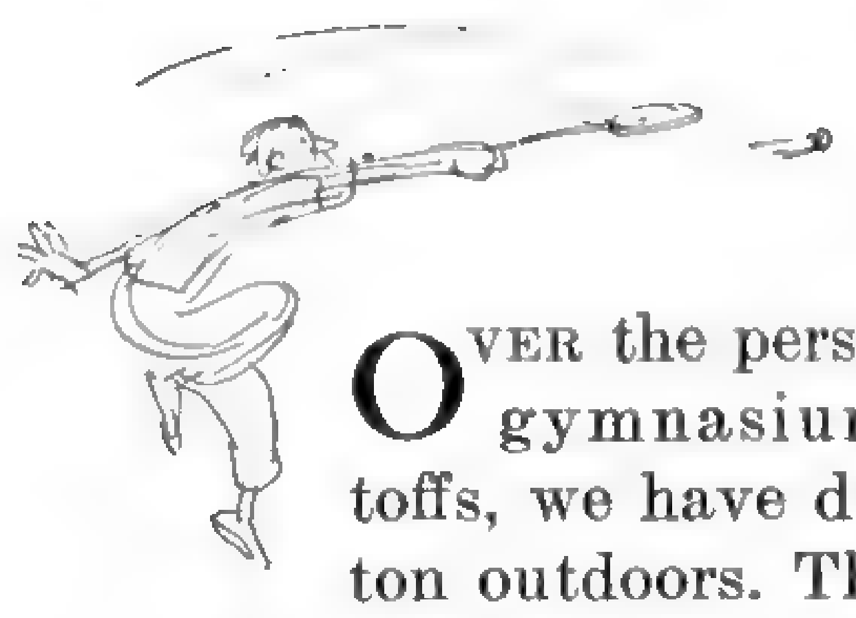
Continued in center of page 128

So We Walked off with Badminton

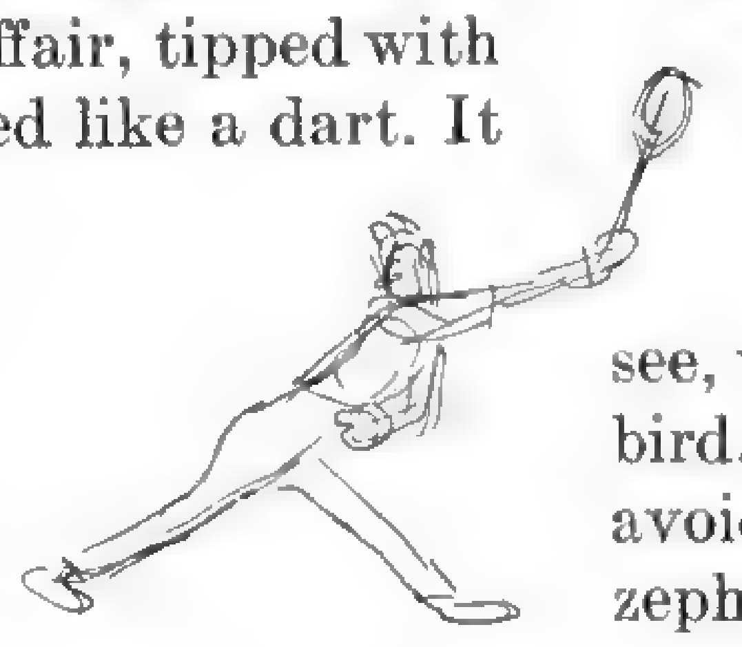
Battledore and shuttlecock takes a new lease on outdoor life, permitting beer and skittles

by VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

SPORTS



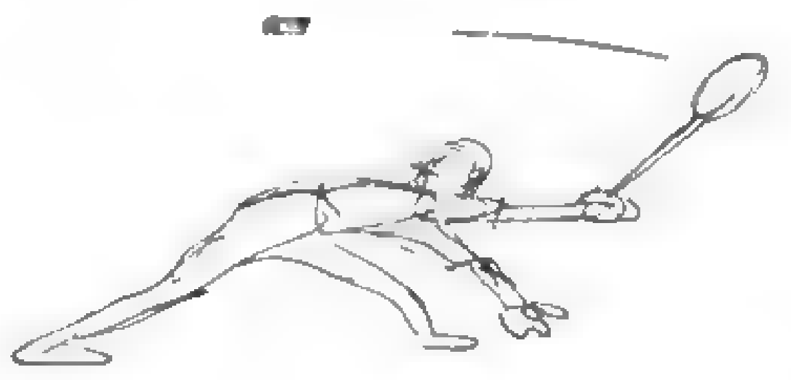
Over the perspiring bodies of gymnasium-minded old toffs, we have dragged badminton outdoors. The gentlemen of the indoor badminton clubs, who have always felt that outdoor badminton was somehow indecent, have even managed to infect the snootier sporting goods clerks with the idea that a man who buys a heavy shuttlecock—i.e. one with sufficient weight to cleave a breeze—is something of a roughneck. Yet I prophesy that outdoor badminton will in a few years rival tennis as a pursuit of country squires, scholars and suburbanites. It is a fine game. It is, indeed, the ancient game of battledore and shuttlecock grown up. It is sufficiently like tennis to make instruction easy. And it is simpler . . .



The net is raised to eye height. The court is smaller than for tennis. The racquet, not unlike a squash racquet, is long, lean, light. The "ball," or "bird," or "shuttlecock" is not a ball, but a cone-like affair, tipped with cork or rubber and feathered like a dart. It doesn't bounce on the ground, but it rebounds from a smartly strung racquet with speed enough to suit anybody. The game can be as fast as you like it. It is entirely too lively, graceful and artful to remain inside stinking gymnasium walls. So we dragged it outdoors, away from the miasma of shower and locker rooms. It belongs beneath the arching elms, beside the still waters, or in the back yard—in short, it belongs under God's heaven, like tennis. Indoor court games have little appeal except in the cold of winter. They are offensive to any man with a delicate sense of smell. Can you imagine a man used to a bowling green ever condescending to play skee-ball at Coney Island?

Very well, said we who had tasted badminton's airy grace; its verve and dash; its dramatic give and take—let us have an outdoor court on our country place. We need not keep a roller and three gardeners busy maintaining the darned thing, for shuttlecocks don't bounce on the ground. We can stretch a ready-made tape out on the grass, or on the bare ground, stick up the light net, unpack our racquets and shuttlecocks—and play at once. We were right in our intuition. Nine people who played with us that first week-end immediately ordered a badminton set from one of New York's great emporiums—total cost of the cheaper grade equipment for doubles, good enough for beginners, around twenty dollars. A beauty of badminton is that dubs can have fun at it. Unlike tennis, you need not be perfectly matched. You don't have to erect a cage to catch wild shots out of bounds. It is, more than any game I know, a neat sort of athletic dance—a give-and-take of racquetwork and footwork, that the lackadaisical can enjoy and the most ardent eat up with exhibitionistic prowess.

Of course, the nine disciples who began playing badminton on an outdoor court, which was one of the first in Westchester, introduced the game to nine others, until, like the ideal of a perfect chain letter, the whole terrain between the Sound and the Hudson is now a swirling cloud of feathery shuttlecocks, glinting racquets, etcetera. Last summer, when I played down at the Atlantic Beach Club on Long Island, with a thirty-mile breeze cutting across the court, I wondered what Mr. Van Winkle (the ranking officer of the posh N. Y. Badminton Club) would have thought of our game.



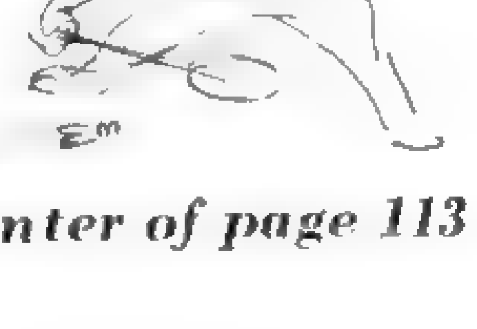
The indoor badminton clubs, you see, use only the light shuttlecock—the light bird. They avoid drafts as some people avoid night air. They fear that a bucolic zephyr will deflect the shuttlecock the fraction of a degree in its quick passage from racquet to racquet, or in its graceful parabola. They, who have been custodians of the game, have been as reactionary as the first Persians who could conceive of no better polo ball than a fresh sheep's head. The badminton clubs, pale gaolers of a vigorous game, you can easily understand, have no regard whatever for those of us who have played outdoors. Not even a defeat at the hands of some Westport, Connecticut, "upstarts" taught them anything. The old indoor badminton players are Bourbons, learning nothing, forgetting nothing.

In Hollywood, and around Malibu, every little estate now has a badminton court or two, and, inevitably, some of them are roofed—but even there you will not find the sidewalls completely stopped, as if some one were about to blow soap bubbles. The school teams (the University of Michigan once had an excellent one) play indoors; but the lads go home and set up courts in the back yards of their home towns. They, too, have given the game a lift out of its fancy indoor gutter.

Why, you might ask, is badminton for many people a more desirable game than tennis? Well, for many it isn't. It can ruin a tennis player's game, says Mrs. Moody and Big Bill Tilden. But it is simpler. You can't put a spin on a shuttlecock. You can't cut it. You can only reciprocate, back and forth, back and forth, into such rallies as were never seen, till eyes and arms, with dervish frenzy, approach the intense ecstasy of a ping-pong duel. But please, sir, do not confuse the game with ping-pong, excellent as that game is. Badminton lies somewhere between ping-pong and tennis. I will admit that tennis is a superior game for masterful racquet-men. But so few of us are masterful. And those who are, can not always find masterful opponents. There is where badminton shines. A good game can be had by ill-matched players.

It is a game of grace and accuracy. Only the very heavy shuttlecock, rubber-weighted for windy days, flies fast enough to elude the eye. The light shuttlecock, used by indoor gentlemen all the time, and by outdoor men on calm days, can always be followed in flight. It can be smacked right at you; or it can be lifted into a graceful defensive curve, like the path of a mortar, to descend in a deceptive drop. The game is one of surprise, of change of pace, of all the ruses of any court-and-net game except that the shuttlecock does not respond to "english." The man with the racquet can not misshape the shuttlecock as he does a tennis ball, to make it dance lemon-shaped to the bewilderment of the amateur—but rather he depends upon the versatility of muscular control. That is, he sends a swift one, a high one, a low one, a cross-court one and constantly exercises the guile of restraint. On a windy day—though the indoor players would never believe it—he soon learns to play into the wind, to allow for air currents, to take advantage of the weather.

Most outdoor sportsmen, I think, like to buck the weather. They may curse it, but they use it. The foxhunter finds no two days alike in matters of scent. The golfer soon acquires a respect for the west wind. The fisherman, a master of shifting meteorological conditions, adjusts his methods to the day. Only the indoor badminton player seems to have retained the still air of the laboratory.



That is all very well on a zero day when the fields are banked with snow. Then an indoor gym is sufferable—

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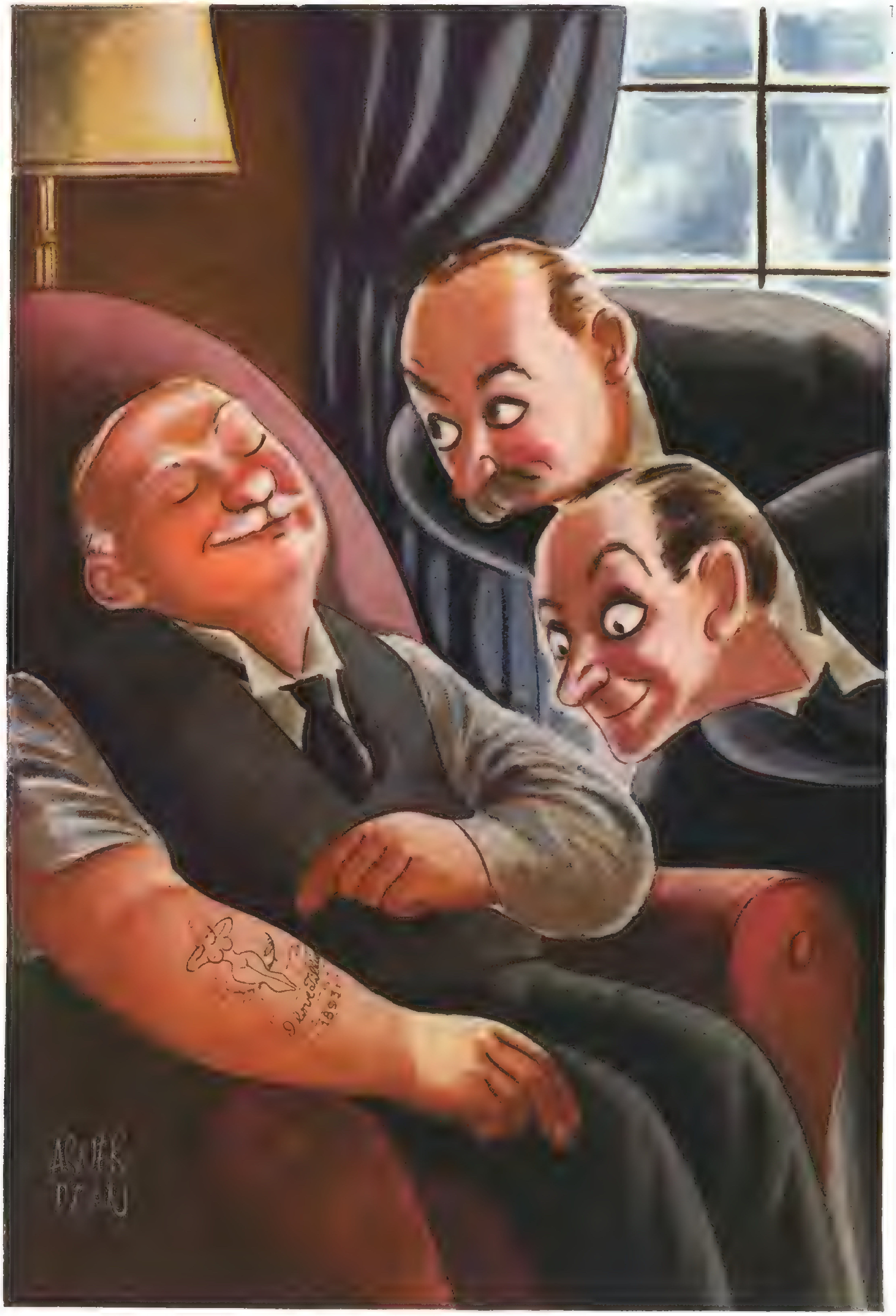
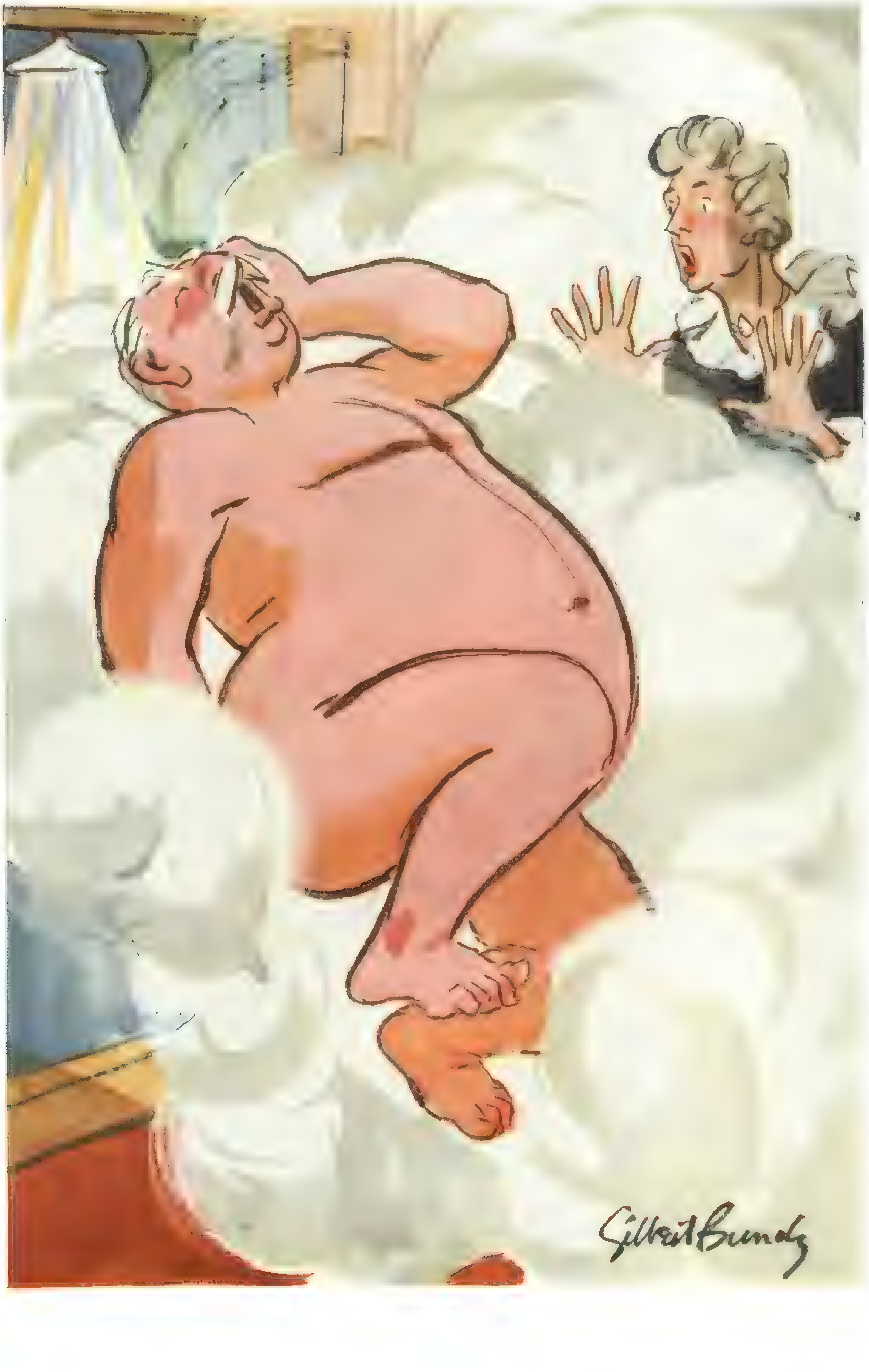

I love Tillie
1893


Gilbert Bundy

"I've been meaning to tell you, Mr. Kibbee — the 'hot' is marked 'cold' and the 'cold' is marked 'hot'"

Perhaps It Was the Humidity

A wreath for the pale, pitiful, frail, fragile lady who might die any minute but doesn't

by WILLIAM DE LISLE

SATIRE

I

"When we're married—" said the young man.

"If we'll ever get married—" said the girl. She was pale as moonlight, and fragile as Venetian glass, and her dark eyes looked dreamily into the middle distance. "I've never been very strong, Charles, and, somehow, I've always had a funny feeling that I would die young."

"My darling!" said the young man, and caught her to him jealously. "You mustn't talk like that. You mustn't die. You must live forever—promise me."

II

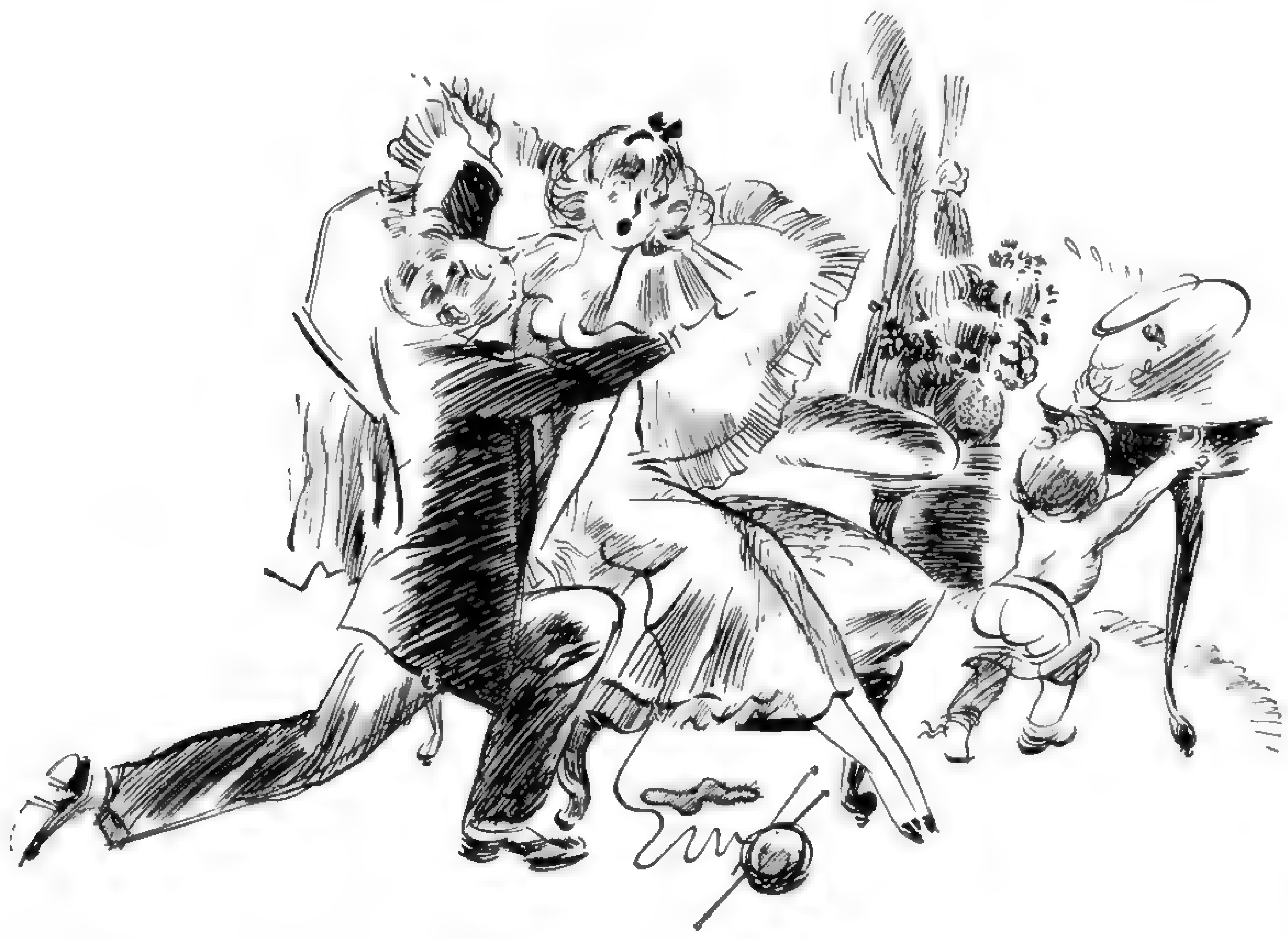
They had been married a year.

"You'll be all right when junior's born," said the young husband.

His wife sighed.

"I hope so. I don't know why it is, Charles, I have such queer thoughts sometimes—when I'm all alone. As if something told me I wouldn't live to see him."

"Don't!" said the man in an agony. "You mustn't say things like that. You break my heart. . . ."



III

The child crawled on the floor, pulled himself up by the leg of the table and smiled. "He'll be going to school before we know it," said the admiring father.

His wife smiled plaintively, and let her hands fall in her lap as if the tiny sock she was knitting were too heavy for them. "Poor little thing," she said softly. "You must be very tender with him, Charles, if—if he should ever be left without his mother."

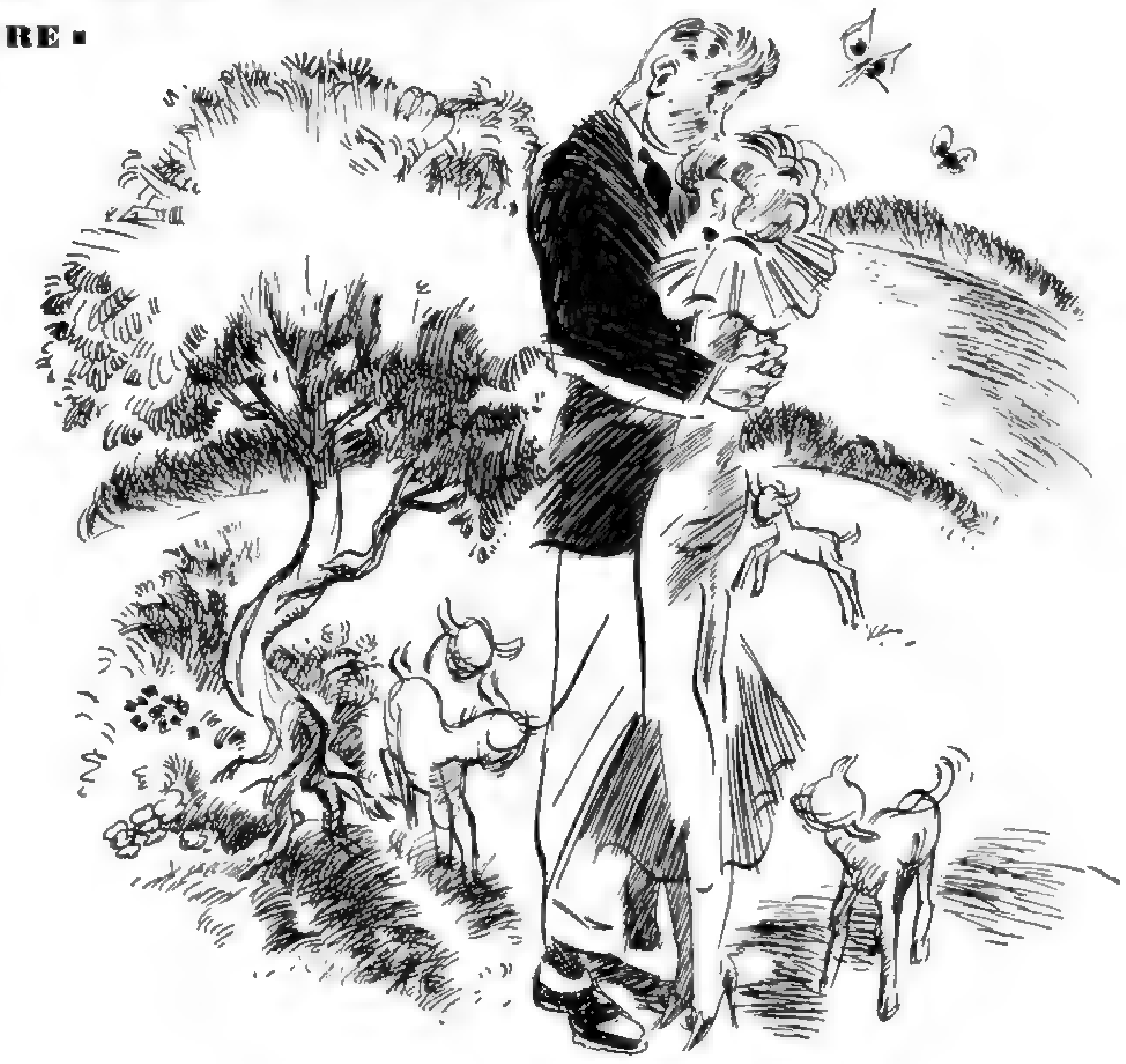
The man winced and bit his lip, but it was not altogether with sympathy. "And yet," he told himself, "she may be right. She really is delicate. What a beast I am!" He took her to Florida for the winter. Florida was a success.

"I've been so happy here," she said on the last day.

"We'll come back next year," he promised.

"If I'm still—" she began, but the man was out in the hall, grinding his teeth.

"Still," he reminded himself, "she really *is* frail, and any time it *might* be—" And so it went on.



IV

The man was working in the garden, piling large chunks of rock together and filling in the pockets with earth. He was not as young as he used to be, and it was a warm day.

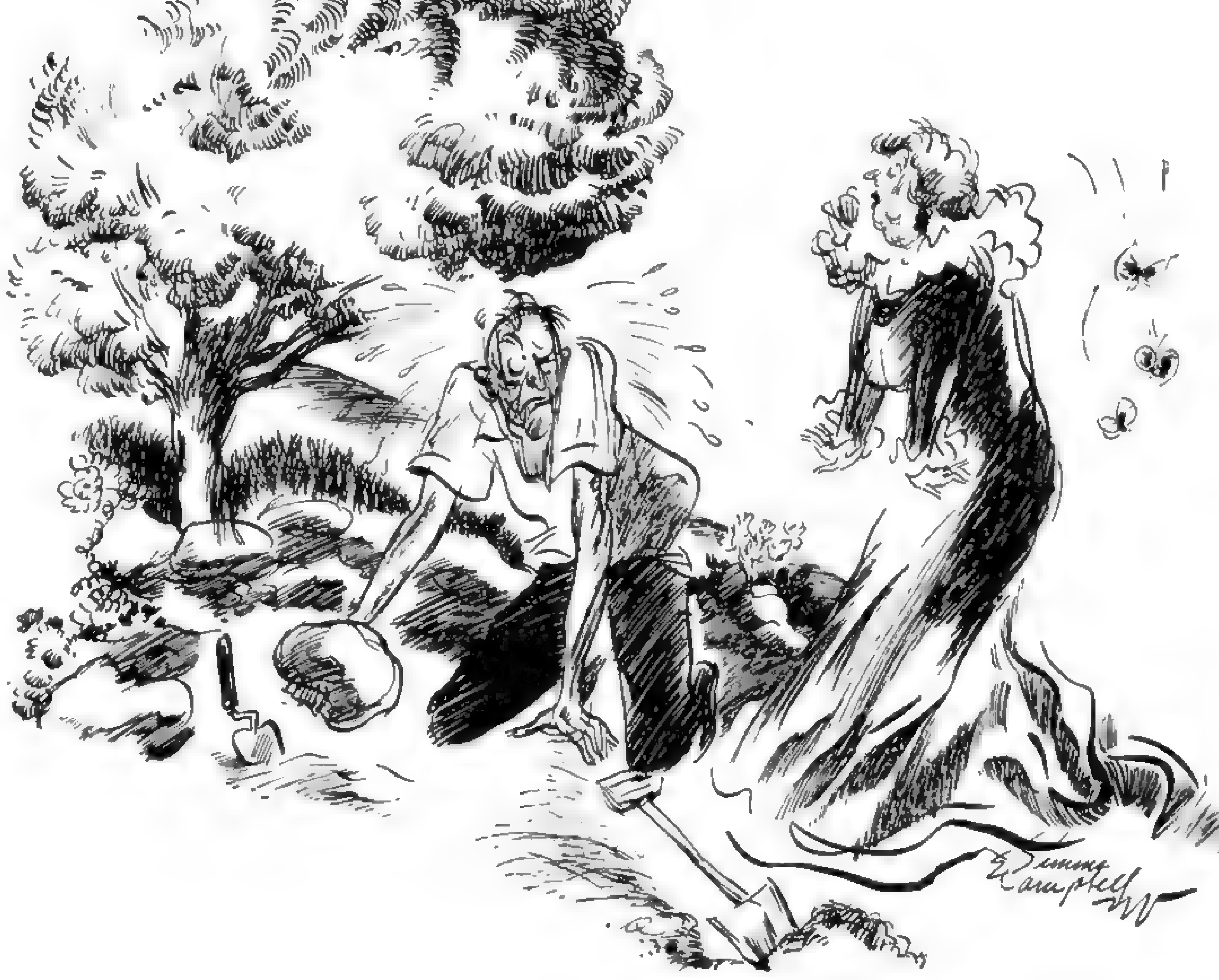
She came into the garden—the prettiest old lady, more fragile than ever, with a lace shawl over her shoulders, and a carefully fostered cough.

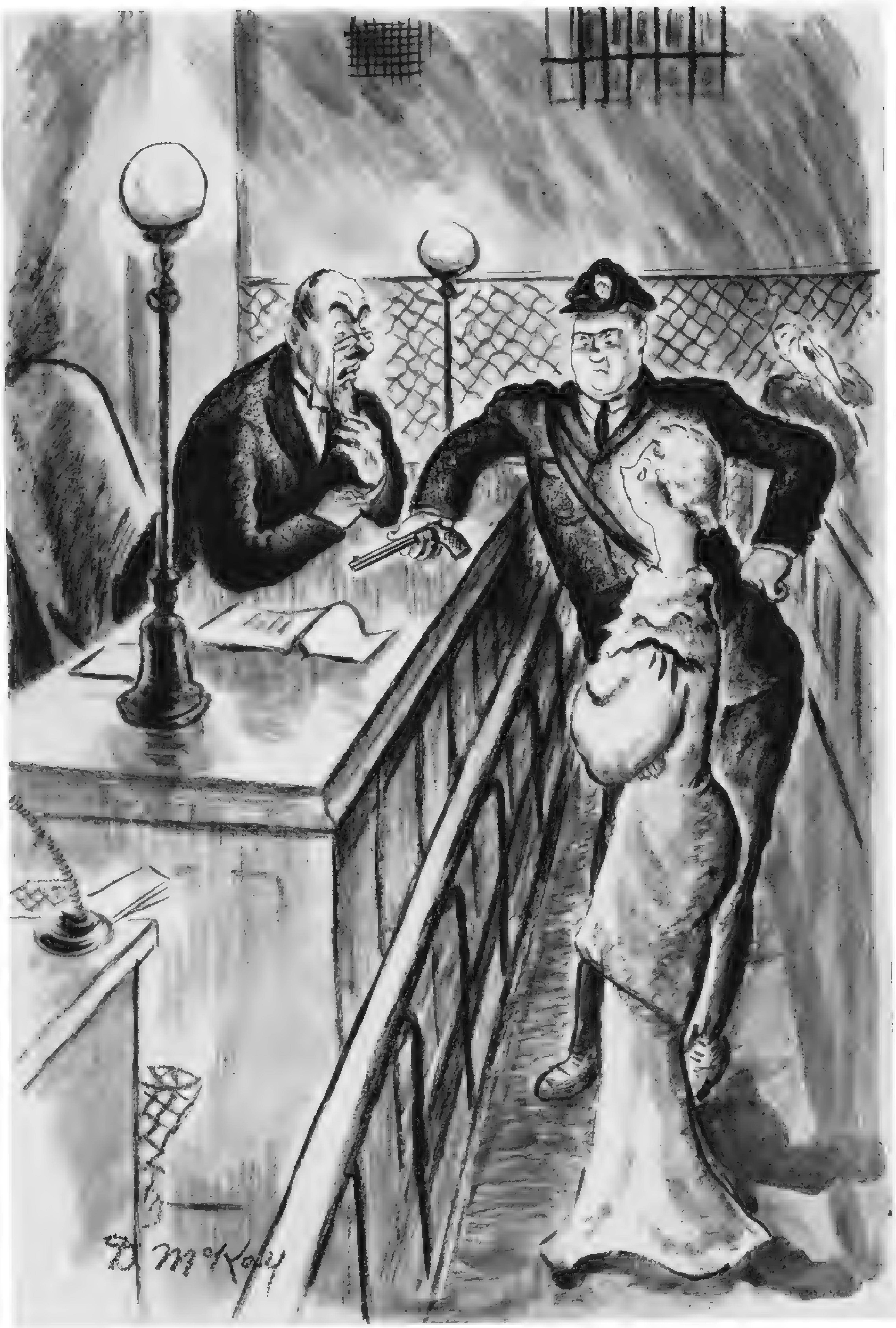
"What are you doing, Charles?" she asked languidly.

"Making a rock garden," said the man in his hearty way. "You always said you'd like to have a rock garden."

The delicate pale lips drooped. "You shouldn't waste your time, dear, building a rock garden for me," she said in her gentle, dragging voice. "I probably won't live to see it finished."

"You probably won't!" said the man, and he picked up a rock and brained her with it. It was a warm day.





"I suppose your mind was a blank?"

The Gold Watch

Old movements, like old hearts, have no value, but some of them turn up encased in pure gold

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪

An oldish man bent his waist and looked at the time absently, then stared up at the sky. The mainspring of his watch had been broken for three years, but he had got used to the time it told. One could depend on it. It was a cool day. The clouds drifted calmly over blue space. Grey, dingy buildings oppressed the narrow streets, and people hurried. A woman in a cheap fur coat brushed the old man's shoulder and disturbed his shaky balance. The accustomed impetuous toots of motor horns fell dead on his preoccupied ears. He was speculating deeply.

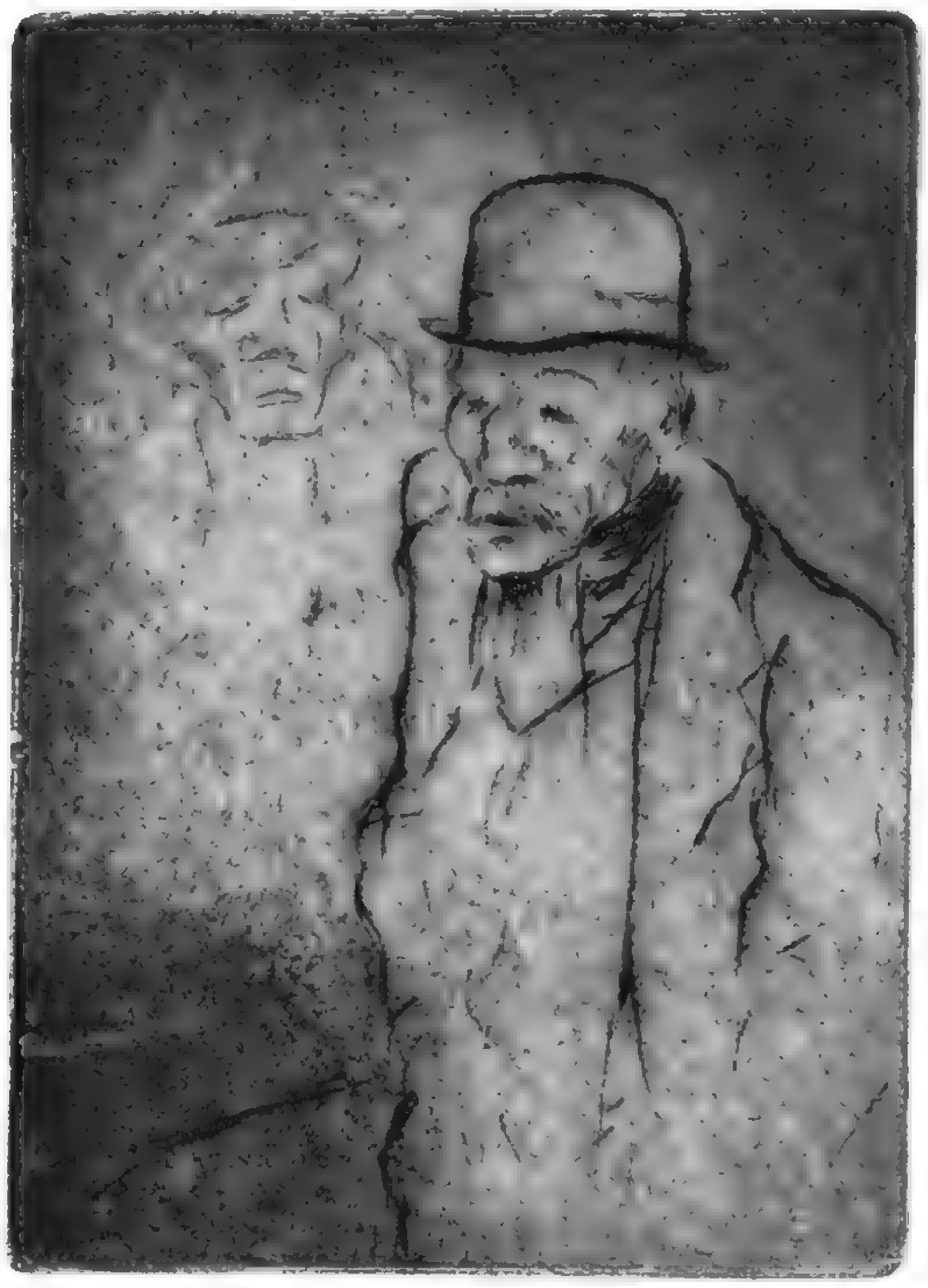
Speculating, he was conscious enough of the shop windows. Certain shop windows. He had no interest in golf balls or avocadoes or dancing pumps or lingerie or lemon sodas. The world's less important luxuries had never seemed magic to him. He rather loved things of bright gold, however. Even silver and precious gems. And stores that sold these things he paused at, momentarily, moving a swift running eye over such displays. Now his glance was arrested by a fine thin shiny watch of famous domestic movement. An expensive piece, in excellent taste. The old man, dramatically, sneered at it. A terrible, withering contempt cut into his weathered features.

Now he glanced at his fingernails for a few moments. They were the sallow yellow of ochre, and this mixed in his mind not quite clearly with the connotation of the word "bright." There would be a certain amount of money needed to sustain the course of it, a few months of remaining recollection. His hand slid down over his convex chest to the hard lump that bulged beneath an extremely frayed vest pocket, and he smiled wanly. It would have been sentimental to bring it all the way to coma, and somehow selfish.

The people now vacillated instead of moving in any sort of proper geometrical pattern, although it might have been the confused state of the man's preoccupation. A more protracted disconnection between his sight and the visible universe was taking place the nearer he approached a certain corner. For when he came to it, only a small sign in a window reached his cerebral retina, a small sign that was huger than any world a human being has seen. It wasn't an extraordinary sign at all, merely a placard that read simply:

We Have Been Licensed by the
Government to Buy Old Gold

Oddly enough he began to translate, from habit, this particular moment into another day's. These gloomy sky-destroying buildings melted, like a phantom vanishing, into the earth. Hoofs beat on cobbles. Reality awoke. It made him feel young. He wore short straight trousers open at the bottom, and close-clipped hair, and his ears drummed with the cacophony of the automatic woodchopper, his arms ached with the weight of the myriad buckets that antedated water in pipes. However, before he had time to recreate properly that poignant effigy, the old man decisively marched, as courageously and erectly as his sagging shoulders and his final uselessness would permit, into the shop.


DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

A clerk sent him to a wickered window, where a man was examining a small opal under an elongated glass eye. He glanced up, that fantastic monocle still in place, and fixed a lopsided stare at the fragile old fellow rather frighteningly.

How altogether different a man had been Mr. Katz. Mr. Katz was gayly polished with shrewdness and a heart . . . a little mixed up like that by memory; this gentleman was automatically exact, obviously, and mannered like a great clock in a tall building, and the old man knew he would get the proper money—which, indeed, was all that mattered. He hoped he wouldn't cry. He was an old man without any genuine sensory excitements, but the pools that held tears swelled with age, and raged, sometimes, like a reservoir in an earthquake. Only his eyelids quivered. He didn't speak, but handed the man who resembled a clock in a tall building the ancient time-piece. Pictures of thin watches and mechanical iron clock hands and gold being smashed battered about in the old man's empty mind painfully, but he smiled.

"Ol' gol'?"

He nodded, rather unsurely. How could gold be "old"?

"That there's worn down some since you bought it."

"Oh yes."

"We'll hev to take out the moo-ment. These ol' mooments hasn't no value, you know."

"No value," the old man agreed. "It ain't ran fer a while back, yes sir. Jes' before I lost my watchman's job."

"Don't see many o' these ol' timers nowadays," said the tall clock.

"Yes, sir."

He transferred his Marsian eye from the man to the metal. "Funny what this here new gol' price drags up, though, along with the Depression. Got a pair o' irrins smornin must be hundred years ol'. Sixteen bucks they weigh. An' a dozen gol' toothpicks—this is them. Ol' lady come in yesterday with two o' them twirly candelabra what her dead husband give her, ony they was brass. She got mad at me. Now, could I help it if they was brass, mister? Sea captain had a immidge he bought in China which he thought was silver. Them Chinks'll tell you anything. Ol' gol', and anticks. Ain't no market fer anticks. Govment wants gol'. Melt 'em up. Plain gol'. That's the ticket. Here's your scale. This is two-ounce weights, this is a one. A half. Now. She balance—see? Jes' layin' nice, between. I got a chart. Where's that chart? Ha. Lessee. One-ounce, two-ounce, three-ounce. . . . Ninety-eight, sixty. That's a lot o' money."

"Ninety-eight dollars, thank you."

"An' sixty cents. Zact. Give this here slip t' the cashier."

The old man pressed his way, now, crosstown. His legs were a little weary. This was good. Almost a hundred dollars. That would last. His fingernails looked at his eyes, or perhaps it was the other way around. That would last until memory would come no longer. It was very good. He didn't cry, or

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Murder Trial

Capturing the essence of Negro life in the singing word of the spiritual and of the blues

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

▪ FICTION ▪

DOO-DOOM got to hang!

Up and down on Rampa't street all de mens and all de ladies sayin' it.

Doo-Doom got to hang!

Dryades street, Lib'ty street, Gravier street, P'dido street.

Doo-Doom got to hang!

Dey sayin' it on a Friday night, yessuh, Friday de thutteenth day of de month, because dat's when de jurymens done say so. Say so when de trial's finish while de sun gwine down. Trial in de big co't room on top de big co't house. Co't room wid a plum-color cyarpet on de flo'. Silver-hair jedge wid a crinkle silk robe what's black, black, black. Black as de black cats on Friday de thutteenth day of de month.

Bring in Doo-Doom! Bring in Doo-Doom on a Wednesday mawnin so de jurymens can see him in de white folks co't, bring in Doo-Doom wid plenty cap'ns fum de parish jailhouse so's he don't run 'way, 'cause he kill de lady and he kill de li'l boy. He kill 'em wid a ax las' April in de grocery sto', way down on de Gentilly Road.

Doo-Doom done confess to de law an' to De Strick Attorney Stanley, but bring in Doo-Doom anyway. Got to have a trial in de white folks co't and see does de jurymens say guilty widout ayre capital punishment, or does dey say he got to hang when Friday de thutteenth day of de month come round and disheer trial through, bless Gawd and praise He Name!

Show Doo-Doom to de jurymens. One got a bald head and one got a musstash and four got glasses out the all twelve, so dey kin look good at Doo-Doom and see does he got to hang.

Doo-Doom got no lawyer mens because he got no money, nossuh, all he got out de grocery sto' were he kill de lady and kill de li'l boy was fi' dollars and it long gone, long spent, long throwed away on a yellow gal. Can't have no white folks trial widout he got a lawyer so de silver-hair jedge say Mist' Frank Rhodes and Mist' Eddie Mahoney got to be Doo-Doom's lawyers and ask the jurymens please suh not to say Doo-Doom got to hang.

Lots uh cullud folks yuh in de co't. Some is fo' a witness and some is fo' a friend, and some is only come to see does Doo-Doom got to hang.

Call de witnesses fo De Strick Attorney Stanley, yonnuh he by de li'l table wid de law books. Call de witnesses good and loud, holluh out dey name in de hallways. Call de witnesses to tell de jurymens how Doo-Doom go to de grocery sto' on de Gentilly Road early in de mawnin and kill de lady and kill de chile, sho he did, he say so he own self when he confess to de law.

Call de witnesses loud and high, yes call dem, my brudder, call de ones what fin' de bodies a-layin' on de grocery flo'. Call de police cap'ns, call de police mens, call Joe Davis de black man wid de gol' teeth, what's de husband of Cinderella Youngblood, call Cinderella Youngblood too.

Joe Davis say:

"How I know da's my ax, Lawyer? I know da's my ax de same way you knows I's de same nigger what's sittin' yuh does you see me on de street tomorrow mawnin'. I knows dat ax, yessuh, I knows it jes' as certain as I see you's a white man."

Cinderella Youngblood say:

"I cross de road to get back dat ax fum de ya'd whereat Junius live wid dat woman. Nossuh, I never bother wid dat woman because she jus' ain't my class, I works for my livin', me."

Da's what Cinderella Youngblood tell de lawyer, and she say to De Strick Attorney Stanley:

"I got to borrow a ax all de time now to cut wood to put under my white folks clo'es, because you keep my ax up yuh in de co't house fo' a witness. Junius Robaire he walk off dat day wid de ax what I give him when he come to borrow it."

Li'l Willy Arthur Mack, li'l black boy what only nine year old, dey call him fo' a witness. Call Willy Arthur Mack, call him good and loud in de co't room, in de hallway, on de stair, call him to de witness stand, yessuh. He splain to de silver-hair jedge in a black-black crinkle silk robe, how he on'y nine year old but he can be a witness and talk to de jurymens because he know if he don't tell de troof Gawd'll kill him when he make de oath.

He run he li'l pink tongue on he lips when he talk to de jedge, on account he on'y li'l bittie black boy, an he scaid, tellin' how Mist' Doo-Doom sont him on de bank and on de mawket to get paper money fo' all de copper centses and de silver dimes and de two-bitses he took out de sto' on de Gentilly Road where he kill de people.

Call De Strick Attorney Stanley fo' a witness, yessuh, call De Strick Attorney he own self, call him loud and clear, to tell de jurymens how Doo-Doom confess to de law. He say dey treat Doo-Doom pow'ful kind. He say dey tell de cap'n in de firs' precinct to give Doo-Doom anything he want. Ask Doo-Doom what he want fo' he breakfus', and Doo-Doom say he want po'k chops and chocklit ice cream, yessuh he did so, and dey brung it to him fo' he breakfus' in de firs' precinct station.

Mist' Mahoney say dey treatin' Doo-Doom too kin'-hearted account dey want him to confess, and de confess is agin de law when you do like dat. Say dey brung him po'k chops and chocklit ice cream fo' he breakfus' so's he'll make de confess. He say it like dis: "Po'k chops!" De people in de co't room start to laugh but de silver-hair jedge make 'em be quiet, and he tell Mist' Mahoney nemmine, de confess is all right, and so De Strick Attorney Stanley read de confess to de twelve jurymens which one got a bald haid and one got a musstash and fo' got glasses to see Doo-Doom good, yessuh.

Call Auntie Rose Sylvester, she a old black lady what's Doo-Doom's auntie, and looka yuh! She likewise de mammy what nurse De Strick Attorney Stanley when he a li'l baby. Call Auntie Rose Sylvester and ask her what she tell Doo-Doom to make him confess to de law.

Auntie Rose Sylvester say:

"I ain't tell Doo-Doom nuttin' on'y: 'Son, trus' Gawd an' tell de troof!' Da's all I tell him, an' de tears bus' out he eyes an' stream down he cheek, an' he say: 'Auntie, I is tellin' de troof, it wa'n't me kill de people, no'm, it was disheer Blue Cornish.' Da's what he say, an' de tears a-streamin' down he cheek, but all I ever did say to him was: 'Son, trus' Gawd an' tell de troof!'"

So den dey had dey argyoument. All de lawyer mens holluh loud and strong, jes like dey was a callin' fo' a witness to come to de co't room wid a plum-color cyarpet on de flo'. But dey wa'n't callin' fo' no witness, nossuh, dey was talkin' 'bout Doo-Doom, and he a-settin' in de co't fo' all de jurymens to see him.

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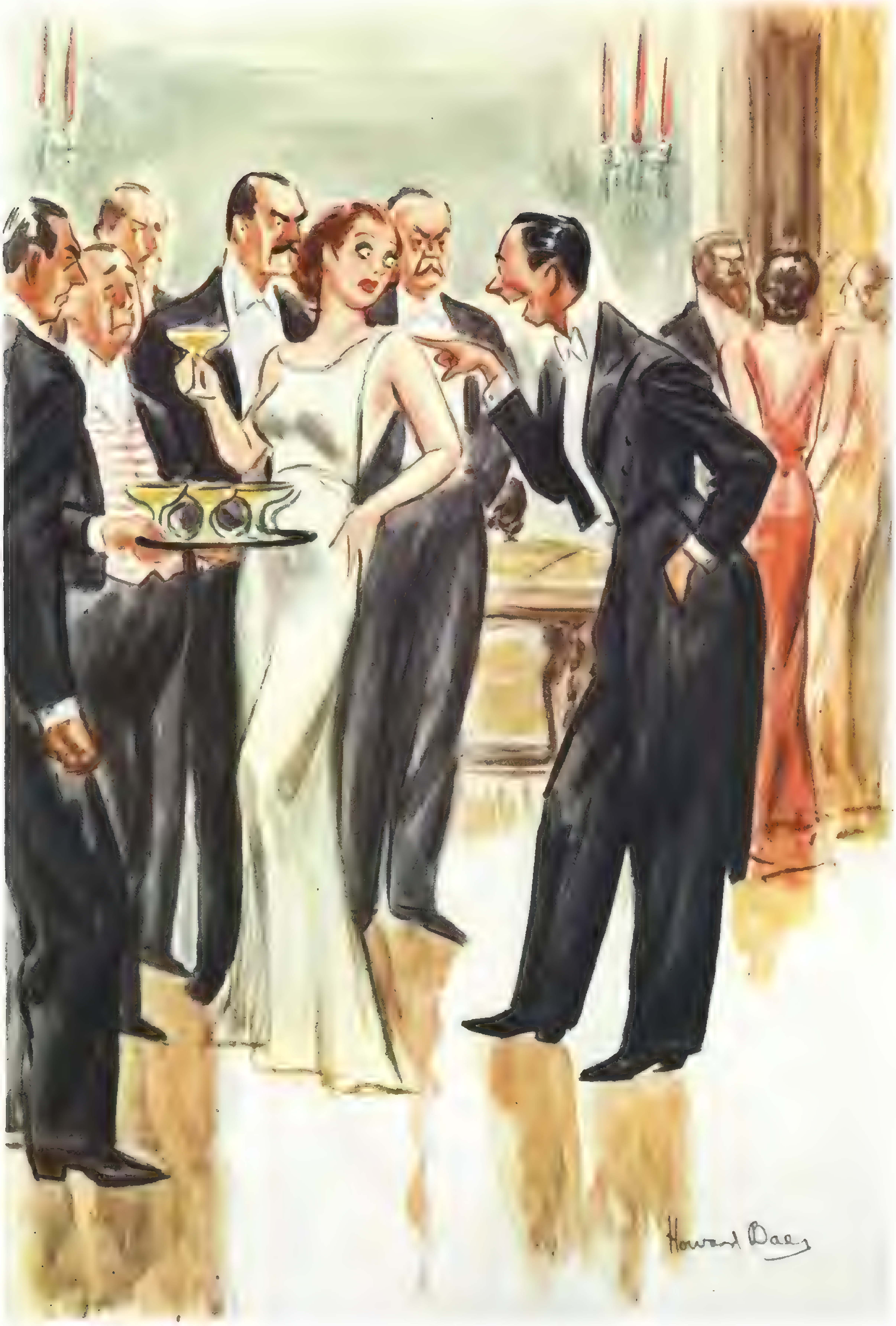
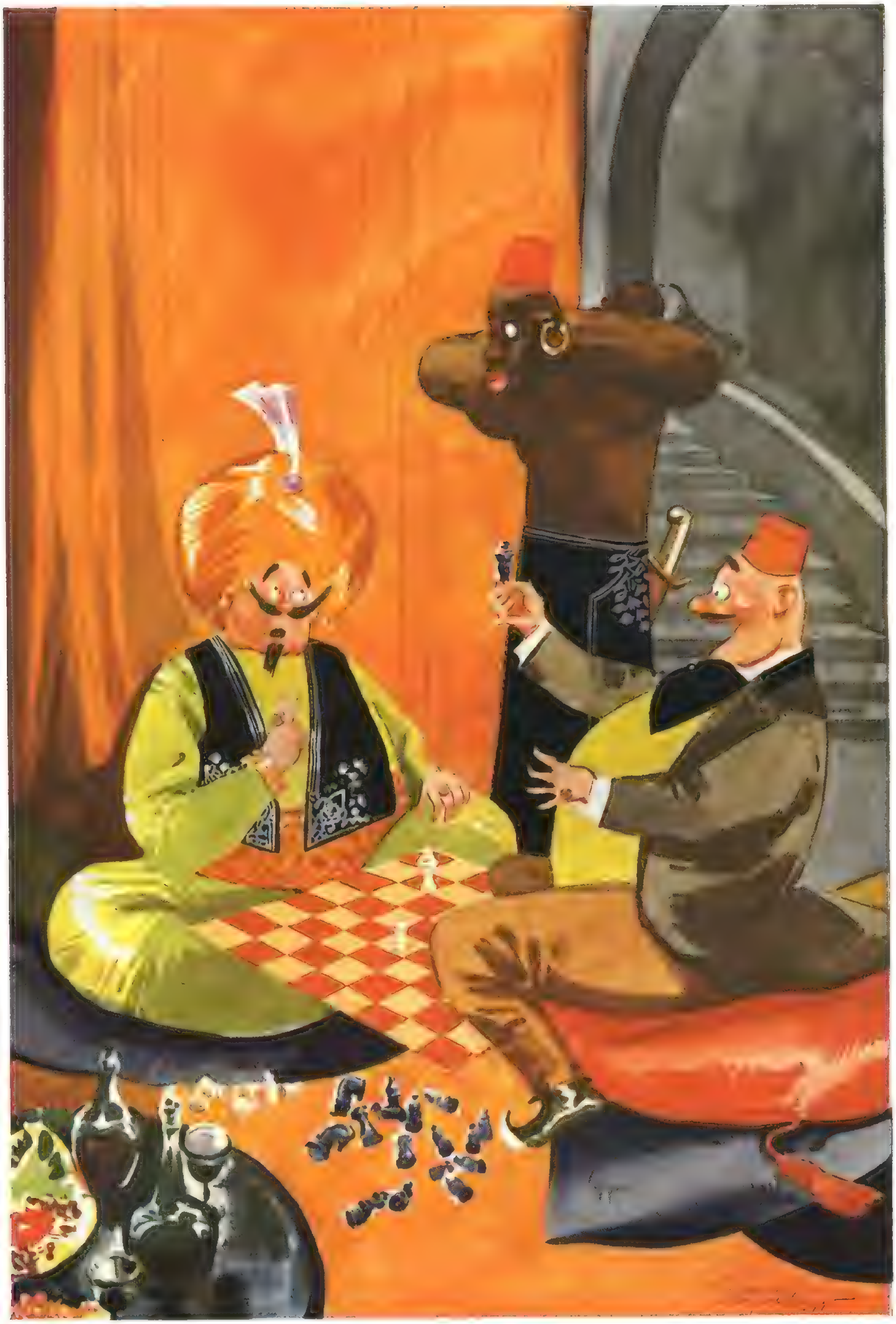

Howard Baer

"Now I remember—you're that exquisite drunk in the third act!"



"Send down two more blondes"

Sir Basil Zaharoff

There is no mystery to the life of Europe's mystery man except the puzzle why such people live

by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

This is the twilight of the financial gods. Their fortunes may or may not withstand the shocks of economic fates. But pitiless publicity has brought them down to the level of common mortals. They now appear in new shapes—some grotesque, others merely comical.

But there is one Olympian whose cloud-wreathed figure is still romantically obscured.

Down in the *Midi* stands the fine old French chateau of Balincourt. Six Hindus who speak nothing but their native language watch the entrances day and night to prevent intruders from approaching their master. This exclusive man, not content with his exotic guards, has purchased all the land for miles about. The surrounding villages belong to him and not a single acre in this domain can be sold without his permission. As an emblem, at once of his trade and his inhospitable immurement, he has replaced the cupid ornaments which delighted the nobles of Louis XIV, with armors and guns. This man is Sir Basil Zaharoff—greatest armament magnate of history and the "mystery man of Europe."

About this unusual man there has been plenty of obfuscation. Not only Sunday Supplement writers, but also serious biographers and political students have played morbidly with mysteries galore—stories which have neither authority nor credibility. This hocus-pocus is unnecessary. The substantiated facts paint him in sufficiently deep sepia and murky shadows. For every tale told by an idiot reporter who has been refused an audience with the great man, there are dozens of well-founded stories that stamp him as the most extraordinary and sinister figure of our time.

His birth is an example. It is idle to study Rumor I that he was a Russian noble whose predatory operations with the Czarina's gems forced him into exile and a life of gilded armament shame, nor Rumor II sedulously spread by anti-Semites, that he was a Jew. A copy of his birth certificate shows that he was born of Greek parents in Asia Minor. His parents are known to have lived for a while in Odessa and there slav-acized their name of Zacharias to Zaharoff. He was reared in the Orthodox Greek religion and spent most of his boyhood in cosmopolitan Constantinople.

But these polyglot circumstances are significant of his whole career. When he ran about a dirty urchin the bazaars of Stamboul, he learned the various western tongues that are employed in that international clearing house of races. All these things served to make him what he is. Later when he moved restlessly and profitably through all the European capitals, he might well have adopted the motto of Nobel, "I am a citizen of the world; my Fatherland is wherever I work and I work everywhere."

One of these removes—an early one in his career—has been exploited by excitable scribes. As a young man he was involved in a scandal. He was in partnership with an uncle in an importing business in Constantinople. One day he decamped to London with a sum of money from the firm's cash drawer. Haled into court in the British capital on the complaint of his relative, he insisted that a share in the profits was due him and that he merely took money which was legally his. Innocent or guilty, he was acquitted. There is no sound reason to believe he was an embezzler. Hysterical pacifists have seized on this fact to portray him as a villain of the most indigo dye whose early illicit adventure foreshadowed his later role.

As a matter of fact, his later operations were strictly legal then, are yet today and may still be tomorrow if he and his brethren are powerful enough to thwart humanitarian measures. Indeed Zaharoff felt nothing but pardonable pride in 1878, not even questioned in those benighted days, when he made the first brilliant coup in his bloody *métier*.

After his London trouble, he obtained a job in Athens as salesman for the armament firm of Nordenfeldt & Co., through the intercession of Etienne Skuludis, a powerful Greek politician. At that time, the politicos of Greece even as Secretaries Swanson and Dern today, had a large sum of money—approximately 16,000,000 francs—allotted for defence and they were in the market for all sorts of armaments, plain and fancy.

It was the latter variety that Zaharoff had to sell. He offered all sorts of novelties—a new base fuse, the eccentric screw breech, a mechanical time fuse, a quick firing gun for light artillery, etc. But the most attractive item on his sales list was the newest wonder of the world—the submarine. The politicos bit at the latter and thus he was able to make the first sale of the first modern submarine—and at that, to his native land. He was, or professed to be, a staunch Greek patriot (another misconception of Zaharoff's biographers) and he took great satisfaction in this deal. But a new element in his business policy now appeared.

Turkey, the dreaded enemy of Greece, had a much richer treasury than her neighbor and announced herself in the market for submarines. Did Zaharoff, Greek patriot, hesitate? Hardly. It was his duty to sell and sell he did. He got from Turkey an order which topped that of Greece—two submarines. As one of his Boswells remarks: "If Greece, Rumania, Russia, or any other benevolent neighbor of Turkey should express a wish to enlarge their stock of ships by a submarine, the firm of Nordenfeldt and its agent Zaharoff were always at their service."

From now on it was success story for young Basil. As the crack salesman for Nordenfeldt, he was given all of Europe to cover. His march through the chancelleries and war departments of the Great Powers was a brilliant tour of triumph. Even when he failed to make a sale, he was often successful in blocking the efforts of his competitors. In Vienna he dealt one such stroke—with lucrative results.

About this time, Hiram Maxim, the American inventor, appeared in the European armament game with his machine gun. It was a new and fearsome weapon and made a great sensation wherever he demonstrated it. In Vienna before a large crowd of officers, nobles and newspaper-men, he cut Emperor Franz Joseph's initials on a target. There was great applause at this and Maxim expected to obtain a large order.

But Zaharoff was there. As the applause died down, he talked glibly of the defects of the Maxim gun to the journalists and as there were foreign correspondents present he addressed them in their various native tongues. But he especially deployed all his art of persuasion, all his wily knowledge of the military mind, to convince the officers that Maxim's contrivance was little better than a curiosity. According to Zaharoff, it was a freak, no one could copy it, every part of the apparatus had to be manufactured to the correct hundredth of a millimeter or the gun would not work. In short, to fabricate it on a large scale would be impossible.

Thus Zaharoff, with all the sales palaver and linguistic ability which Maxim did not possess, sowed the seeds of doubt which bore fruit the next morning when the little Yankee appeared in the office of the War

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Memory Green

An ordinary little politician, crooked as the rest, makes one tender and beautiful gesture

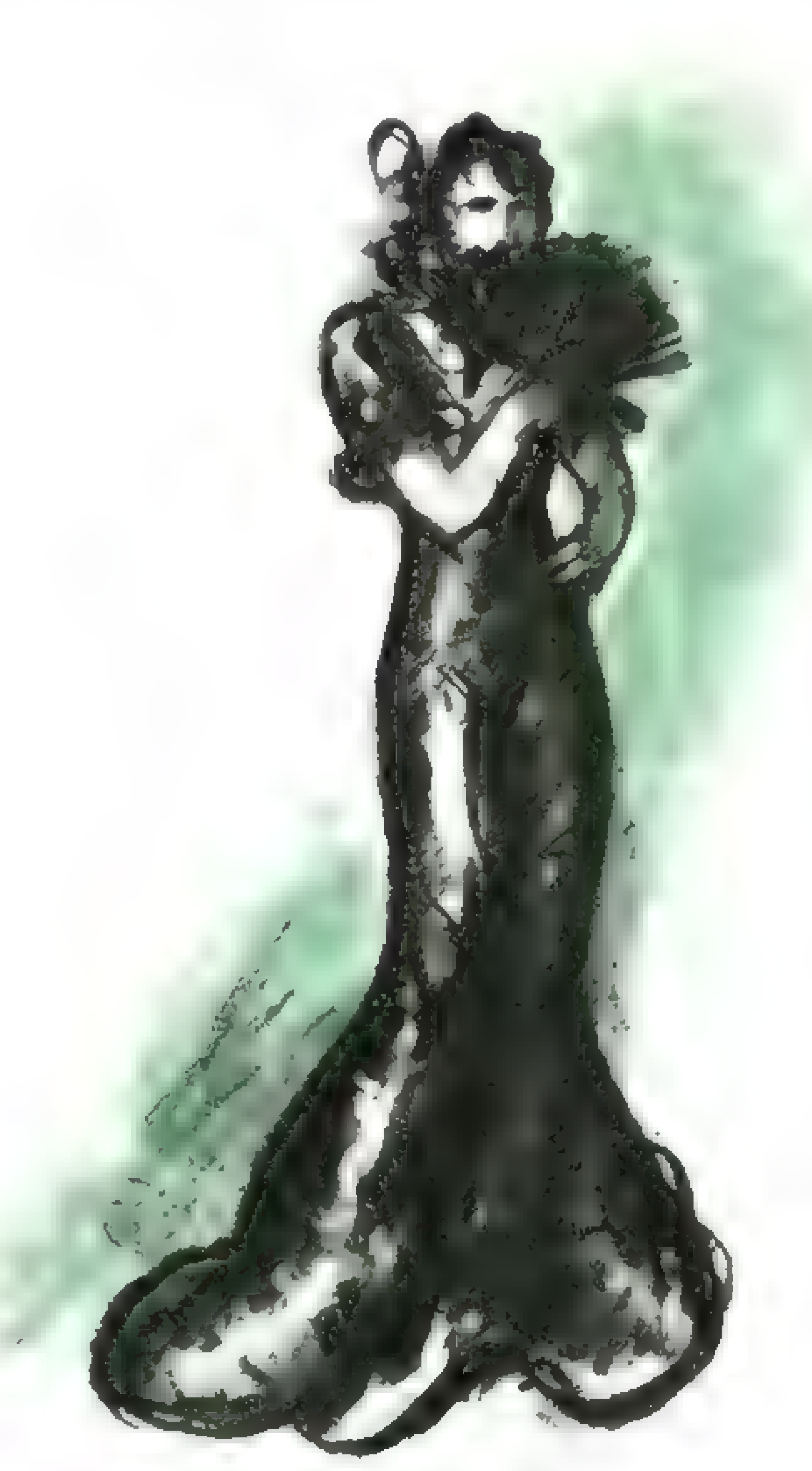
by BURNHAM CARTER

• FICTION •

The bar in the Havana Casino is the sort of place that one can never accurately recall. The white and gold ballroom makes some impression on the mind; and there is the green gaming room with its large hollow rectangle of tables. But the bar is nondescript: one has only a vague impression of a room always too small for its crowd, rather dark and noisy. I have been there many times, and I have no picture of it in my mind except the one scene that I saw there that night. All the little tables were occupied, and young men were standing about, bending toward upturned faces, the drink waving perilously in the hand. The waiters were carrying their trays with difficulty, and more than once an elbow toppled the glasses. The bar-rail itself was jammed: American girls shoulder to shoulder with their men, a knot of young Cubans, without women, talking very fast, several older male tourists getting drunk—

"And there's Esmeralda," Luis said.

She was standing at the corner of the bar, facing outward, talking to a Cuban. She was not drinking or smoking. She was taller than most Cuban girls, well-formed and, of course, dark, with dark eyes and hair, red lips, and a face basically classic, but softened and given a richer coloring by the tropics. Her personal distinction seemed to set her apart from the other drinkers. She was not out of place; she was like a person who is accustomed to visit resorts of that kind, and yet does not permit the crowd to rub away the edges of her personality.



"She is certainly good to look at," I said.

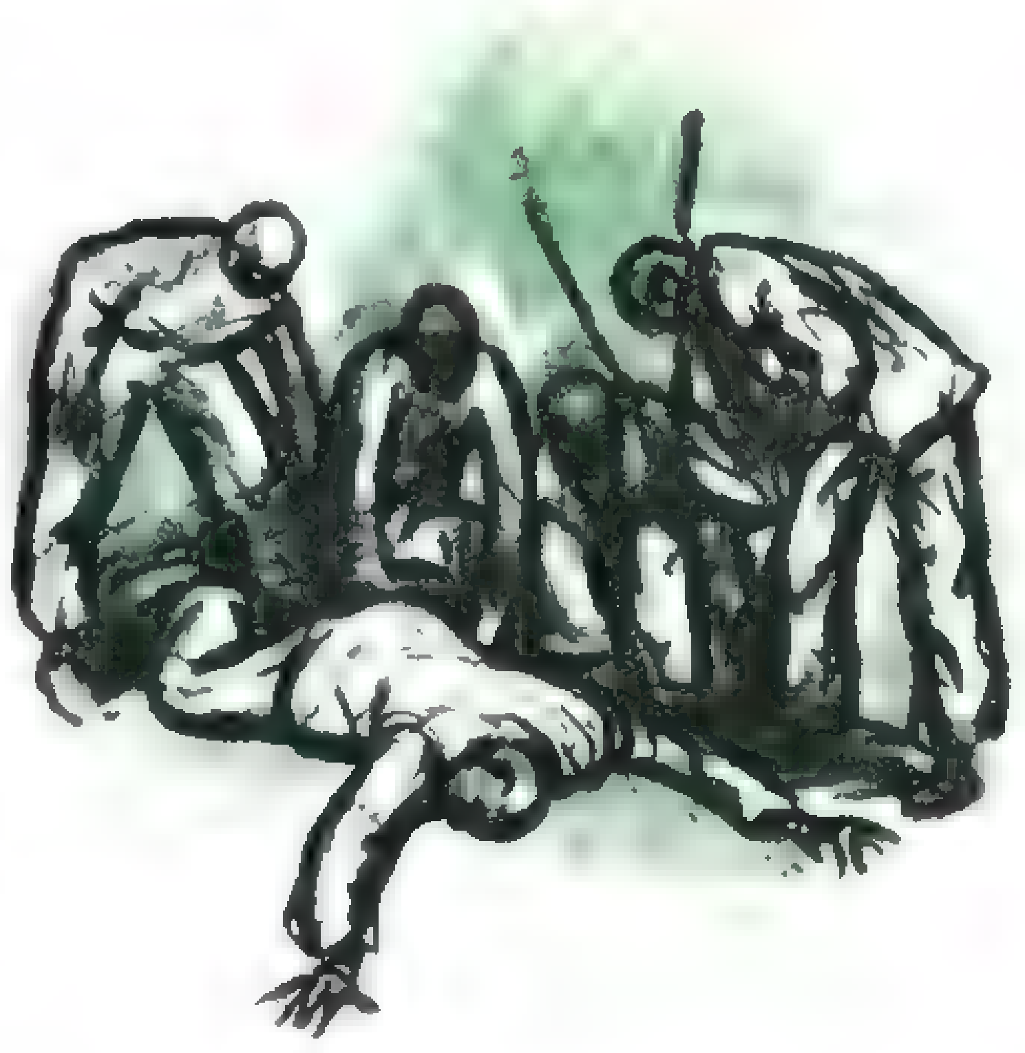
"It is very unfair to the wives," Luis said.

In the circle in which Luis moved—young Cubans of money and social standing who had little to do in a land where the only active careers were those of the merchant and politician—I had heard Esmeralda's name mentioned several times. She was the mistress of a Cuban Senator, Juan de Rosa; but it was not that which made her a topic of conversation; mistresses were more common than wives. It was the fact, sensational in any society, that de Rosa had asked her to marry him. He was a shrewd, unscrupulous little man who had made some money in sugar in the post-war inflation days and was making even more money in politics. He was almost certain to become a very important political figure. He offered to Esmeralda luxury, influence, and security. It was an advantageous offer . . . Esmeralda had refused it.

"Because she loves him," Luis said. "It is a remarkable thing."

"I suppose it would be bad for his career?" I asked.

"Yes," Luis replied. "She is too good a person to injure his chances—even to save herself. But you do not appreciate her sacrifice." He spread his hands in that melodramatic gesture that Cubans love. "Do you know how the lives of mistresses end? They are not young very long here, you know. Then they go to houses or cabarets. Then they take to the streets. And life ends horribly at thirty-five. . . . She has done a very brave thing."



So I had been curious about her. And now, as I saw her for the first time, I was stirred by her beauty. You do not expect anyone to be as beautiful as people claim. But Esmeralda's loveliness had that stamp of authority that is the signature of great art. It is true, it is real, you say: it is of the highest importance, it is the confirmation of a dream. On the whole, I think she was the most beautiful person I have seen; but I only saw her that one time.

There was a surge of people at the door of the bar. Some twenty men and women came in from the gaming room at one time and stood exclaiming noisily at the crowded bar-rail and tables. Two or three began calling to the waiters for drinks.

"I didn't think we would have to wait long," Luis said. "Here comes de Rosa."

A small slight man was pushing his way through the newcomers. He had long black hair, sleeked back, bone-rimmed glasses on a nose a little large for the narrow worried face. He was not an attractive figure, but there was a dynamic energy in his walk and concentrated gaze. He paid no attention to the crowd except to get it out of his way; he looked only at Esmeralda. The scene was to return to me in later years; for as I saw him then at the beginning, I was to see him, with revelry changed to horror, at the end: pushing through the crowd, oblivious of any thought but her.

When he was close to her, they both smiled.

"I guess they love each other all right," I commented.

"There is no doubt," Luis replied in a precise voice.

I stayed in Havana only two days longer. I was on my way back from Buenos Aires to New York to report to the press association for which I was a foreign correspondent. I expected to return via Cuba in a month, but I was transferred to Berlin. It was three years before I was reassigned to Latin America. As usual, I stopped in Havana for several days. That was in 1929, and Cuba was beginning to be very poor, and there were mutterings of discontent against the corruption and oppression of the government. Luis was inclined to be pessimistic, and hinted of trouble ahead. When we joined his crowd at the bar of the Cuba Club, they were all very bitter against the government and were in the process of forming some sort of "secret" society to which anyone who came into the bar was admitted. . . . We were a long time at the bar, and I think we had already killed off the President and most of his Cabinet.

"I shall myself drop a small bomb down de Rosa's throat," someone said.

That recalled to me something which had been in my mind when I arrived, but which the liquor had buried very deep beneath other things. I turned to Luis who was leaning over the counter.

"What's happened to Esmeralda?" I asked.

"She's dead."

It was queer that the words should instantly sober me. I felt as if I hadn't been drinking at all, except for a tendency to feel sorry for everything. But Esmeralda was nothing to me.

"How did that happen?"

"She died of pneumonia two years ago."

"Juan de Rosa never married her?"

"No. She wouldn't let him. She told him to marry his present wife because the latter would help him politically and socially. And it was true. He's a big man now. He's a Secretary in the Cabinet. He has made more money than any of them. He's a great success," Luis said.

"I'm certainly sorry," I said foolishly. He did not reply. After a minute I continued, without warrant: "You were very fond of her, weren't you, Luis?"

He gave his characteristic shrug of the shoulders. "She was a good girl. She slipped a little at the end, I guess. De Rosa did all that he could for her; he gave her money and went to see her. But I guess it was pretty hard. After he married, she did not care so much about things. She was drinking and beginning to be careless about her men." He bent a frowning gaze on the bar and stopped talking. When the others went to the Yacht Club where there were more people, he wouldn't go. We had dinner together alone on the terraza looking out to the sea. An enormous February moon slid upward from the dark quiet water; two black and silver schooners crossed its path. We stretched our legs and had brandy and cigars and felt like Conrad's novels; and a sense of vague regret, of lost adventure and hopeless courage was pleasantly communicated to our minds.

Luis spoke fatefully of the revolution that was brewing against the president, and told of three or four friends who had been shot in their homes, and said that the students were arming. Then after a while we talked of women—this one and that one, known in different countries; and finally of Esmeralda again.

From where we were sitting, we could see de Rosa's house not more than three hundred yards away—a huddle of roof levels set in shrubbery and trees, picked out in patches by the moon. The place was large and lay at the water's edge; there was a dock for de Rosa's yacht. At this hour the conspicuous feature was a small moonlit dome above the bushes near the water. It was an altar, Luis explained; de Rosa had built it as a memorial to Esmeralda; he kept her letters there in a silver box under the stone.

"He doesn't forget her, anyway," I said.

"That's the only good thing about him," Luis said. "That's the only time he means what he says—when he speaks of her. He talks about high ideals in his speeches, but everybody knows he would sell them all for a peseta. But not Esmeralda."

"How does his wife feel about all this?" I asked. "Or doesn't she know?"

"Oh, she probably knows, in a vague way. It's hard to tell how much wives know here. They never ask questions about the past. Besides, she's a great lady, and the courtesan's dead. Esmeralda's dead," he repeated, a little drunk. "Let's go home, Vincent."

I went back to the hotel. In the morning the sun was pouring out of a blue sky down upon the soft grey stone, the pink and yellow plaster. Havana looked as bright and innocent as a child. In my own country there were chill dark streets lined with dirty snow.... I dressed lazily and breakfasted late at my window. Then I strolled along the tiled walk of the Prado and crossed Central Park toward the Capitol.

The Capitol is a gigantic showplace of white marble, modeled after the one in Washington. It cost eighteen million dollars, an enormous sum for Cuba. Juan de Rosa had been head of the Senate Committee in charge of its construction and was supposed to have made several hundred thousand dollars out of it for himself. I decided to look at it. It was immense and cool and expensive. The Parliament chambers were quite impressive. On the way out the guide led me to the center of the entrance hall directly beneath the dome and pointed at the floor. His face had an expression of mingled pride and regret. I looked down. Set in the marble floor beneath a covering of glass was a large diamond. The guide quoted the cost.

I was amused. I suppose thousands of people have seen it or read about it now; but I hadn't known of it and it appealed to me as a typical Latin American gesture. When I saw Luis the next day, I mentioned it to him. He did not smile at my comment on the extravagances of his countrymen.

"It was meant to be an emerald," he said. By the tone of his voice I realized that there was a significance in his remark, but at first I only stared at him blankly. Then I remembered.

"Ah, Esmeralda means emerald, doesn't it?" I replied. "Was it for her?"

"Yes. He was really broken up when she died. I don't mean that it prevented him from collecting his graft, but I think the joy went out of it. He built that altar at his house. Then he had a bill introduced into the Senate calling for the purchase of the largest emerald available—$300,000—to be set in the floor of the nation's Capitol. It was his public memorial. But Congress was tired of spending money for him then; they went in for economy and bought a cheap diamond."

"That's an extraordinary story."

"That's not all. When he didn't get his emerald, he gave orders to his government department that all letterheads should be printed in green and all signatures should be made in green ink. That's the way they are now."

Somehow I was moved. The story had come to me in fragments, in this fashion; and with each one, the feeling developed, almost against my will, that these gestures, so absurdly sentimental, so melodramatic, were in truth the sincere efforts of a small man to show a great love. As one grows older, one becomes less sympathetic to the theme of the broken heart. The drama is over-played; it happens all the time; and as a rule it is just for show or for indulgence in a little easy tragedy. But this particular tale had an oddly child-like twist to it that gave it a special appeal. Emerald and altars and signatures in green ink, forever and ever! This was the stuff of legends and fairy-tales. One did not wholly believe, but one did not wish to deny—in tribute, perhaps, to the days when such things seemed true and when one may have contemplated some similar pose.

At least, when I left Havana and told the story here and there, with a smile, I was never able to "laugh it off" entirely; there was always the mind's wondering reflection at the end. At that time conditions were very bad in Cuba. To combat the President's private group of assassins, the Porra, the students formed a secret society called the ABC. There was murder and bombing on both sides. Juan de Rosa was supposed to be one of the most vindictive of the Government men: the students

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Going Through the Rye

As chief ingredient of kvass, pumpernickel, Swedish bread, ham on rye, and certain drinks

by LAWTON MACKALL

•ARTICLE•

RYE
RYE
RYE
RYE
RYE
RYE
RYE

Among liquor devotees, none drink with more conviction than do the members of the rye sect. Whether highballing, Manhattaning, or Old-Fashionening, they hold it as self-evident that no other usquebaugh is mentionable in the same breath with their specialty. It isn't bigotry, it's just achievement in concentration.

An old Aryan habit, so to speak. Not that whiskey is so old, but the craze for the rye-grain flavor *in* the whiskey goes clear back to the Caucasus, cradle of rye and of the race. When, some thousands of years ago, our spear-toting ancestors migrated north into the vast uncharted uppers of Europe—a sort of virgin Yonkers—rye went with them as their favorite bed-time cereal. In the hard-bitten wilds of Westphalia it got made into pumpernickel. In Russia it became kvass, the Slavic dough-beer. In Scandinavia blonde-chested valiants turned it into the crisply edible beaver-board which, ever since, has been munched as an accompaniment to pickled herrings and similar Swedish thirst-sharpeners. Even in such trifles as ham on rye, and rye-swaddled Limburger, there is something about this whiskered grain that seems to impart *umph* to flavor.

Yes, rye isn't quite up to wheat in nutritive value. But who stops to care?

Certainly our American forefathers didn't worry on this point. Instead of allowing themselves to become anaemic, they set up pot-stills in Pennsylvania and Maryland, producing a tonic so sustaining that it would lift you clean off your feet. It was rye such as no baker or kvass-maker had ever dreamed of, and its flavor, preserved in alcohol, gave you the rye effect without the necessity of chewing. All you had to do was to inhale the conquering hero, unbuckle your larynx, and swallow.

It would be edifying to know what that early American invigorator was like—particularly (if I had my choice) the rye which George Washington, an early distiller in this country, produced on his estate. Unluckily for our antiquarian curiosity only the empty bottles are left, seeming to indicate that when the makers of this nation made whiskey, they failed to have us in mind—anyhow couldn't wait for us to come along, what with the problems that had to be met and solved then and there. So while we may still smell Egyptian perfume in jars 3000 years old (as was once my experience in a museum in Europe), the nozzles of early American glassware vouchsafe no answer to our inquiring sniffs.

Especially would I appreciate some hint of the missing contents of an *objet d'art* of the 1850's which announces itself as being a product of the Dyottville Glass Works, Philadelphia. This is a flask, bull's-bladder size, embossed with the slogan "Gen. Taylor Never Surrenders," garlanding an epauletted bust of that fighter of Indians and Mexicans. Hefting this hip-tank—beyond the capacity of our puny pockets nowadays—one feels that a man thus canteened wouldn't have minded mere tomahawks. Not with *that* amount of old-time firewater to dress a war-path down his whoop tract.

A notion of the usages of the time may be gleaned from an advertisement by Dr. Dyott, owner of the glass works that produced this bottle. It was published in *The United States Gazette and True American*, for January 2, 1833, informing us that, besides window panes, the good doctor is prepared to furnish:

> "Apothecaries' Vials from one half to eight oz., Patent Medicine bottles, Cayenne Pepper, Olives, Anchovies, Sweet Oil, Seltzer, and Cologne Water bottles, Scotch, Rapee and Maccabow Snuff do. Confectionery and Apothecaries' Show do. Pickling and Preserving Jars; Pint, Quart, Half Gallon, Gallon and Two Gallon Bottles; Quarts, Half Gallon and Two Gallon Demijohns, Oil, Vitriol and Aqua Fortis Glass Stopper Bottles; Druggists' wide and narrow mouth packing do, from Half Pint up to Two Gallons; American Eagle, Ship, Franklin, Agricultural and Masonic Pocket Flasks, etc."

Apparently the scope in liquids a century ago was fairly broad, even though distilling and rectifying methods were primitive, not to say rough and ready—all hand work, including fusel-oil. Gradually though, with advances in chemistry and the organization of distilling as a larger-scale business, American rye whiskey came to be less crude, and, if aged in oak a sufficiently long time, actually a quality product, vying with the best liquors the world over.

A typical formula for "Pure Rye" (the government won't let you call it that, no matter how chaste it may be) is: 85 per cent rye, plus 15 per cent malt. For ordinary rye the percentages are the same, but the malt used is barley malt. In addition there has long been a demand for whiskeys made with a combination mash—one including corn—any liquor being entitled to the name rye is based on not less than 50 per cent of that cereal. And dashes of the same grain find their way into bourbon, 17 per cent being a not exceptional participation—possibly due to the fact that some of the earliest distillers in Kentucky came from Maryland and Pennsylvania, bringing with them a rye background.

These whiskeys have little or no kinship with moonshine, however. *That* stuff is cooked from a mash of 85 per cent corn plus 15 per cent barley malt and aged overnight, to be consumed locally by horny-stomached mountaineers with a fondness for dippers of dynamite, or possibly sneaked to market with a disguise of artificial coloring that fails to soften its chemical cruelty. One of the miracles of Prohibition was the zeal with which blanched mule thus doctored, and not necessarily made in the far-away hills, was greeted as "rye."

Genuine rye whiskey gets its natural amber hue from the charred oak staves which are its keepers during the maturing period. Even four months, with the benefit of incubational heating, will bring out quite a tempting tinge; while four years—the minimum required for bottled-in-bond whiskey—imparts a deepened color. In blended rye whiskey small amounts of artificial coloring (harmless caramel) are sometimes added to give the liquor greater presentability. However, the beneficent Federal Alcohol Control Commission requires the percentage of coloring to be shown on the label if it exceeds 2%. Straight rye, in aging, acquires more and more concentration of flavor as it extracts the yummy taste and bouquet from the wood, taking on what the old-time whiskey boys call a "heavy body." In your or my language, this means a slight tendency (and no more) in the direction of molasses consistency—bodying-up which eventually results in ryes of a liqueur quality so heavy, so pronounced in character, as to be luxuries only for palates and pocketbooks attuned to such opulence.

Indeed, before Prohibition most of these super-venerables were withheld for blending purposes, one slight shot of their bouquet being enough to infuse any mixture with glory. And many drinkers actually preferred them thus blended in, or at least were only up to meeting them that way. For the

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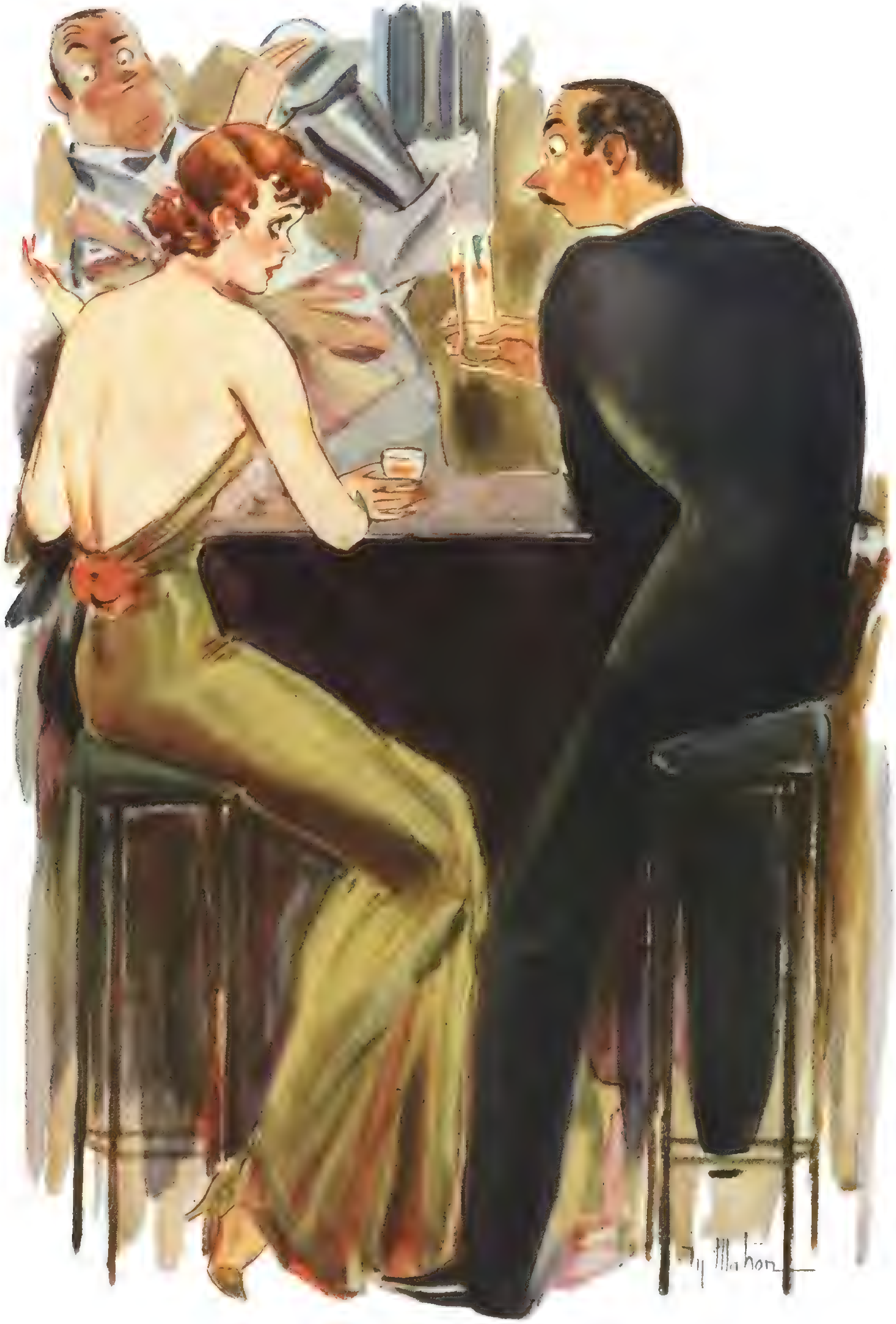
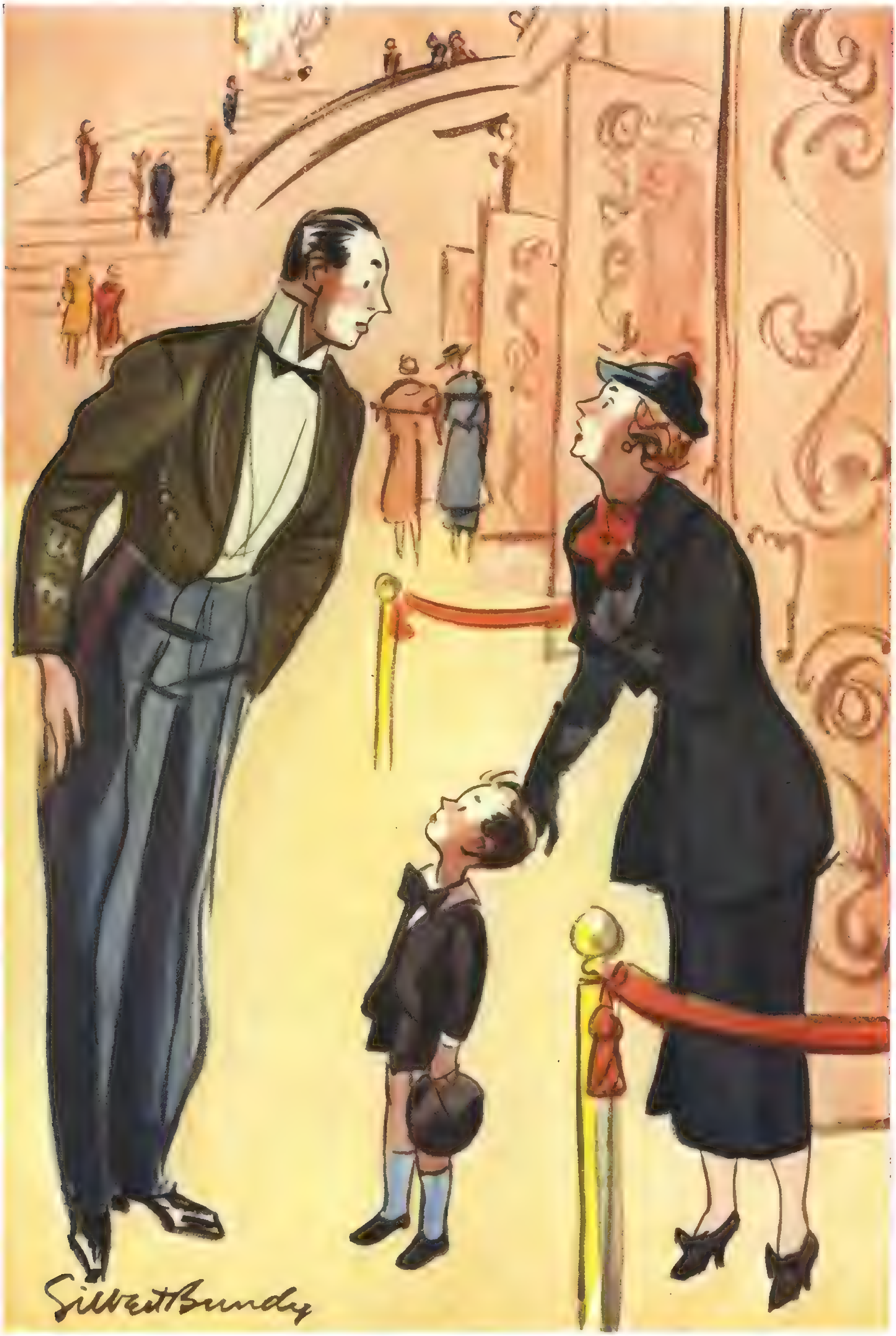


"One night—the night I got married—I drank five of these"


Gilbert Bundy

"Will you direct Junior to the you know what?"

Rules Are Rules

Demonstrating how a versatile golfer may cop the tournament by technique or by technicality

by DAVID GREGG

• SPORTS •

IT HAD been raining all night and the golf course was soaked; mist hung over the countryside but it looked as though the sun would burn it away. The Committee in charge of the tournament made a special ruling that balls on the putting greens might be cleaned.

Thirty-six holes of the Elmwood Open Tournament had been played, eighteen more were to be played that morning and the same number in the afternoon. Professionals from far and wide were gathered to have a shot at the prize money which was large and, so, tempting. A dozen of them, with half the holes played, were separated by only a few strokes and all of them still had a chance to win. Among them was Johnny Carr, a youngster of twenty-one who was two strokes back of the leaders. He had been playing in all the open tournaments and had done well but only well enough to pay expenses; if he could win first money in this one it would be a life saver, for if ever a boy needed money it was Johnny.

William McClain was among the dozen who had a chance, but winning money was not of so great importance to him. He was a veteran, an old man compared with the youngsters who were setting the pace nowadays, but he was still a fine golfer, with a fine record of golfing deeds and he was a fine man himself and well liked. He had come to this tournament for a bit of a holiday and to meet old friends; that he might win something was only incidental.

Johnny Carr was William's nephew, the son of his widowed sister, and William loved the boy like a son. He was a fine upstanding youth, honest, clean living and hard working. Johnny had caddied from the time he had been able to carry a bag. William had taught him the game and when the boy finished public school he was a fine player and a good club maker. He had tried to get a job outside of golf but jobs were few and far between, the best he could do was a place in a professional's shop. A little later he became an assistant pro. Then in the previous fall the club had told him that it could not carry him through the winter, he could not find another job and, in desperation, he had tried the winter tournaments. Young, comparatively inexperienced in tournament play and worried, it had been hard going. So far he had been able to send his mother only a hundred dollars, and that only by cutting every expense to the bone. His Uncle William had helped his sister some but Mrs. Carr was a proud woman, and even with two young sons to support she had no use for charity—even from a brother. And so for Johnny Carr to win at Elmwood would be a grand thing for him and his family back home; to win even second or third money would help a lot.

William McClain started the third round before Johnny. He played steadily and had two hundred and nineteen for the fifty-four holes. Along toward the end of his round he heard that Johnny was going like a house afire and the old man, he was forty-five and not old at all, was thrilled far more than if he was doing as well himself. He heard that Johnny, on the sixteenth tee, had three pars for a sixty-seven.

He was as nervous as a witch. He went out to the last green, looked at the score board and spoke to a friend. "If he gets his pars he'll lead by two strokes," he said, "that's no safe margin but it's something to work on. He's a fine lad, even if he is my nephew."

Some of his friends gathered round him, and his excitement transferred itself to them.

"If Johnny wins," someone said, "it will be worth a lot more than the prize money he'll get out of it."

"Indeed it will," someone else said, "he'll make a name for himself and it will give him confidence."

And so on and so on until Johnny came to the home hole. The gallery, crowded about the green and strung along the fairway, saw him drive and they saw a fore-caddy, employed by the club, run across the fairway and into the rough and there stick a flag into the ground. He was marking Johnny's ball.

Johnny had gotten his pars on the sixteenth and seventeenth holes, but here was a stroke gone sure, he could never get home from that deep rough. William sighed, "Oh well, a sixty-eight would not be so bad." He gnawed at his pipe and lighted it over and over again while he waited for Johnny to play.

Johnny went into the rough, his caddy picked up the flag marking the location of his ball, and Johnny played up the fairway but far short of the green. He walked on and came up to the ball, took a club and then suddenly leaned over and examined the ball. Then he picked it up and walked back into the rough from which he had just played.

William and everyone else knew what had happened, he had played a ball not his, but William was one of the very few who knew what that meant. Until the first of the year there had been no penalty, in medal play, for playing one shot with the wrong ball, but the new rules, effective on the first of January, had made the penalty two strokes.

William's heart went down into his boots. Not only was there to be a stroke lost in the actual playing of the hole, but two strokes were already gone, making three in all and a seventy instead of a sixty-seven left no margin to work on that afternoon. But there was a chance, just the smallest glimmer of a chance that those two penalty strokes might be wiped off. Even Committees were human both as to hearts and decisions under the rules.

Johnny found his own ball and played again and then all unaware of the two-stroke penalty, played a fine shot close to the pin and sank the putt; one of the three strokes was saved anyway. The moment his partner had holed out William grasped Johnny's arm. "Come aside," he said, and when they were alone William said his say. "Watch your score—it's a six under the new rules."

Johnny's face went white. He knew nothing of the penalty incurred under the new rules.

"Report the facts to the Committee," William said. "Say you played the wrong ball, but that you played the ball marked by *their* caddy employed by them to mark the drives on that hole, that the ball was very deep in the rough, that you could see only a small bit of it and that your own ball was two or three club lengths from the marking flag. It's a long chance they'll waive the penalty but it will do no harm to try."

Johnny Carr made his report to the Committee and with the facts before it the Committee went into executive session and came out of it with the ruling that a two-stroke penalty had been incurred. They were very sorry, but Carr could have lifted his ball

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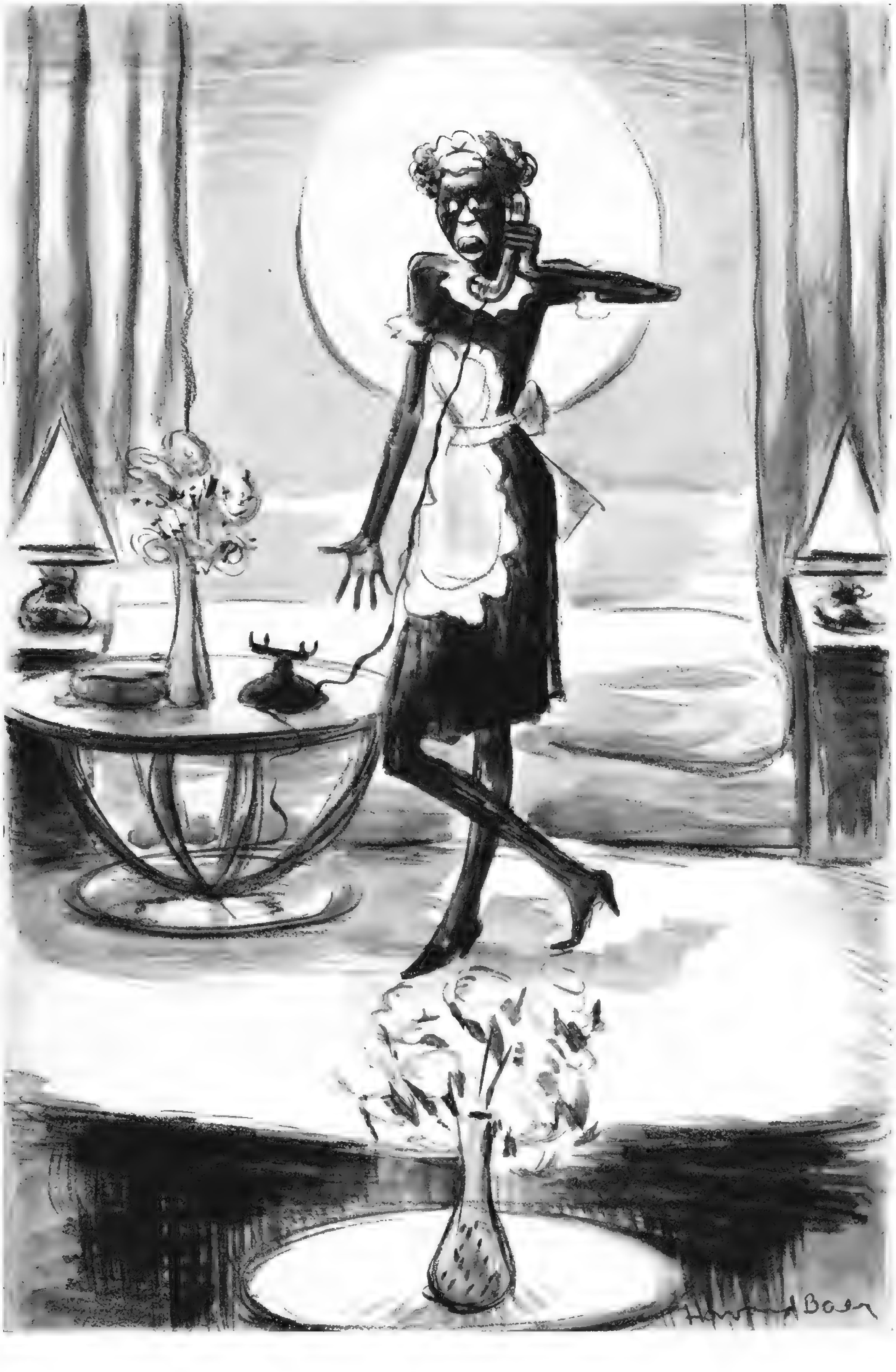
Howard Baer

"But you's de third head man dat's phoned today!"

The Fugitive

An exiled scientist, open under the knife of his own intellect, glimpses the mystic human soul

by FRANZ HOELLERING

• FICTION •

"I HAVE the pleasure of introducing the renowned German chemist, Dr. Heinrich Krell . . ."

How often he had heard this formal introductory address since his arrival, a few months ago, in the United States! Heinrich Krell stood before the mirror in his cramped hotel room, amid its cast-iron furniture, stared at his reflection with some misgiving, and repeated aloud: "I have the pleasure . . . ," mimicking the utter emptiness of the phrase.

Then—and he didn't know how long he had been lying face up on the bed again—he weighed, with due attention to each and every byway and byplay which on occasion seemed more important than the problem itself, the question: "Is it true that men when left to themselves sometimes 'laugh bitterly,' as novelists time and again demand of their heroes and insist that their readers believe?" It seemed to him that some time ago (two hours ago in fact), in front of the mirror, he had acted strangely and incredibly before retiring to his bed. He could still see his reflection in the mirror, his evil grimace and that brief laughter. No, he did not deceive himself, it was still there; it giggled from the electric-light bulb, rolled like a wooden ball across the floor, shrilled in the telephone receiver, and barked from every nook and corner of this black hole which cost him forty cents per day.

How mighty was the sudden silence . . . and how beautiful the power of the final resolve. . . . Whose arm was it which was being raised so slowly to his temple? Heinrich waited, waited for himself. And again he heard the familiar clatter, steel on glass, and knew that for the tenth or the hundredth time he had replaced the revolver, unused, on the table.

It was always thus. Up Fifth Avenue to Central Park and back to Forty-Second Street. At first, during the first few weeks after his arrival, when he had still accepted invitations, he had gotten around the entire city.

He knew them all, those small towns united by subways and motion picture programs which made up New York. They had baffled him and yet attracted him; but since finding himself again, he avoided distractions, clung to Fifth Avenue and his theme: man, the average man, who always and invariably seemed the same and seemed unfathomable.

The width and the precise cleanliness of the street, the rhythmic glide of the chains of cars to the silent beat of red and green lights, calmed him. Once he remembered with strange vividness the autobus he had used daily in Berlin to get to the Institute, and caught himself asking the emotionful question: Did it still run? Then and there he vowed to himself that he would never, never again attach his heart to anything if life, his life, should ever begin again. No street should ever become dear to him, no house—as so many in his homeland which had expelled him; no habit should ever again become sweet and craved and lure him into sentimental musings; no human being should ever become close. "Solitude and meditation, to the bitter end?" He declaimed loudly, like a poem or a vow, so vehemently that two passers-by had turned around, shocked.

There were other days, too, when it dragged him into the chaos of Broadway; then he stood, for hours on end, in the lobbies of dance halls and listened with pleasure to the cheap music from within. He would never have read a book of as little merit, but this false cheapness in musical expression fascinated him. Yes, here he, aware of his lack of "ear," understood the language of the instruments—while he gleaned nothing from an important concert; all he recognized there was, as he called it, "organized noise."

It always became late. His body was long since tired, his legs and especially his feet; but it took Heinrich hours to get hold of himself and return to his hotel. Often he could not conquer his restlessness until dawn or even until daylight broke over the summit of the skyscrapers. Then he raised his head, stood in his tracks and breathed deeply, as if he were able to inhale the light up there, or drink of it. And yet the stir of emotion within him hurt more and more, for bitter is the dawn of hopelessness. Sometimes he repented so much lost time. "Repentance? How childish a thought," he would say to himself. Who expected him? Who wanted his head? If he actually found work he would be taking it away from someone else, someone who was at home here. Ten million unemployed, fifteen million. . . . In the face of all this need, Heinrich was ashamed to look for a job. "I would have to steal it," he thought.

This slim, pretty girl he knew quite well by sight. Every night she flitted across Fifth Avenue, spoke to a man here, negotiated with another there, hopped into a car when invited, disappeared for an hour or two and returned. Thus it went every night from dusk to dawn.

Now, suddenly, Jean—he had caught the name once when somebody addressed her—sat next to him in a drug store. A smile, a word about the cloudburst outside, and they had fully turned towards each other and begun to talk. She knew him as well by sight as he knew her. His peculiarity had occurred to her, and now she asked:

"You are German? Have you been here long?"

"Eleven weeks."

"What are you doing here?"

"Not much."

"What is your name?"

"Heinrich . . . Henry."

"My name is Jean."

"The name fits you."

"Were you in Paris, too?"

"Yes, a few weeks."

"Are French women more elegant?"

"Maybe not. I wouldn't know, Jean."

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How to Be Cruel to Your Wife

Refined, efficient, fiendish, artistic and original ways to improve on a sock in the puss

by ABE ALTROWITZ

SATIRE

It is a sad commentary on our modern social institutions that men who have otherwise advanced, still do not know how to be interestingly cruel to their wives.

One would think that because men have been supplying their high-heeled halves with grounds for divorce since the days of Mosaic and Roman law they would by this time have learned how to excel in the fine art of domestic cruelty. But they haven't. They remain a dull, unimaginative lot.

An examination of some fifty thousand divorce cases that have come to my attention during the past 18 years reveals the same old allegations of cursing, drunkenness, beatings, miserliness, and adulterous joy rides with dizzy blondes.

Obviously there is something wrong with the vast majority of males. The few whose genius trickles through the mass are worthy of commemoration. I commemorate in the sincere hope that in some measure their examples may serve as beacon lights of artistic cruelty for husbands of the future. If we are to have divorce—and even my wife's maiden aunt profoundly asserts that we *are* to have—then let it be interesting.

Any oaf of a husband can call his wife a so-and-so twice before each meal, get pie-eyed and stagger home in the wee hours of the morning, hoard his pay check, transgress the Seventh Commandment, or sock his wife on the dimple in her chin.

But how much nearer to the fine art of domestic cruelty is the case of Brown versus Brown (not the true name, of course) as related by the dark-eyed wife of the young western banker from the witness stand:

Q—Can you give us instances of cruelty as practiced on you by your husband, Mrs. Brown?

A—Well, when we'd go out to dancing parties he'd always make a fuss if I danced with anyone else. Even when we had dancing parties in our own home, where I was hostess and it was the hostess' obligation to dance with her guests, he would fix it so every time I would just get started dancing with someone I would have to stop.

Q—He would make a fuss?

A—Oh, no, he wouldn't say a word to me. But he would sneak into our little son's bedroom, wake him, and pinch him to make him cry; then, of course, I would have to leave my partner and go to the child.

How prosaic in comparison is a haymaker to the feminine button.

Take the case of the Blacks. Tom Black had been a bus-boy and his wife a waitress. Because she had business acumen they invested in a hole-in-the-wall and built it into a restaurant able to seat nearly one hundred guests, and soon instead of having to get up at dawn so she could serve the early breakfast folk, her business made it possible for her to sleep until half past eight or nine. She had competent employes able to carry on until then.

But if Tom Black was not a competent business man, he possessed the creative instinct in the realm of domestic cruelty. Listen to Mrs. Black telling it to the judge:

Q—Your husband, you allege, treated you in a cruel and inhuman manner, is that true, Mrs. Black?

A—Yes, it is.

Q—Tell the court, Mrs. Black, of some of his actions toward you. What did he say, or do?

A—Well, he always was nagging at me, saying that if I hadn't been married to him I never would have amounted to anything, that I'd still be a waitress in a cheap hashery. And then just to throw it up to me he would do it.

Q—Do what, Mrs. Black?

A—Wake me up. He would sneak into my room and set my alarm clock for three in the morning. He just made a nervous wreck out of me.

Or take the case of the young contractor who was haled into court by his society-belle wife, and listen to her testimony:

Q—How did your husband conduct himself toward you?

A—He used to drive me well nigh insane with that Indian war dance of his.

Q—(By the court, interposing) Indian war dance—?

A—He never would let me rest or read. Whenever I would recline on the Chesterfield he would clasp his hands behind his back, lean forward somewhat in the manner of a man walking up hill, and start marching around me. I kept asking him what was the grand idea. But he never would answer a word, just keep on marching. Just marching and marching and marching—until one night I just screamed and packed up my things and left.

In the case of the Greens there was also a touch of pathos. Green was in his middle thirties, an introvert. Mrs. Green was several years younger, an extrovert. Of evenings he preferred to remain home, work out problems in mathematics, browse through books on philosophy. He was familiar with the Bible. He was fond of symphony music. She, on the other hand, possessed of more than the average amount of what, since the Elinor Glyn rage, has been commonly called It, wanted to go places and do things. She wanted to dance, to sip a cocktail, listen to popular melodies, and when she did incline to read, it was the latest in hair-raising murders or Nellie the Cloak Model romances. Finally he stopped speaking to her and their home became a house of silence. It was after that silent treatment began that the explosion came. And finally, as she told it to the court:

Q—You say your husband for a year did not speak to you, Mrs. Green?

A—Yes, but he certainly wrote plenty.

Q—Explain to the court.

A—Why, almost every other day he would sit down at his typewriter and write me a long letter and mail it to me right to our own home. He kept writing to me what a home should mean, what a wife ought to to be to her husband, and in every letter he would quote Paul.

Q—(By the court, interposing) Who is Paul?

A—The apostle, St. Paul. In every letter he would repeat that St. Paul had said that "man in his own home is as Lord and Master." By the time I got the thirty-seventh letter I decided I'd had enough.

It might be said in passing that in granting the decree the court took occasion to comment that "Man may be as Lord and Master in his own home in the Bible, but that's not the case in Hennepin county."

But let's proceed to the case of the middle-aged railroad man. Carefully scrutinizing newspapers, he—but let's permit his wife to tell it in court:

Q—Just how did your husband conduct himself toward you? Tell the court some of the things he did.

A—Well, almost every morning when I would come to breakfast I would find a newspaper clipping under my napkin. Invariably it was a

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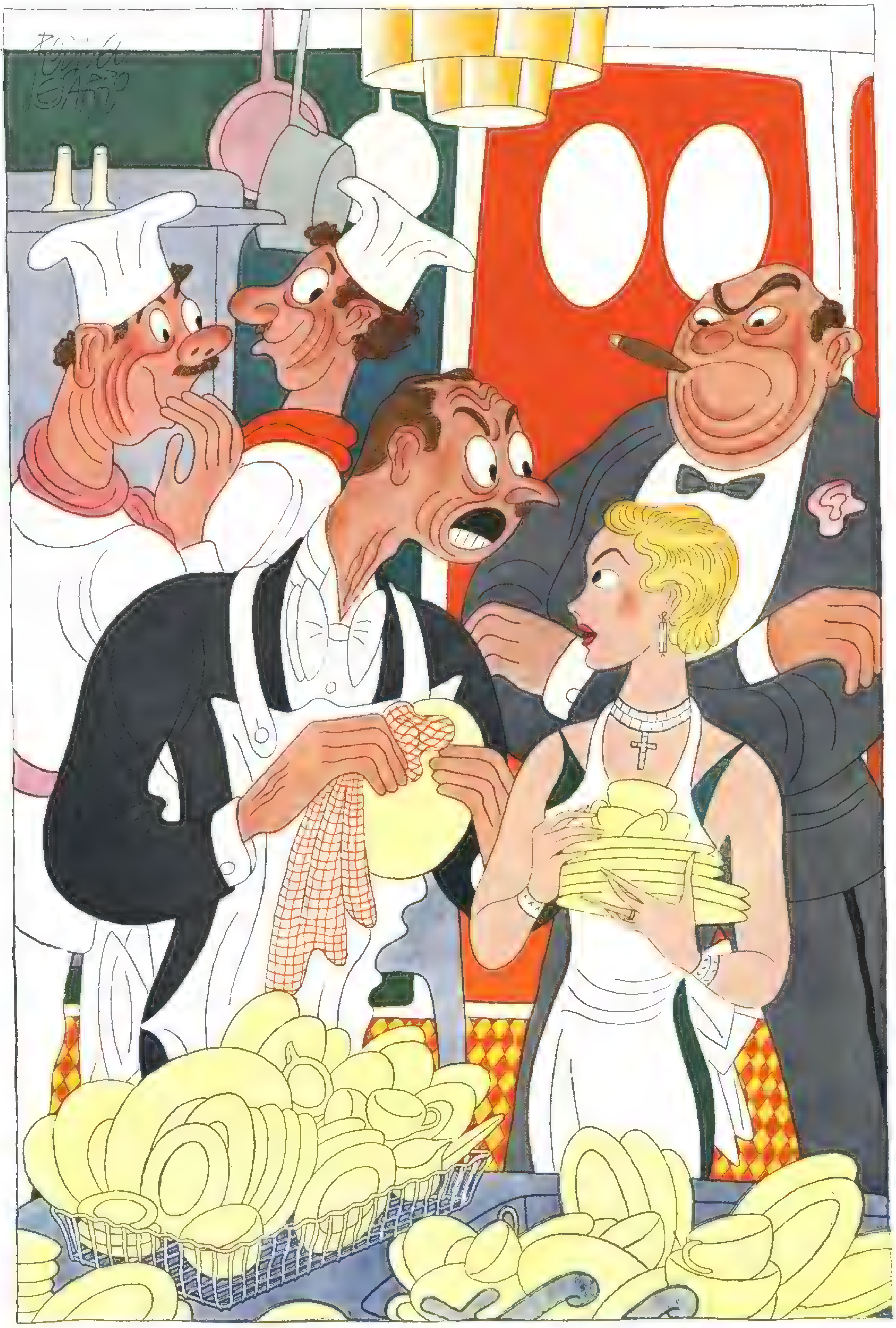
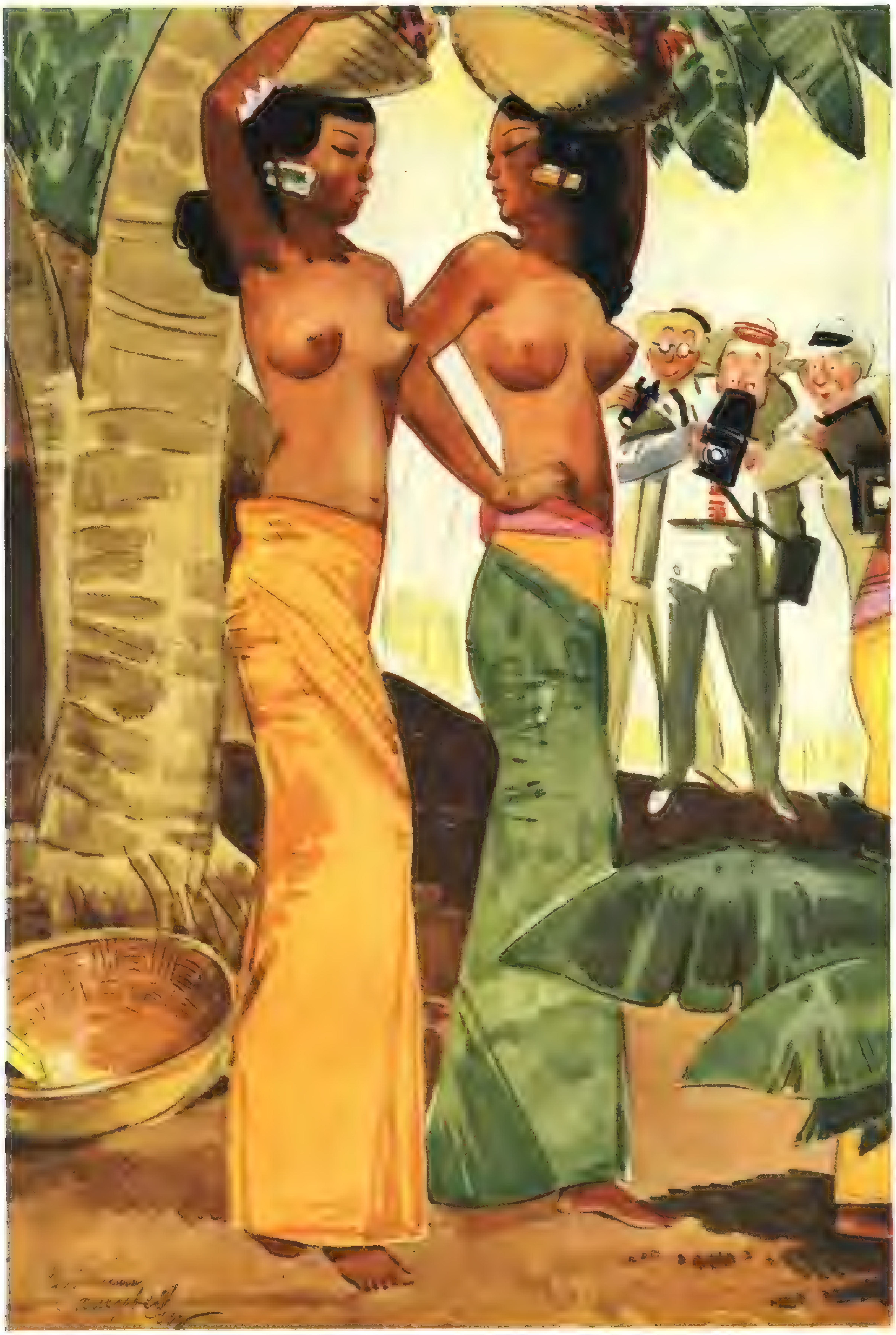


"After this, when you change my wallet to my other coat—say something about it!"



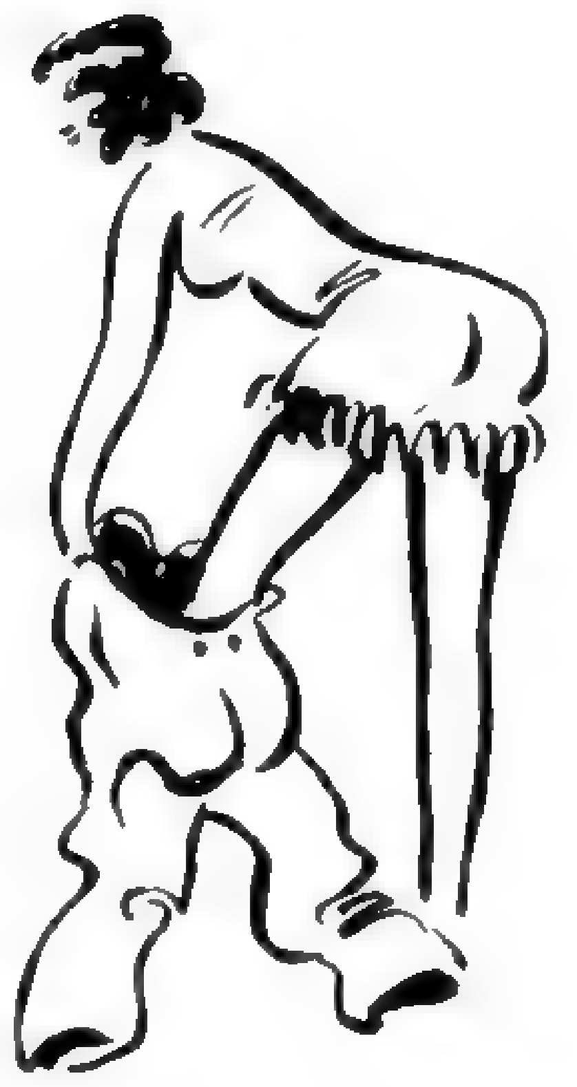
“You’d think the damn fools never saw baskets before”

Nothing to Lose But Our Pants

Men of the world, unite! A call to put women back into skirts, their silly and fitting garb

by CARLTON BROWN

ARTICLE



MEN, it's high time for us to pull ourselves together and take cognizance of the fact that womankind is making larcenous raids on our raiment. For countless generations the members of the sartorially sillier sex have been vacillating from style to style, floundering around hopelessly in a sea of frills and farthingales, aimlessly endeavoring to evolve a practical and becoming method of swathing their frames. Man, on the other hand, has shown a definite evolution in his clothing. He has made some mistakes, but he has seldom repeated them. He has finally come by a rational and attractive scheme of dressing which he maintains at a consistently high level of excellence, with only an occasional ameliorative change.

It must be admitted right at the beginning that man, in the course of attaining his present superiority in costume design, has in several instances gone completely berserk. He plumbed the depths of depravity in the matter, as far as I can ascertain from the records, in 1828, when one H. Le Blanc, Esquire, found it meet to publish a pocket-manual devoting sixteen illustrated lessons to the thirty-two different styles of tying a cravat prevalent at the time. Man's past style sins have been too numerous and obvious to necessitate a résumé of them; the fact which I would stress is that he has finally extricated himself from the welter of ruffs and kirtles and mantles and tunics in which he was once enveloped, whereas woman is still being bandied about by every vagrant breeze of fashion.

It has just completely dawned on woman in recent years that man's maintenance of the *status quo* in the matter of clothes is indicative of the infinite superiority of the styles he has developed, and, with a predatory gleam in her eye, she has set out to strip him of his vestments.

It is significant that the coiners of slang, in casting about for a term which would sum up woman in a devastatingly derogatory manner, hit upon "skirt," the word for that predominant and ridiculous feature of woman's wear which, in one form or another, has survived the permutations of style. If you cannot readily subscribe to the theory that the skirt is an essentially absurd garment, ponder awhile on the trouble bicycle manufacturers and saddle-makers have been put to by woman's stubborn retention of it. For further proof, approach a lady who has been discomfited by a sudden gust of wind and say to her, "Madam, which came first—the skirt or the four winds?" (I will not be held responsible for any harm incurred in such an unchivalrous test.)

A bloomer, my slang dictionary tells me, is an error, a failure. To say, "He pulled a bloomer," is to declare someone made a bad mistake or failed in an attempt. This colloquial use of the word derives, obviously, from the ignominious failure of the attempt of the good Mrs. Bloomer to foist on the American woman a compromise between the trouser and the skirt. Etymologists will doubtless be at a loss to explain why Mrs. Bloomer was singled out for such opprobrium, since practically every innovation woman has ever made in her styles has been, in the slang sense, a "bloomer."

Mrs. Bloomer, let us say, was born before her time, and her tactics lacked subtlety. She wanted women to come right out in the open and admit defeat, a move which would, of course, have been entirely inconsistent with their natures. Women will, it seems evident, come around to trousers eventually, if left to their own devices. But, unless attention is focused on their move, they will make the change gradually, insidiously, and when they have finally taken over man's costume completely they will believe, without the shadow of a doubt, that they originated it.

Men of the world, arise! The only way to nip this plan in the bud is to expose it mercilessly. When, during the reign of Elizabeth, an affectation of male costume was made by the ladies, the practice was sharply satirised by Stubbes and Addison, with the result that it went into a decline. Later, toward the close of the seventeenth century, woman made another covert attack, and it took a fresh artillery of masculine jibes to quell the onslaught.

When a Hollywood actress burgeons forth in male regalia, the women of the nation are the first to denounce her action as the result of brain-fag on the part of the star's press-agent. The actress, like Mrs. Bloomer, meets with their thorough disapproval only because she is giving away, as it were, the plan women have of stealing masculine vestments. Certain early eccentrics who donned mail garb were visionaries; the women of their time denounced them because their well-known intuition told them that the day might come when they would want to do likewise, but that the time was not yet ripe for direct action.

At the present day, women have carried their nefarious plan so far forward that it is even apparent to the very myopic. Whereas in the past women borrowed masculine styles in spasmodic fits of blind desperation, they are now determined to take them over lock, stock and barrel. When they began to play man's sports, it was only natural that they should adapt his sports clothes to their own needs, and the theft was magnanimously condoned. When women marched upon the citadels of business, it was, again, only natural that they should put on disguises resembling the clothes of the businessman as closely as convention permitted. Their first beach pyjamas were wide, billowy affairs of flowery fabrics, which looked very much like skirts, and man still hardly suspected that he was being swindled out of his very overalls. The thing has reached such a point now that he has long since ceased to call his low heels and rubber soles his own, and, unless something pretty drastic is done about it, he will soon be forced to wave his white pocket-handkerchief as a signal of the surrender of his entire wardrobe to the invading hordes.

Desirous of determining the exact progress of woman's usurpation of man's clothes, I went into conclave with a young man whose business it is to keep abreast of the tides of style. I expected him to put up some resistance to my thesis, but I found that it had been rankling in him for some time.

"They swiped our balmacaans!" he shouted. "They ran away with our monk-front shoes! Our string gloves! Our foulard handkerchiefs! Our piqué vests! Our fedora hats! Our camel-hair polo coats! Our mess jackets!"

"Easy, easy, old boy," I cautioned, laying a pacifying hand on his shoulder. "Let's put it this way—what *haven't* they taken of ours?"

"Nothing!" he wailed. "Start at the head and work down—they've embezzled every idea we ever had in clothes.

"Our straws, our derbies, our cossack hat, our sailor hat, our beret—every last hat you can name. . . .

Continued on page 106

The Least Distressful Country

The Irish live on conversation, plus libation, plus horse racing, plus night life for the farmers

by JOHN J. McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •

"INDEED, you would not expect Mister O'Kennedy to come to his office on a fine day like this?"

"And why not?" I inquired rather impatiently.

I certainly had good reason for being annoyed. Had I not journeyed more than three thousand miles just to keep this particular appointment with Mister O'Kennedy in his office in Dublin? Had I not exchanged several letters with him for some weeks prior from New York completing arrangements for the meeting? Had I not only the day previous, upon my arrival in Cobh, wired him confirming the exact time of the appointment? Now that I was on hand at the appointed time, here was his secretary blandly informing me that he had no intention of even appearing in his office that day at all. Any wonder that I was annoyed! I should have been downright sore.

Evidently reading my perturbed state of mind, Mister O'Kennedy's secretary began to explain in a lofty, loquacious Celtic manner as though I was entirely at fault for even thinking that our appointment should have been fulfilled that day.

"Why" said she, very upstage, "should Mister O'Kennedy waste such a grand day in his stuffy office? What if he did make an appointment with you? Appointments can be made every day, but fine, clear August days like today are too rare for Mister O'Kennedy not to make the most of them with his boat on the Bay. When will he see you? Maybe tomorrow—if it's raining. Or maybe the next day. Anyway, it won't be long that you'll be waiting for it rains pretty often here in Ireland. And Mister O'Kennedy usually comes to the office those days for he can't think of any place else to go."

Fortunately the next morning it rained. A dank, dismal Dublin day. I found Mister O'Kennedy in but not before 10:30.

When I entered his private office, he was seated before a huge mahogany desk which was bare save for a phone. Upon a table close by was a bottle of Irish whiskey, glasses and the inevitable cutglass water pitcher which you will find wherever Irishmen are likely to tarry even for a moment —railroad stations, shops, theatres, offices, homes and, of course, the pubs. For all Ireland takes its national drink, whiskey, either neat or with a little water. Mister O'Kennedy, looking very much as though yesterday had not been exactly a smooth day on the Bay, was sipping a drink and staring at the soft rain dancing against the window panes. Without even glancing at me, Mister O'Kennedy waved gloomily towards the window and greeted me with:

"Isn't it a terrible day for a man to get any work done in his office? It rains here too often for a man either to work or get a bit of pleasure. The only possible way that he can keep hold of himself is to take a wee drink now and then, will you join me with a spot?"

Well, the one spot became two spots, three spots and four spots. Mister O'Kennedy was a most generous but slightly garrulous host.

Starting with the Irish climate as a lead-off argument, Mister O'Kennedy launched into a hundred and one other reasons why Ireland was the most distressful country you ever did see. Unsettled politics. High British tariffs and British domination for centuries. Too few profitable industries and too many unprofitable agricultural and cattle industries. How everybody just naturally does so little or no work at all. Ad infinitum.

However, in all his talk, Mister O'Kennedy made no apologies for, nor mention of, his having a holiday on the Bay when he should have been keeping a business appointment with me. Furthermore, he adroitly sparred off, and incidentally, nobody can beat the Irish for verbal blocking, any sallies of mine pertaining to the purpose of my visit to his office and the business I wanted to transact with him. Their expedient for stopping you verbally is simply to yes you. They are better at the yes game than Hollywood citizens.

Finally I bowed to his continued and really brilliant exposition of Ould Ireland and her eternal problems.

After my experience with Mister O'Kennedy, I automatically pigeonholed him not as a typical Irish businessman, but rather as a delightful, lackadaisical gentleman with a flair for discussing Irish conditions. He was the exception rather than the rule. Before I was in Dublin very many days, I discovered the exact opposite was true. Mister O'Kennedy with his contempt for accepted business methods and regular office hours was the personification of the average "Irishman of substance" as successful businessmen are dubbed in Dublin. Without exception, all whom I met, and I met quite a few, were like blood brothers of Mister O'Kennedy. Their technique and patter were exactly like his. Before you could pin them down to the business at hand, you always had first to take your fill of both Irish whiskey and the terrible state of dear old Erin.

In all fairness, I must admit that listening to all these O'Kennedys was not an ordeal. Far from it. Every one was a past master in pouring and at conversation. Without a doubt Dublin is the world's last stronghold of conversation. For Dublin, far more than London, is a man's town. Knowing man's, particularly the Irishman's, love for conversation, intelligent or otherwise, all Dublin is so arranged and built to eliminate women and permit Irishmen to do real justice to their Godgiven powers of speech.

All the offices are cozy, with huge fireplaces and well stocked whiskey cabinets. No female secretary may enter without first knocking at the door. The bars, and they are everywhere, are for men only. The same with many of the better eating places. Besides there are the swanky men's clubs —the Kildare, the Limerick—where you will find, any time of the day or night, large groups leisurely talking, and, of course, drinking, too. In Ireland, drinking and talking are synonymous. In fact, conversation and libation plus horse racing are by far the big male interests. The accepted primary interests of males of other nations, work and women, are secondary with Irishmen.

As I listened attentively to all these Dublin dissertations about the distressing state of Ireland and pondered them, I found that all the O'Kennedys had told me actually nothing that I had not heard many times before from Irish immigrants in America. All of them had the same woeful tales of the Emerald Isle.

After some time spent in Dublin and in tramping the beautiful Irish countryside, I became enlightened. I came to the frank conclusion that the O'Kennedys, and every other native-born Irishman, speak despairingly of Ireland because they do not want the world at large to discover that Ireland, instead of being the most distressful country, is in reality the least distressful country to live in. The Irish are cagey enough to know that if glamorous stories of their land were widely spread about, it might start a stampede of tourists and settlers to the Emerald Isle. That would not be so good! Look what happened to Majorca and other universally publicized Island paradises.

Maybe Ireland is not a paradise but it is heaps better than the Irish report abroad. For instance, take the much maligned Irish weather. It is nowhere near as bad as the average Celt complainingly says it is. Ireland is favored by the warm Gulf Stream which gives it a splendid year-round climate. According to official records of the Irish Free State, the average temperature is 50° F; the average summer temperature is 60° F and the average winter temperature 40° F. No country in so high a latitude suffers so little from winter cold, or has so high an average temperature. The Irish harbors are never ice-bound, though the

DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

country is in the same latitude as the tundra lands of East Labrador and as the Baltic shores of Germany. Snowfall is rare.

What difference do some soft rainy showers and occasional nippy weather make where there is always a snug pub, or a hospitable thatched-roof cabin close by where even a stranger can get a bracing nip plus the welcoming smile of new found friends and swell conversation every time, despite the hour.

Anyway, that inevitable soft rain and general warmth the year 'round are basically responsible for Ireland being the unforgettable beautiful Isle with its mossy swards, heather clad cliffs, picturesque lakes and dells which provide those lilting names for the Irish poets' deathless songs. As for sight-seeing, Ireland is the tourist's dream. Old ruins dating back to the Druids. Well-preserved medieval castles. Splendid edifices and public buildings built in the seventeenth century but still intact and in use today. Hundreds of interesting and amusing locales with tall traditions. A few are authentic, many deftly fabricated.

For the casual vacationist it possesses that rarely combined attraction of both mountains and seashore. There is always a salty tang in the air which in itself is a constant bracer. Miles and miles of silvery strands as grand as any on the Riviera. Swell ocean beaches where you can bathe with or without the benefit of even a one-piece suit. When it comes to swimming, there is nothing prudish about the Irish.

Splendid motoring roads and swift busses take you anywhere in a jiffy. Ireland is not a large country. It's only about the size of the State of Maine.

What does the Isle offer to the sportsman? Well, ask any Englishman. The knowing British sportsmen have been going there for centuries and have yet to complain about the golf, shooting, angling, riding, jumping and other multiple sport proclivities which abound in Ireland. The velvety, mossy Irish terrain with its rocky hazards provides natural golf links every bit as good as the cannily ballyhooed Scotch courses. Starting from the outskirts of Dublin, for instance, there are miles of grouse moors. And you can walk over them, up hill and down dale, without interference from irate property-owners. It is so everywhere in the bonny Irish Highlands. You have free range of shore, wood and mountain. The same with the trout streams. The country is positively studded with them where you can cast to your heart's content. Free. There is no tax on Irish sports. No snooping game wardens waiting with outstretched palms. Furthermore, no Irish farmer would ever think of posting a "keep off" sign on his property. He is too much of the sportsman himself.

The Irish farmer, like the Dublin O'Kennedys, does not take his own business too seriously. Thanks again to those soft rains and natural warmth, he should worry. His fields are among the best grazing lands in the world; far better than our own famed Kentucky Blue Grass or much heralded Western Plains. The Irish grass contains salt which eliminates that everlastingly tiresome task which American cowboys find so tedious, namely, salting the cattle. Streams abound. Hence, all the Irish farmer has to do with his stock is to turn them loose and let them fatten until they are ready for the market.

Neither is the rural Irishman in the clutches of either high rate utility companies or coal barons for his light and heat. The nights are twilight affairs till long past ten o'clock. After that, he either uses an inexpensive oil lamp or lets the one at the public house shed the necessary light. As for his heat, that costs him nothing. He burns peat, or turf as it is known over there. The Irish farmer simply cuts the turf from his own fields, lets it dry and he has his regular "coal supply." As for his liquor, there are plenty of potatoes around from which he can make his own Poteen.

Sure, the Irish farmer has time for sports. About eleven months out of the year. This "spare time" is devoted to talking, fishing, hunting or following the "Flapper Races." (Unofficial horse racing meets where everything goes and does.)

Unlike the American farmer, the Irish rancher does not usually live on his farm. A man would only have his wife and family

Continued in center of page 132

The Half-Way Van Winkle

The sleeper wakes, and looks for a show, a book, a song that will keep him awake, but alas—!

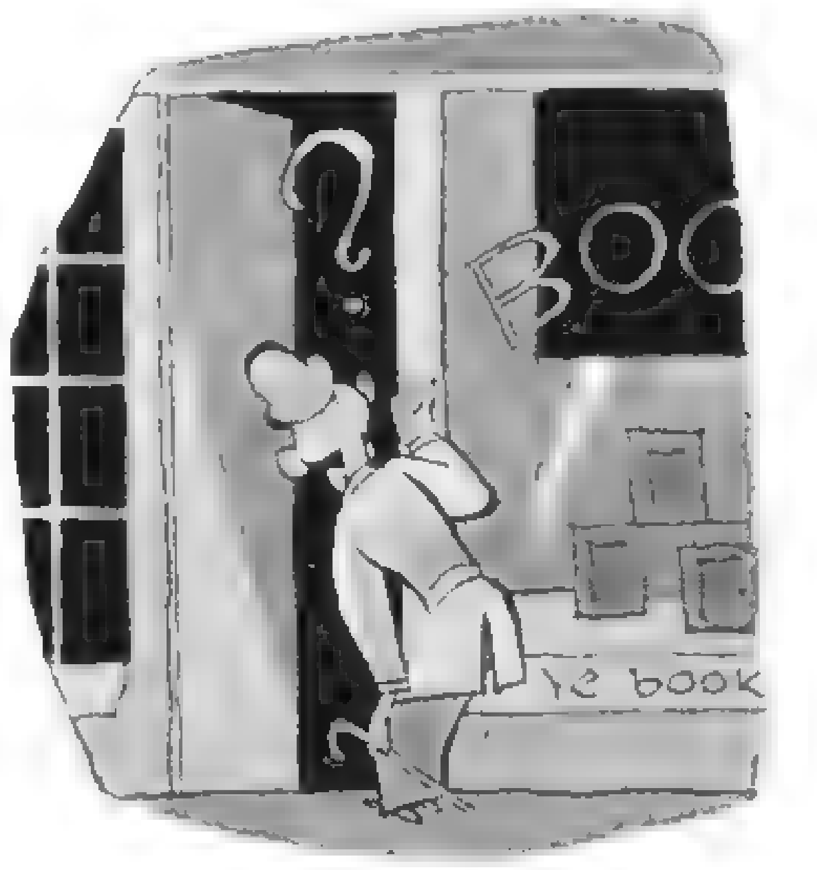
by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I SUPPOSE it is not very nice of me to have fun at the thought of the Metropolitan Opera Company floundering in deficits, dickering with radio, and listening to the proposals of the Mayor of New York for a series of popular productions which would leave the Met free to continue its usual series—I suppose, of unpopular operas. There is always some satisfaction in the come-up-ance of the high and mighty, and Grand Opera has been so snooty, so social, and fundamentally so dull for so many years, that my withers are unwrung or, in less Shakespearean language, I can't be bothered.

It occurred to me a little while ago to imagine a half-time Rip Van Winkle, a gentleman who had the good fortune to fall asleep at the beginning of the new era and did not wake up until now, which may be the end of the New Deal. I thought of him as an eminently sensible person who, immediately upon waking, would look about for ways of entertaining himself, and I wondered where he would find himself least at home. I do not think that the legitimate theatre would surprise him, although if the ten-year sleeper had been a dramatic critic (and why not?) he might feel that the theatre was less changing and less experimental than when he left it in 1925. He would know that small organizations in big cities are putting on proletarian plays, but, looking for an average, he would remember that in 1925 or so the Theatre Guild put on *Processional*, and that in 1935 it sponsored *Escape Me Never*, starring an actress, the whole thing being a throwback to 1910. (No disrespect to Miss Bergner in this; individual talents occur at any time.) If the awakened sleeper chose to run the risk of falling asleep again over a good book, he would find that the stimulus of James Joyce had more or less exhausted itself, and that, fundamentally, the best selling novels might have been written a generation ago. I cannot be sure about sport, except that there may be a little more hockey played now, and that champion matches among the prize-fighters are a little less the object of universal attention than they used to be. Grand Opera, I suspect, he would find deader than it was. Light opera he would find as charming as ever. Vaudeville he would not find at all.

I think the first sign of uneasiness would be when the man who had not had any fun since 1925 went to see a straight musical show. If he awoke in time to catch *As Thousands Cheer* on the road, he would be conscious of something more smart, more satirical, more connected with what is happening, than his 1925 experience would have led him to expect. And a kind friend would have to tell him that he had missed even more biting satire in the musical shows of two or three seasons ago. He would find that jazz is not as "hot" as it used to be, except in the hands of one or two negro bands.



He would look hopefully for half a dozen comedians and not find them. And then in the course of one day he would discover where the great changes in public entertainment had taken place—he would go to the movies and he would listen to the radio.

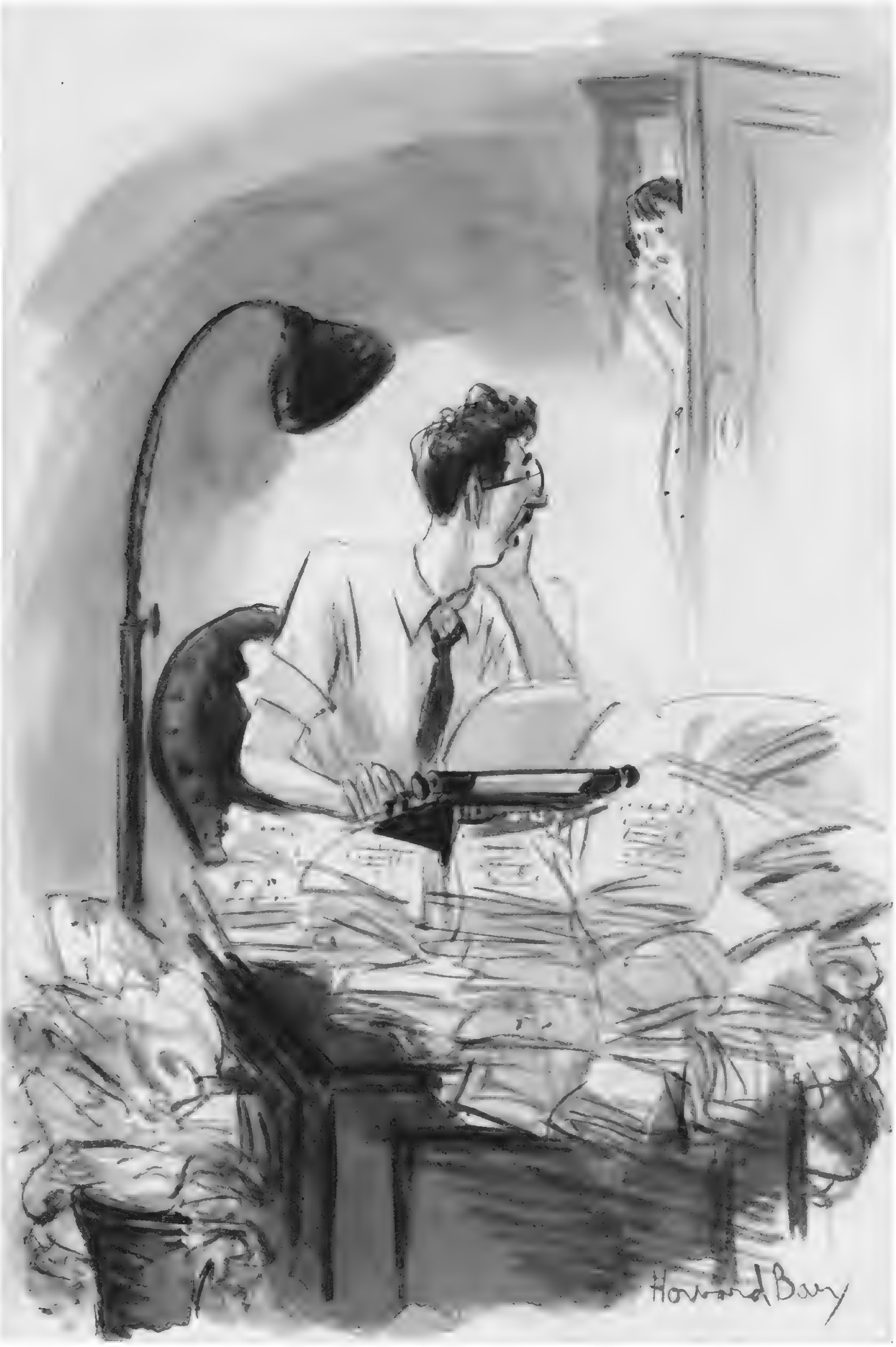
If at this point the pedantic readers of ESQUIRE—and what a bunch of pedants they are—would like to knock me over the head by pointing out that the talkies and the radio represent no change, but only newly invented machinery, I should have to do some fancy ducking to escape the blow. I have been around studios and know that new mechanisms have been invented; but I also know that these mechanisms have had a definite effect on the entertainment itself. My Rip Van Winkle, entering a movie house, might be startled by the bellows of sound which issued from the screen, but if he managed to become accustomed to them he would say at the end that this is really something different from the old movie. The fact that the people have to talk at all compels them to verge on intelligence, and wit, which is largely a verbal quality, is as natural to the talkies as humor, which is not, was natural to the silent pictures. Looking at them with the eye of eternity, you may say that the talkies are fundamentally as false and foolish as the old movies were; but taking them for an evening's entertainment, they are better stuff, because they have a wider range. (Incidentally, my visitor from 1925 would have his first glimpse of the Silly Symphonies—I envy him.)

Players in the movies still show their faces and bodies, and occasionally do something interesting with them. The man who first comes to the radio would simply not believe that any actor, especially a comedian, would be willing to give up all the arts of pantomime and gesture, and depend on his voice alone. Taking him firmly by the hand, I would then explain to him the miraculous system of sponsored broadcasts, and point out to him that $5,000 for half an hour's appearance, even if it does involve some preliminary rehearsing, is attractive money. If he told me that the comedians could not be funny with their words alone, I would maintain a dignified silence while some of his old stage favorites played to the air, and let him form his own judgment on Stoopnagle and Budd and Raymond Knight, and a few others of whom he had never heard. He might turn out an old deplorer or a new enthusiast; in either case he would know that here is some new thing. He might say, after he had read the papers for a few days, that during his sleep the world had gone through a ghastly convulsion, and that all the famous major arts had either been unaffected by it or become intimidated by it, but that, in the radio and the movies at least, people had seen the necessity of development and change. If he was a robotophobe he might complain about machinery; on the other hand, he might say that speech preceded the written word, and it is quite possible that all literature, the moment it came to be written, began to be corrupted. He might find in the radio and the movies the beginning of a tendency back towards speech.

And then he might ask, if people say that all this is mechanism: What have they done in the other arts? Are there psychological changes or aesthetic changes in the theatre and the opera and novels? I doubt whether he would get an important answer.

He would know that Ring Lardner is dead and irreplaceable, and he would think it only natural that the way Ring Lardner had of reproducing the accent and the cadence of American speech is now the common property of serious writers—Mr. John O'Hara, for instance, and his admirer, Mr. Ernest Hemingway. I think he would look in vain for a great popular humorist, and find that our comic writers are all either sophisticated or trying to be. He would find that, with two or three exceptions, our comic strip men had become dramatists either of adventure or of domestic life—I hope he would not like that.

And of course he might, after looking over the entire field, decide that he had not slept half long enough, and go back for another ten years. There are moments when I am afraid I would not attempt to dissuade him.


Howard Baer

"I think I'll have to make this short short a novel"

Held for Ransom

He who seeks poetry in Arabian tombs finds his own wife in a bandit chieftain's loot-chest

by WARREN HASTINGS MILLER

• ARTICLE •

THEY were my first Azdjer Tuareg. They came into the fonduk gate and crossed the court as if they owned it. The effect on all the caravan drivers was curious to watch. Each man of them glanced sidewise out of his burnouse hood, muttered, and went on playing chess or drinking coffee at the low taborets set out under the shade of the lean-tos. There was a prolonged and furtive, "*Alla-a-ah! Er-Rachmani!*" You would have thought that two lions were at large in the caravanserai.

They were tall and excessively lean giants. I could not see their faces for the blue masks that came up to just below their eyes, but the brown foreheads and the shape of the eyebrows made them look like very dark Danes. They were enveloped in voluminous blue cottons and bore huge white cowhide shields with Tuareg characters on them in black, and slender iron spears about eight feet long. A straight, double-edged sword hung down their backs by a shoulder harness of white cloth.

"Go not nigh them, Ya Sidi. Lo, the Accursed-of-God! Verily, murder is like the drinking of milk with them." Ben Sedira, the fonduk-keeper, has come out to join me, now that the Tuareg have stalked through the sprinkling of donkeys and hens and babies sprawling in the dust. They are well over by the north wall, where the line of camels is parked.

I don't know about that. They come from the Tassillis, that range of volcanic mountains thirty miles to the south of this fonduk. I must go down there because the records show the tomb of Sidi Zazour is somewhere in the foothills. He was a contemporary of Sidi Okba, who, you will remember, conquered all North Africa in the Sixth Century. He was the chap who rode his horse into the Atlantic and said," Ya Allah, I bear witness that there are no more lands to conquer in Thy name!" Sidi Zazour was a poet. The historian, Ibn Khaldoun, says that some books of the Ten Arabian Poets are buried with him, and it is those that I am after.

Yes, believe it or not, I am a professor of Oriental languages. I am not a he-man, nor even a good shot with a revolver; but the work of adding to Sir Charles Lyell's translations of the Ten Arabians is worth while, and it does take you into some dangerous places. They are great stuff, these grim lines of those poets who wrote before Mahomet came to turn everything religious.

"Don't go too near them, Jimmy. Please don't." Jess has come out of our lean-to, on hearing the commotion, and is standing beside me. My wife is some years younger than I. She looks like a boy in that big sun helmet and the riding breeches and puttees. Her blouse has a big open collar, and her smooth neck is sunburned down to the curve of her breasts. She always comes along on these trips, to keep me out of trouble.

"I won't. We've got to establish some sort of friendly understanding with these people, haven't we? We're going into their country. Some sort of tribute-payment is best. No; you'd better stay here." Jess has started to go along with me. There is no use in arguing with her."

"I don't like their looks, Jimmy. They might spring at you. If anything is going to happen, I'd rather it was both of us."

They are standing together, looking over our two white mehari camels. I keep my distance. I have read all about that long Tuareg dagger that they carry up their left sleeves. It is in a scabbard of red Kanodye leather with a wrist band. It has a double hilt, wound with brass wire, and the fellow snatches it out with his right hand and lunges, all in one motion. You have no time to draw a gun or anything. They speak a kind of Berber, so I try them in that language. "Good camels?"

They both whirl and stare. Involuntarily their hands jump for the left wrist. I can see the hilt of that dagger jutting out between the second and third fingers.

"*Ughrrrrr!*" Their eyes register, principally, astonishment that I can speak their language; but it is like trying to make friends with a couple of tigers.

I point at the camels and gesture south toward the Tassillis. "Good? We pay tribute. Give this to your amenocal." I show them a hundred-lira note. "Tell him I come."

They stride towards us, shields on one side, tall spears in the right hand. "Gosh, Jimmy!" I hear Jess whimper.

You have to stand and take it. My man reaches out for the note; the other grounds his spear and puts out a claw and pulls open Jess' blouse. Yes, she is a woman. He is satisfied on that point. She stands firm. You have to put up with these primitive explorations.

My fellow seems to have made up his mind. His eyes glint and his teeth are probably showing behind that blue mask.

"Good. You come. Amenocal is Sidi ag Immidir."

That is the name of his chief. I offer them cigarettes and draw hostile stares. "Give them to the Arabs," they gesture scornfully. False step, that, but we are getting on with it. I ask if there is a round dome anywhere in their country that would be the marabout of Sidi Zazour.

A torrent of discussion in Tamaheque, bristling with *nn's* and *tt's*. Between them they finally get it through their heads what a dome is, and say, yes. Lying, probably. Any native will tell you he's got what you are looking for.

Jess and I walk with them across the court. I am getting the hang of some of their common prepositions, which are not Berber but Cretan Greek. I feel a pluck at my elbow.

"Beware, Ya Sidi! Go not out the gate!"

Ben Sedira, according to his lights, has risked his life to tell me that.

But why not? He is scared pink. I have established a pratique, and we might as well see their camels and get some ideas on equipment for travel in the Tassillis. We go out the gate.

Their meharis are like ours, but reddish and flea-bitten. The saddles have a tall spade-shaped cantle, and the pommel is a high cross, around which you grip your thighs. Ours are the red *rahla*, more like a leather basin, but more comfortable. Their mehara have canopies of red leather netting to keep off desert flies. Their coats are so thin as to be almost hairless.

The Tuareg mount and goad their beasts up on the long stilt legs with the usual, "*Oooosh! Udrrrr!*" that every camel knows. My chap reaches down his hand for good-bye; the other starts in with Jess.

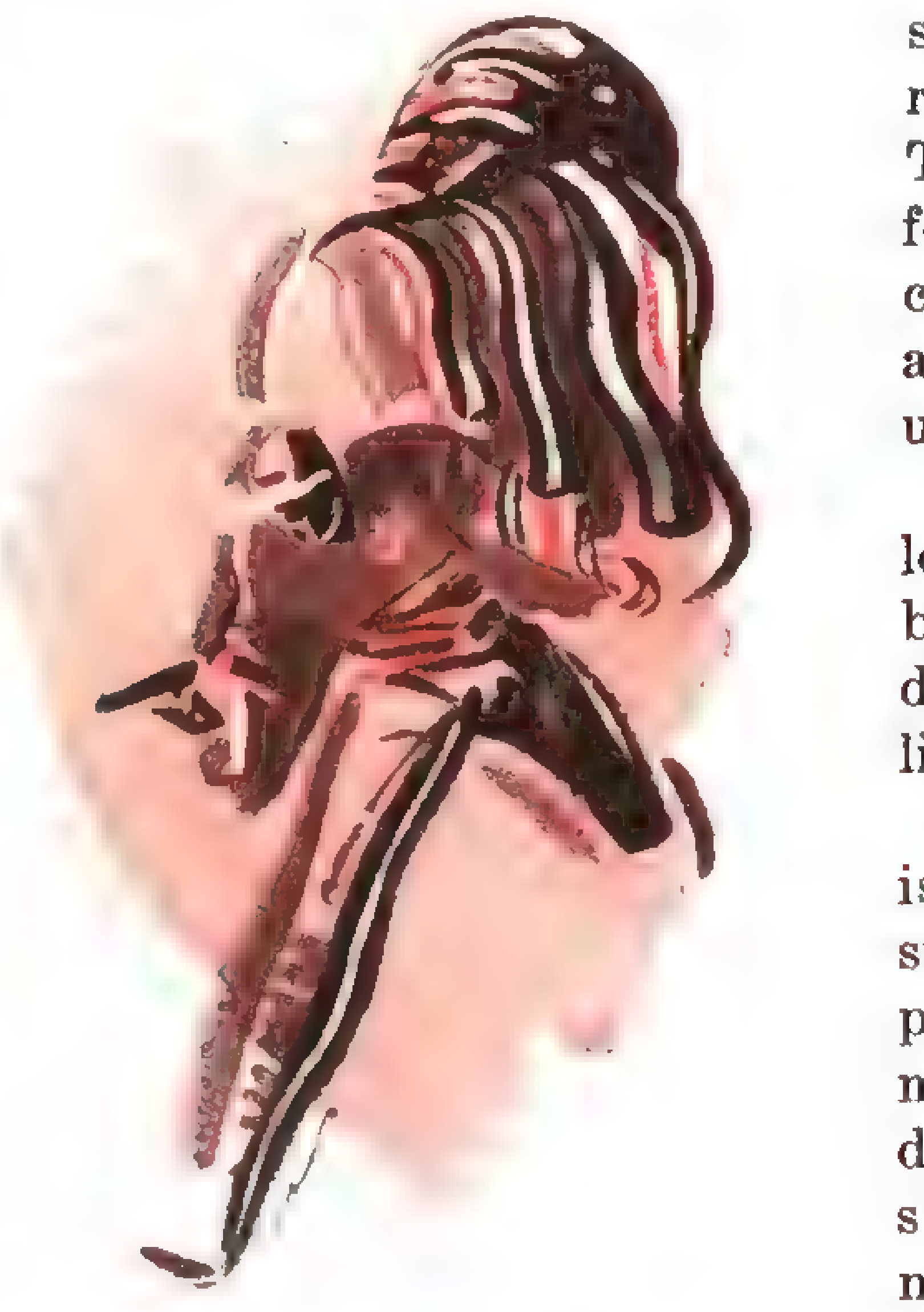
And then things happen, sudden and treacherous enough to knock you down. That fellow does not let go Jess' hand, but flings her up across his lap by the arm, as you would a rag-doll, and off they go in a tremendous gallop. I shout, "*Hey!*" and sprint after them. Now, in a book, the hero flashes out his gun, and *Bang! Bang!* both camels go down—but you try it!

It was ten long seconds before I came to my senses and pawed furiously at the holster. I was yelling, "*Hey! . . . Stop!*" like a madman, pounding the sand as if ploughing through glue, my heart sickened and faint with anguish, rage, torment. It had all been so sudden. Of such stuff are we made, when the agony of reality is upon us.

At long last the revolver is raised, and —no, not aimed. My hand is shaking like a leaf. You try it, with a pounding pulse of about a hundred and thirty! The revolver is a police positive .38, and that front bar sight covers an entire camel at the distance they are now. Jess's head is conspicuous in a round dot beyond his left side. Her faint cries come back to me. The other Tuareg is subduing her kicking legs.

No, I do not fire. That head is the very place where Satan will direct the bullet . . .

I race back to the fonduk. Ben Sedira is wagging his beard sententiously. "I warned thee not to go without the gate, Ya Sidi."



"Peace, thou! How many of them will ride with me in pursuit? Tell them to name their price."

"May Allah satisfy all thy wants, Ya Sidi! Nay, a man is as nigh to death as a beggar to poverty in the Tassillis. Nevertheless I will ask them."

The camel-drivers under the lean-tos turn their heads once, laugh, and go on playing chess.

I walk like a dead man across the court, unhitch my mehari and Jess's, tie the nose-ring rein of her animal to my saddle, and mount.

"*Ooosh! Udrrr!*" Hamdani unjoints his hind legs and I am pitched forward, holding tight to the bone handle that juts out of the saddle. His front legs straighten and I lurch backward, nearly unseated. Curious . . . These violences of a camel's uprising have come so familiar as not to have been noticed for a long time now. Her mehari goes through the same formula under the tug of the nose-rein, and we amble across the court.

"O Camel-driver! Take thou message to a dead man there!" That line from Lebid, of the Ten Arabians, is in my mind as we pass out the gate. That dead man is me. He has lost his reason who rides alone into the Tassillis. Prudence would insist on my sending a rider at top speed up to Djado, to call out the *mehariste* patrol, and then go ransom her in the regular way, with a force of the Italian Government at my back. But this requires immediate action, arrival within the hour after them, unless Jess is to endure unspeakable horrors.

The tracks are easy to follow. Two lines of camel-pugs across the flat sands. The wind will turn them back into sand-ripples in half a day. I cannot see the two Tuareg ahead. They are already over the rim of the horizon, which is seven miles off from the height of my saddle. My mehari stretches out straight his long neck, and I dip and sway to his fast pace. This racing camel is good for a hundred and fifty miles at this speed of fifteen miles an hour. Enough to get there, ransom her, and return by nightfall.

I reflect on my foolhardiness as the red wall of the Tassillis steadily rises. The French have the Azdjer Tuareg fairly subdued, on their side of the border, and maintain a strong garrison and a wireless tower at Djanet. The Italians have hardly begun on them yet, on my side of the Tassillis. I must go it alone. This amenocal may honor my ransom paper, or he may just take it away from me and keep us both. It is a governmental form, made out in Tripoli, in Italian, Arabic, and Berber. You deposit twenty thousand lira with the Banco Nazionale, and the bandit may collect at any poste. A sort of explorer's insurance; but there is nothing to make this Tuareg amenocal do anything about it.

We approach the foothills of the mountains. A ghastly range, all sharp peaks and precipices, like the mountains of the moon. There is no vegetation save the purple desert lily that has no water to spare for leaves. I cock my revolver and have it ready. Those two have seen me following from up here, of course, and may lay me an ambush. We begin climbing up a stony trail.

"For I have seen Doom let out in the dark like a blind camel; those it struck died—but those it missed lived to grow old."

That couplet of Zuhair's is heartening. They were stark fatalists, those grim poets before Mahomet. A man walks open-eyed to his doom, and the Blind Camel strikes him down, or it misses; it is all chance.

The trail twists and turns up and up through those ragged red peaks. I negotiate the turns, revolver poised, nose-rein taut. Nothing . . . We are in a great gorge with a tiny brook purling down it. It vanishes in a red lava cave to my right, to join the underground waters of the Sahara. Watchfully we climb the gorge. And then, over the saddle between two tall peaks, we are at the encampment of this clan of the Azdjer Tuareg.

There are a few low goat-hair tents, open in front. Women unveiled are seated on leather cushions within them, and playing the *amzad*, a kind of lute. The men stand around, silent, motionless, masked. Grim statues, with spears grounded and the huge white shields relaxed in the arm-brace. I am expected, evidently. No one says a word.

I holster the revolver and raise my right hand. "Peace."

No one moves. The eyes stare over the masks, piercing, hostile. It is to wait them out.

Presently the chief comes of the big tent on my left that occupies the best site. "What do you want, Roumi?" he asks in Arabic.

"Talk. May I dismount, O amenocal?"

He gestures, and a black *harratine* slave leads away my camels. I walk with him to the tent and lay hand quickly on its pole. "*Ana dakhilak*, O amenocal," I proclaim. That formula, "I am thy guest," is inviolate for three days with the Arabs.

The chief laughs. "That is of no avail here, Ya Sidi. How much do you want for the girl?"

He is direct in coming to the point! I gesture deprecatingly. "She is, doubtless, not worth many words between men, O chief; but it is my pleasure to buy her from you. Lo, here is the ransom paper of the Italieni."

He waves it away. "*Nenn! Nek aoua!* Too dangerous to collect. The sands do not cover tracks for some hours."

I gather that the Italian post commander pays promptly, but he follows up the marauders and brings them all to justice. The shifting sands protect the location of this pirates' lair. My paper would give it away. They do not want that kind of loot.

The chief claps his hands. *Harratines* appear and go within the curtains of the women's quarters of the tent. I hear cackles and squalls of Arabic, in the liquid feminine tones that make it sound so different than the harsh male speech. They come out struggling with a huge chest.

"To thine eye, merchant!"

The slaves lift the cover, and all the loot of a hundred raids is within. Ostrich plumes and ivory from the Sudan. Bags of gold dust. Silks from the souks of Tripoli. Khybele and Mzab jewelry. Brass and silver from Tunis. They have done well with the caravans to Kano! These same Azdjers looted a caravan of four thousand camels in 1911 and took thirteen millions in booty—leaving Tripoli flat broke.

What am I to do with this stuff? It is obvious that I shall not get far away with it; nor does he have to make me any offer at all for Jess. Some sort of trap is being laid for me.

Before I can pretend to haggle, a weeping girl bursts through the curtains and flings herself at the chief's feet. She is an Ouled Naïl that he has bought somewhere, with all her gold coins on her in strings and circlets.

The finery in the chest is hers, too, I learn from her passionate outcries. She protests it being given away for this new infatuation of the amenocal's. He spurns her brutally with his foot.

Then Jess follows her in. She looks like a harlot. Her nails and lips have been hennaed bright red. Her great brown eyes are darkened with kohl. She has on filmy embroidered silks of pantaloons and jacket, and I must admit that she looks ravishing

Continued in center of page 138

This Puzzling World

Here are the Three Unsolvables with their solutions and here is the answer to How Old is Ann

by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

• ARTICLE •

The greatest word-puzzler I ever knew lived at one of the Mills Hotels in New York. The Mills Hotels, as you may or may not know, are the last respectable refuge of the poor. You can stay at a Mills Hotel for fifty cents a night; possibly the rates are lower by the week. Your fifty cents give you a cubicle to yourself, with chicken-wire running around the top; in this cubicle is a cot, and there is a chair; and on the wall is a shelf with some hooks under it.

I never knew this word-puzzler's real name; never saw him. All his communications (written in pencil on Mills Hotel stationery, which is a grade worse than the YMCA letter-paper used by the AEF) were signed simply "Neophyte." Neophyte used to send in neat squares and diamonds and rhomboids made of words. During the cross-word puzzle craze he contributed several constructions, but they were far too difficult for the public consumption.

Neophyte was a fairly regular correspondent for awhile, and then he simply stopped sending things in. I was running the puzzle page on the old New York World at the time, and for awhile I inserted paragraphs in the space given over to puzzle-notes: "Neophyte please write." "No word from Neophyte for much too long" and so on. I never heard anything from him, though. He disappeared entirely—a misty shadow of genius in his Mills Hotel. I think he was tall and thin, with a white moustache and old-man's-blue eyes. It is ten years now since I last heard from him.

Neophyte was a member of the National Puzzler's League. This is a National organization of people interested in word puzzles. Their membership runs into the thousands, and includes people from nearly every walk in life.

They have conventions twice a year, at which they pass resolutions aiming at the improvement of the breed of puzzles; then they have contests in cryptogram solving; and the affair winds up with a banquet. Their official organ, *The Enigma*, prints letters, suggestions, and short articles, all dealing with puzzles, and the cream of the crop of brain-twisters.

This group, we must hasten to add, is interested solely in word-puzzles. They consider cross-word puzzles and what we common folk know as anagrams (take LIFTS with an E, for instance) beneath their dignity. They will dally with a cryptogram, providing it is really hard; but their chief joy is construction. Geometrical forms made of words are their pride and delight. They have been struggling for nearly seventy years to make a word-square based on QUIVIVE—without success. You might like to try it; start with QUIVIVE written this way:

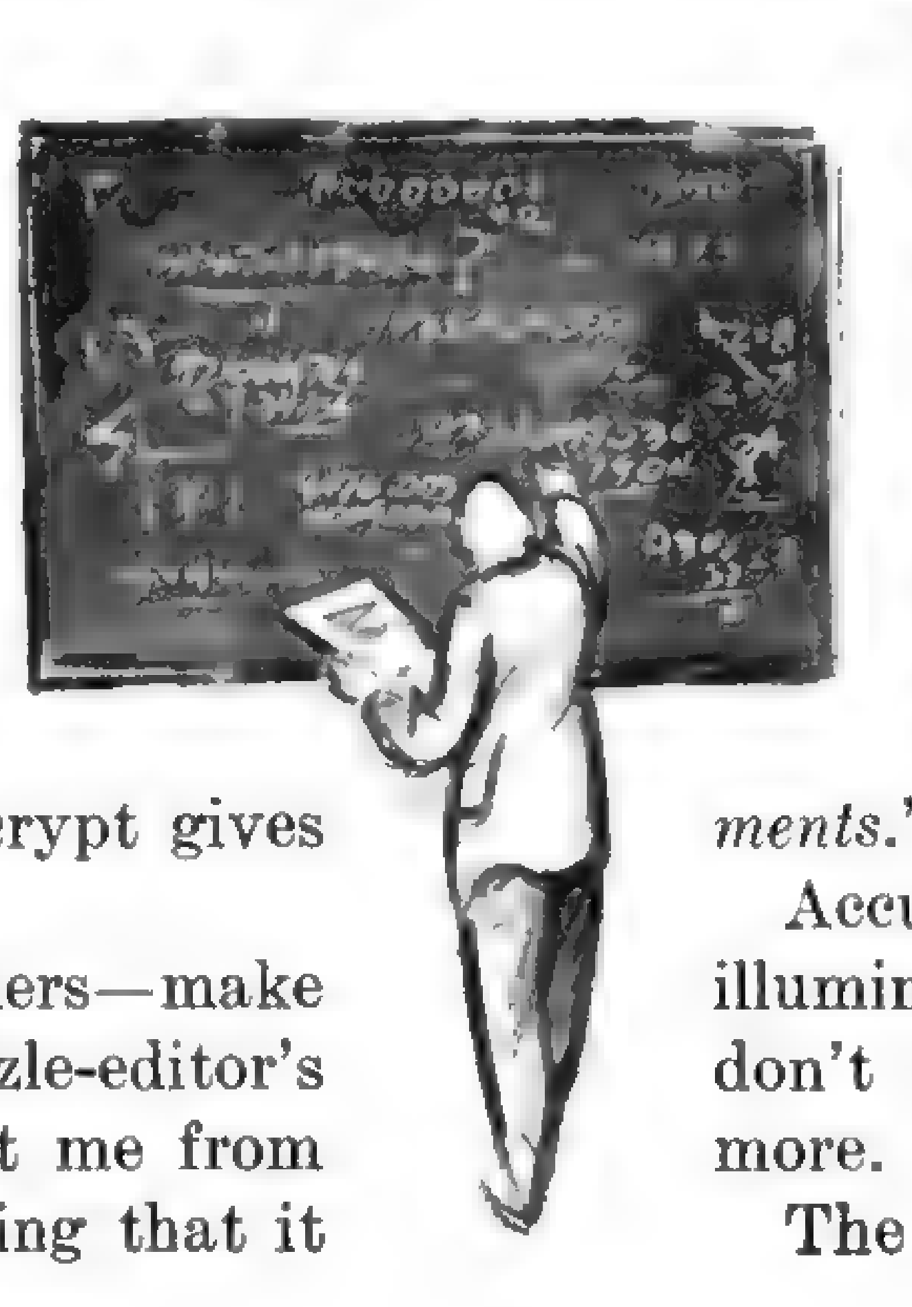
– – – – – – q
– – – – – – u
– – – – – – i
– – – – – – v
– – – – – – i
– – – – – – v
q u i v i v e

and fill the blanks with letters to make words reading the same across as down. The League is big-hearted: no word that is printed in any book of reference is barred: but no one has yet succeeded in filling in that square.

Cryptograms—which are, of course, simply messages coded by substituting other letters for the originals—are, as already hinted, another source of pleasure to the League; but don't be misled by the simplicities printed in the daily newspapers. The American Black Chamber, or anyone else interested, is hereby challenged to break this one, made by a Leaguer whose nom-de-riddle is "Hercules," and generally voted by the League the hardest ever constructed:

XZAKYBMQ ZBJXQFHM FNDXBGVP MRNDS NFTJXYGVA, KBLEXDP ZQPJBLND EZRNXBMA; JFBYPDGTM VZDJXRMT FTPDBZN YZJHPVGBQ, LTDXBZA AGBQPXLN.

Women are great word-puzzlers, better than men as a rule. Perhaps women are better at the inspired guess. A girl whose nom is BAM is away ahead of the field at cryptogram-solving, but her method is unknown to me or to any of her acquaintances—possibly to herself. All anybody knows is that Bam takes a cryptogram, goes into the silence, and comes out with the letter R properly placed. After filling in all the R's she brings logic into play and the crypt gives up the ghost.



Cryptograms—or rather ciphers—make up a good percentage of a puzzle-editor's mail. I recall one that was sent me from the Far West, with a letter stating that it had been found in a hollow stone the size of an egg in somebody's back yard while digging a new cellar. The message itself was in numbers, and not very difficult to break: it was the type, sometimes called the Mirabeau system, in which the alphabet is scrambled and then divided into groups, each group receiving a number and each letter in the group a number; thus 74-52 would mean the seventh letter in the fourth group and the fifth letter in the second group. The odd part of the matter is that the message, when deciphered, really did locate, at least approximately, a buried treasure or a lost mine (the wording was ambiguous) somewhere in Peru. I sent back the solution, with some notes on the dubious part and a request to see the original; and was greeted with—silence. Not a word more did I ever hear. Chests of doubloons and pieces-of-eight, or lodes with the yellow fairly oozing out of their sides, may have been the result of that bit of decipherment; but I don't know, and probably never will. For awhile I had hopes that the mail would bring me notice that a small claim had been staked out in my name, or that one of the less important cases of rubies had been expressed to me. But no such fortune has arrived.

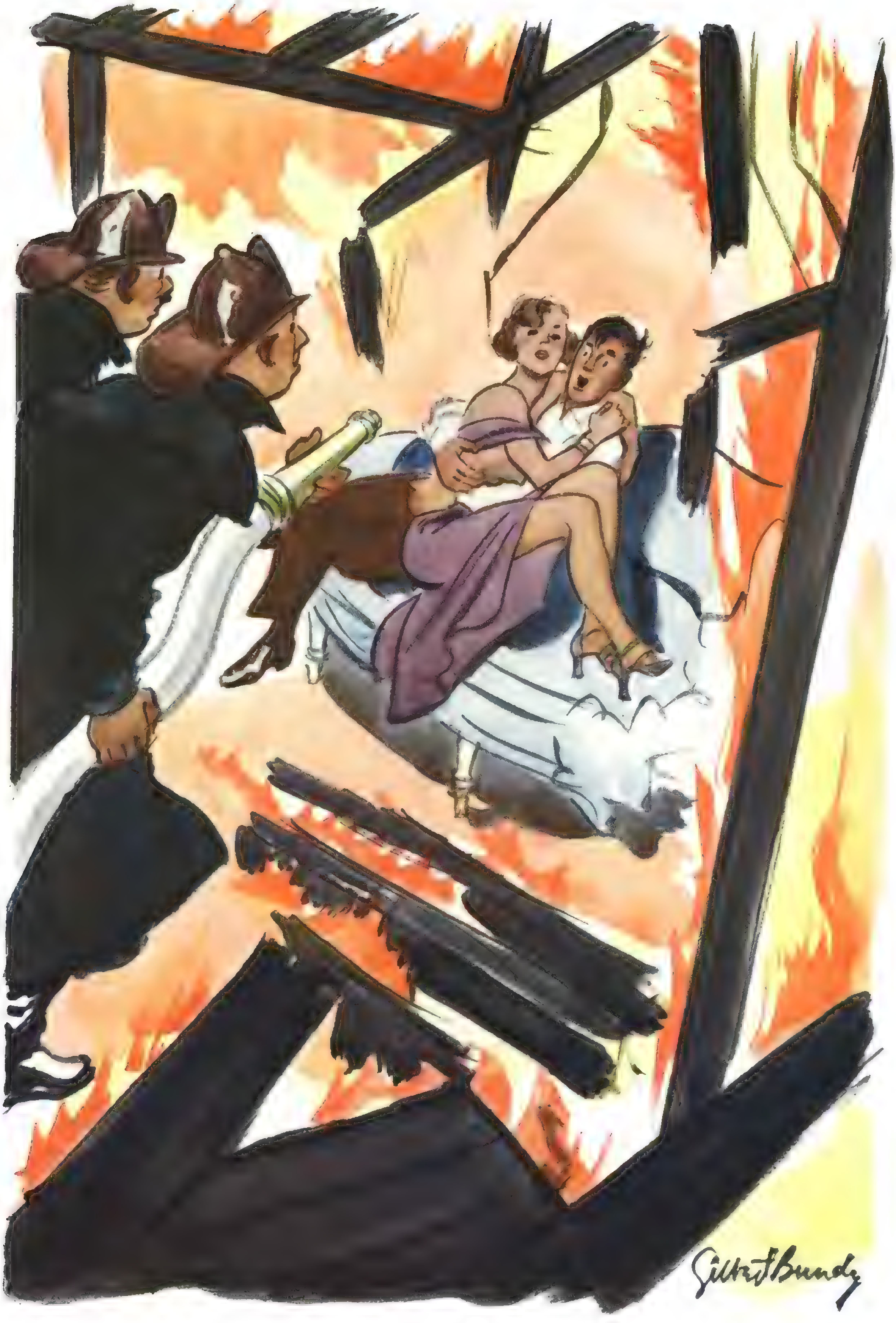
That is an irritating thing about puzzle editing. Letters that run "The enclosed puzzle has been in my family for over a hundred years. Will you please solve it for me?" are duly attended to, and occasionally seem worthy of thanks; but the human side is never seen. Is it some great-grandmother whose last days I have eased by providing her with the answer to the vexed question "How Old Is Ann?" Or is it some sprig of the rising generation who has unearthed the dusty set of numbered blocks and who, anxious to get back to whatever pastimes the rising generation occupy themselves with, has cast his burden upon me? I do not know. I never shall know. I can only hope for the best, as in the case of the young man who sent me a cipher with a letter stating that it was his sweetheart's reply to his proposal of marriage. I sent him the message decoded, which read as follows:

"*Cleopatra, whilom Egyptian queen, bedazzled not only Mark Antony but Julius Caesar with Nilotic enchantments.*"

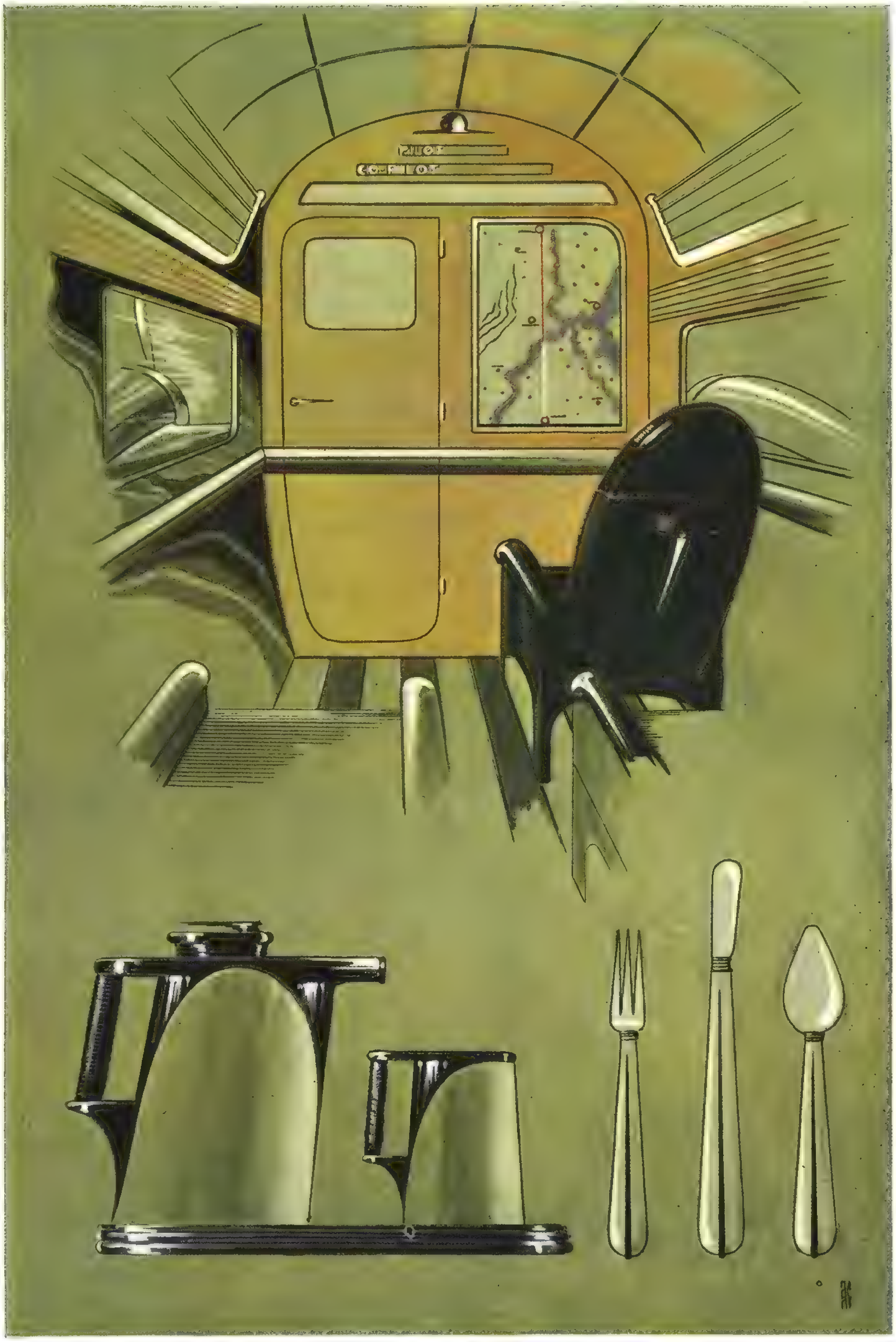
Accurate, perhaps, but scarcely illuminating. What happened? I don't know; I never heard any more.

The mathematical puzzle, per-

Continued on page 137



"What fire?"



DETAIL FOR A MODERN AIRLINER

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

CLEAR-EYED and tinkly-voiced stewardesses, coolly competent while agreeably companionate, are the most important of all the streamlined interior features of the modern airliner. But try as he might, our demon designer could think of no way of improving them. Hence his suggestions are confined to such secondary objects as improved containers to replace the paper utensils still in use even on such model planes as the Douglas and Boeing, a suggestion for improved luggage compartments higher up toward the ceiling, concealed curtains, more efficient seating and—oh yes,—an ingenious position map to relieve the tedium of distance flights, comparable to those of the transoceanic liners.

Vive La Legion!

The Knight of today is a brave legionnaire who would gladly give his all for a beau jest

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

▪ SATIRE ▪

Editor's Note: *Mr. Knight has done it again. This time he tells how he—aw, what the hell! Go on and read it. You're not going anywhere are you?*

Above: Lost on the desert! The author near death from thirst at a dried-up water hole. This photograph was taken by a fellow legionnaire just before the relief column arrived. He is unable to explain what is apparently a motion picture director at the left or the glass of water on the table, unless it is a mirage. But, as he points out, mirages are made in heaven.

The author being decorated for bravery under camera fire by General Fouie in the Will Hays Cabinet. The author wears his numerous decorations on an extension so that no medal can touch him.

The author in the scene for which he won the Croix de Guerre palms down. He is not at first identified because of the beard, but the German movie star who played opposite him is easily recognized.

You will ask me why I joined the Foreign Legion. Those of us who go to the Legion leave our pasts behind us. A woman, you will say. Peut-etre—"maybe"—as we of the Legion put it—but wild horses will never drag it from me. No! In the first place where can you find a wild horse and in the second place my writings are noted for being frank—sometimes even for being frank harris—and I'll be *glad* to tell you.

One night some of the boys were whooping it up in Harry's New York Bar in Paris. This was about 1920 and a number of us Americans who had fought together during the war were discussing the new veterans' association which was being formed at home. We didn't know much about the Legion at that time, but we all decided we'd join it and I was appointed to form the Paris chapter.

Accordingly the next morning, after having had the usual continental breakfast of French coffee and French cocotte*, I walked down the boulevard with a flower in my buttonhole and thoughts of home in my heart.

First I would become a member of the American Legion—then I would form the Paris branch.

"Pardon Monsieur," I said to a gendarme (policeman). "Je veux to join le Legion."

"Dit quelle?" (says what) answered the gendarme.

"Je veux to join le legion," I said, repeating it more slowly this time, as some of the Paris gendarmes come from the provinces and do not speak Parisian French.

"Venez encore," (come again) requested the gendarme.

"Je veux to join le legion," I said for the third time.

"Ah!" said the gendarme. "Non (not) *le* legion—*La* Legion!"

"Quel est le difference?" (what's the difference) I said.

"Ah Monsieur," (ah mister) answered the gendarme. "La Legion est *feminine!*"

"Not the *American* Legion, Buddy!" I shot back and I socked him one. Leaving him where he lay, I removed my brass knuckles and proceeded to the Left Bank where I had an account and where the manager spoke fairly good French.

"Bon jour," (Good day) I said to the manager. "Joyeux Noel" (Merry Christmas) he replied. "Je veux to join la Legion," I said.

"La Legion?" he replied.

"Oui," (yes) I said.

"Mais oui," (but yes) he beamed. "Moi, ce fait tres heureuse le faire." (Me it makes three happy it to do.)

"Maintenant vous parlez," (now you're talking) I said, and I followed him down the rue (street) to a large office where a man in uniform was sitting at a desk.

"Bon jour," (see above) said the Manager. "Mon bon ami (an American scouring powder which hasn't scratched yet) wish to join La Legion."

"C'est bon," (swell) replied the soldier and after a short physical examination I was given a paper to sign. The next thing I knew I was on the way to Algiers. The damn manager spoke a patois and I had joined the Foreign Legion instead of the American Legion!

For those of my readers who do not know about the Foreign Legion I shall give you a brief description. Those of you who go to the movies may skip it.

The Legion is composed of men of different nationalities who wish to get away from it all. They wear white pants, long blue coats with the ends pinned back to prevent them from tripping on them, and street car conductors' hats with napkins hanging down in the rear so that the backs of their necks will not get sunburned. They live in the desert and fight natives on an eight-hour basis.

The motto of the Legion well expresses the spirit of this "motley crew of adventurers" from *Beau Geste*, a Metro-Goldilocks-Minsky release). It is "It never rains but it pour la France."

Now that you have this background, let me proceed with my story. On arriving at the Legion Headquarters at Agar-Agar (a stone's throw outside Algiers if you have a catapult), I was assigned to the Second Regiment of the Infantry.

The Second Regiment was made up of Germans, Hungarians, Swiss, Swedes, Bulgarians, Letts, Lapps, Senegalese, Dyk-Dyks, Chinese, Armenians, Portuguese, Greeks, Scotch, Rye, Japanese, Javanese, White Russians, Red Indians, Orangemen, Greenlanders, and Rock of Gibraltarans. The Third Regiment had the same proportion of nationalities but was composed exclusively of New Yorkers.

First I was introduced to the other members of my company. The Legion had two men to a company, following the old military rule that "two's company and three's a crowd."

He was a Greek by the name of Popocatapetl and was called Pop for short. Before we could say his name we had teamed up with two other dandy fellows by the name of Rausmittem (a German) and Sun Set Soon, (a Chinese). Together we went out looking for apartments and shortly before taps blew we had found one, a delightful little walk-up with a shower and kitchenette. Incidentally, "taps" is a bugle call used to summon the man who repairs the regiments' shoes.

Continued in center of page 156

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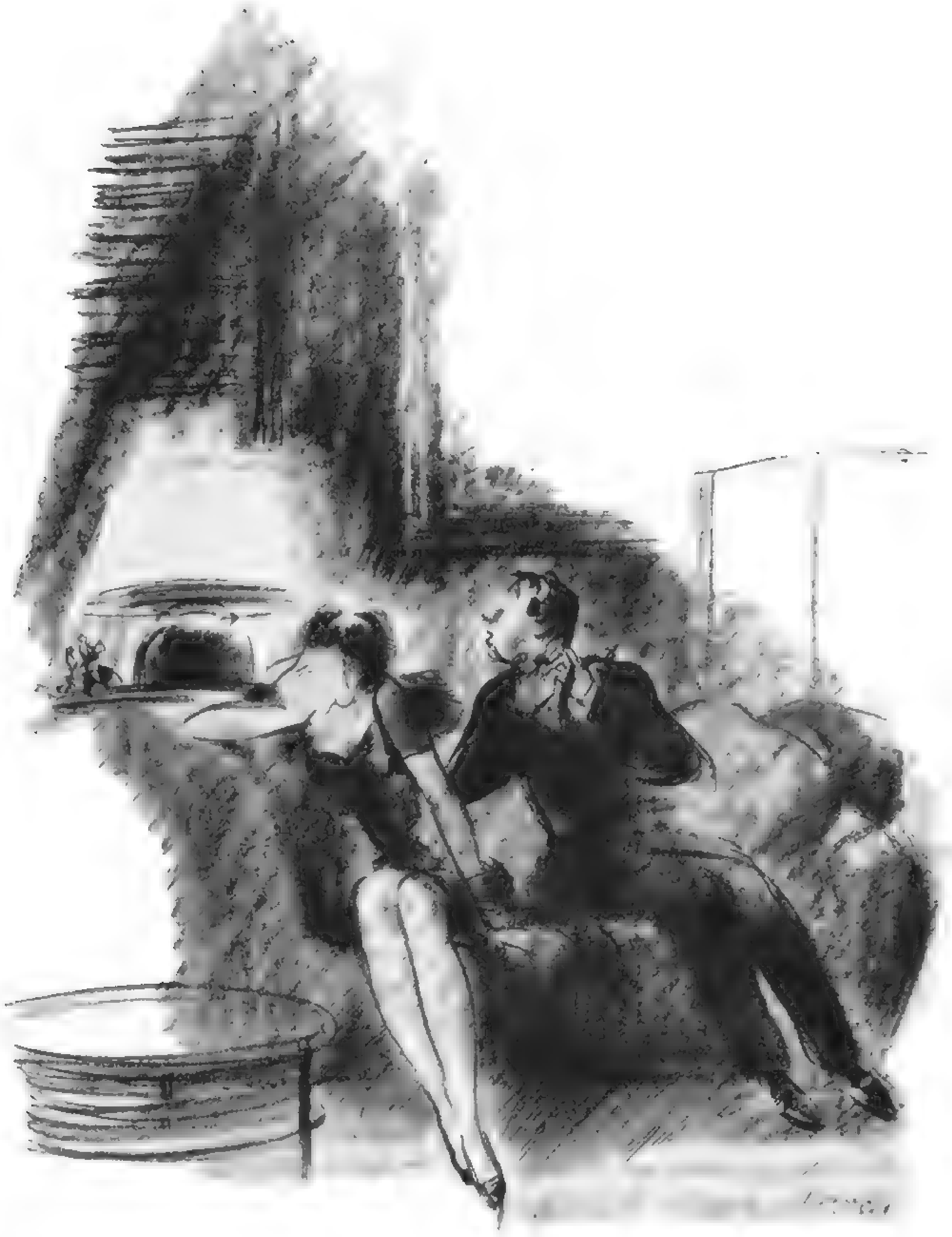
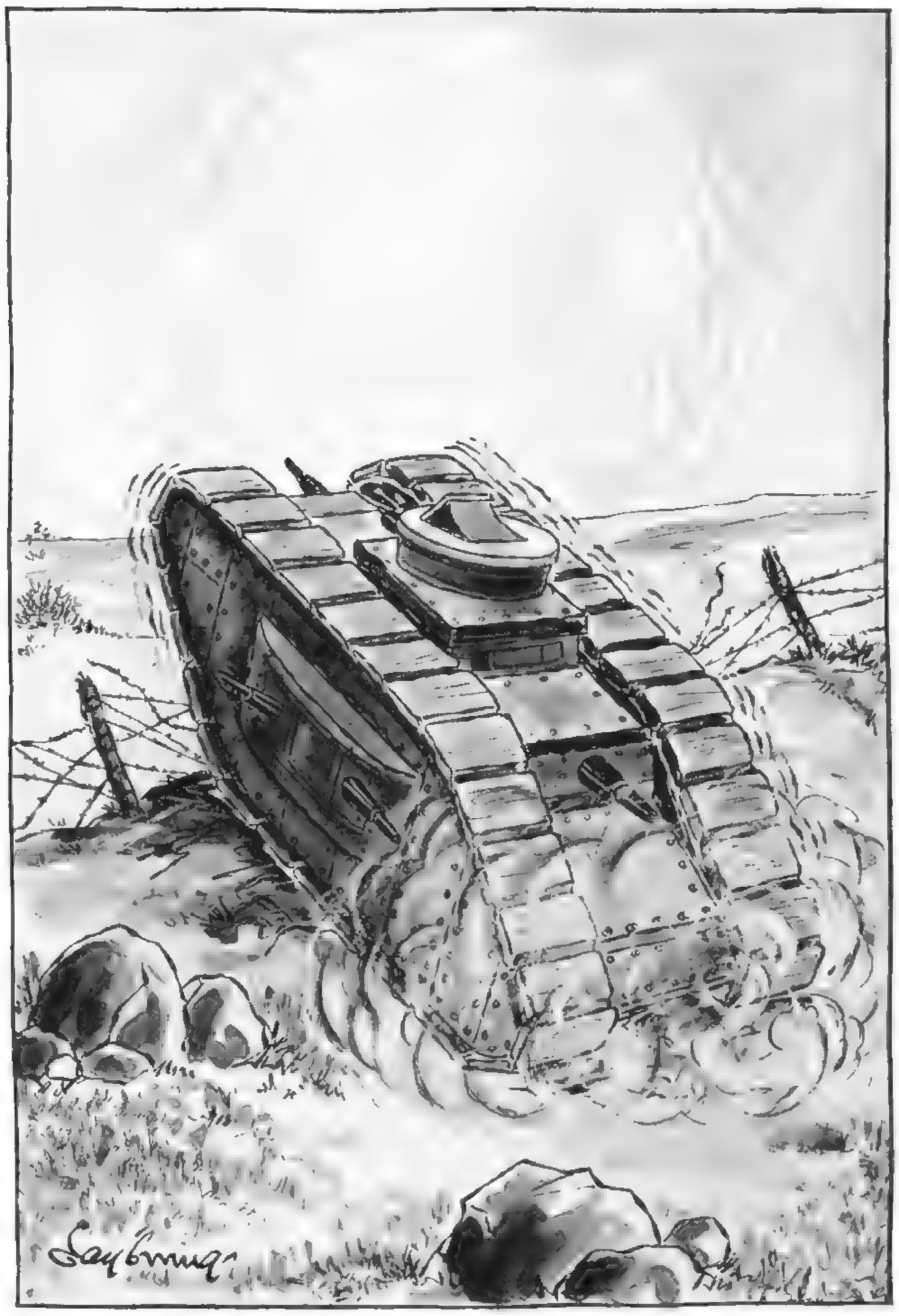
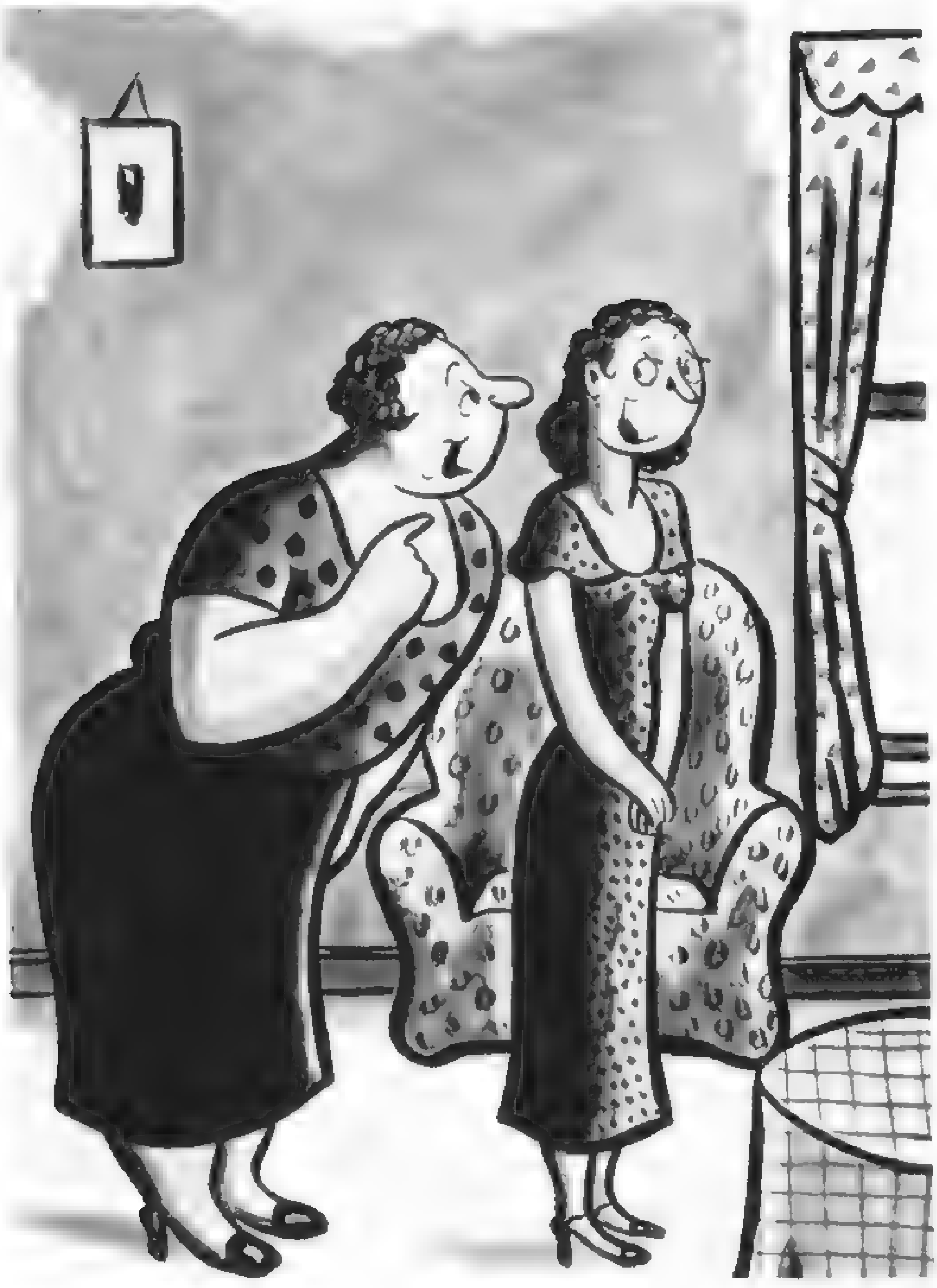
*Note: A French cocotte is a little tart to be found in France and especially in Paris.



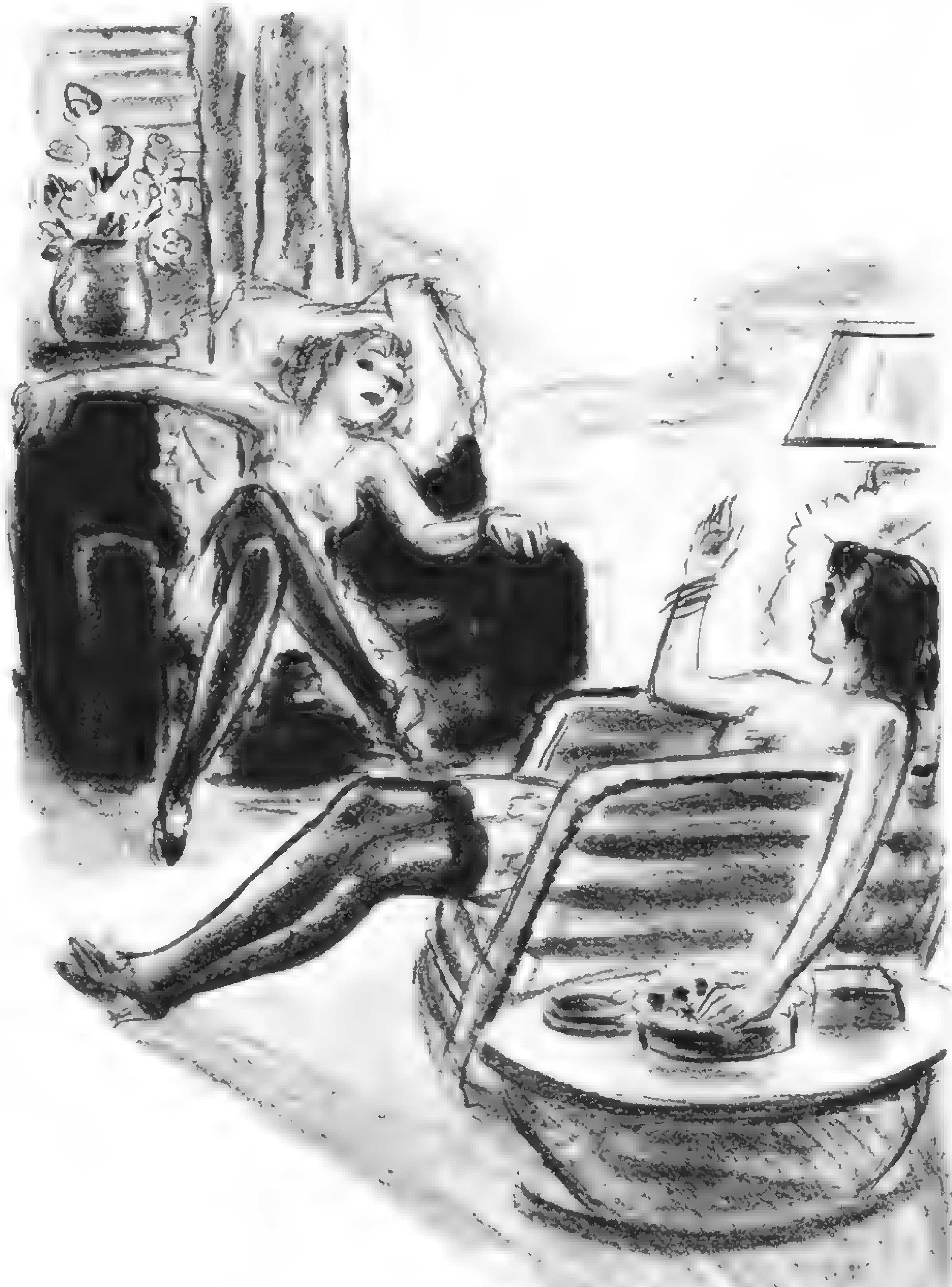
"Well, that's different—why didn'tcha say that at first!"



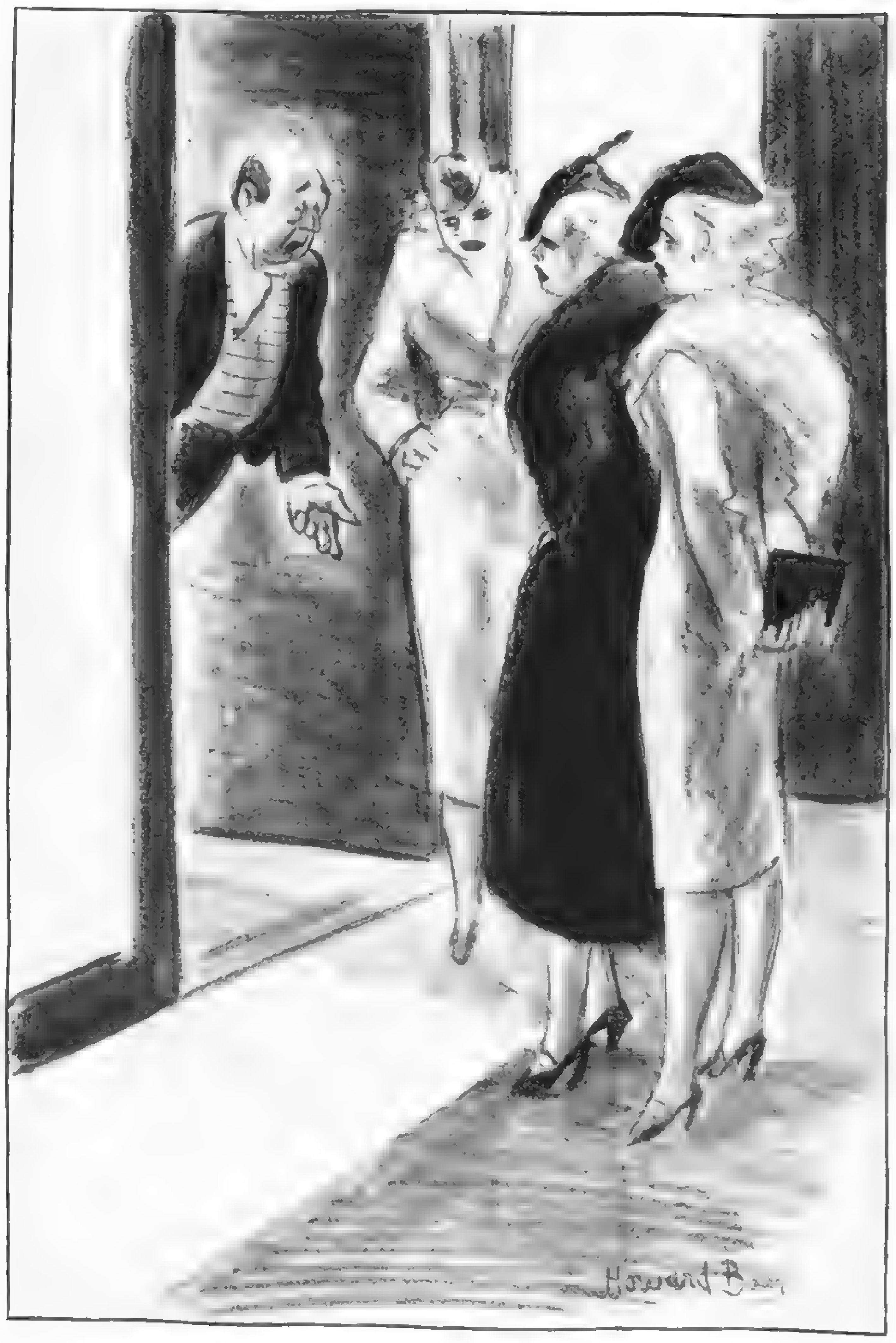
"Chrysanthemums, sir—I thought it kinda lent a nice touch, sir"



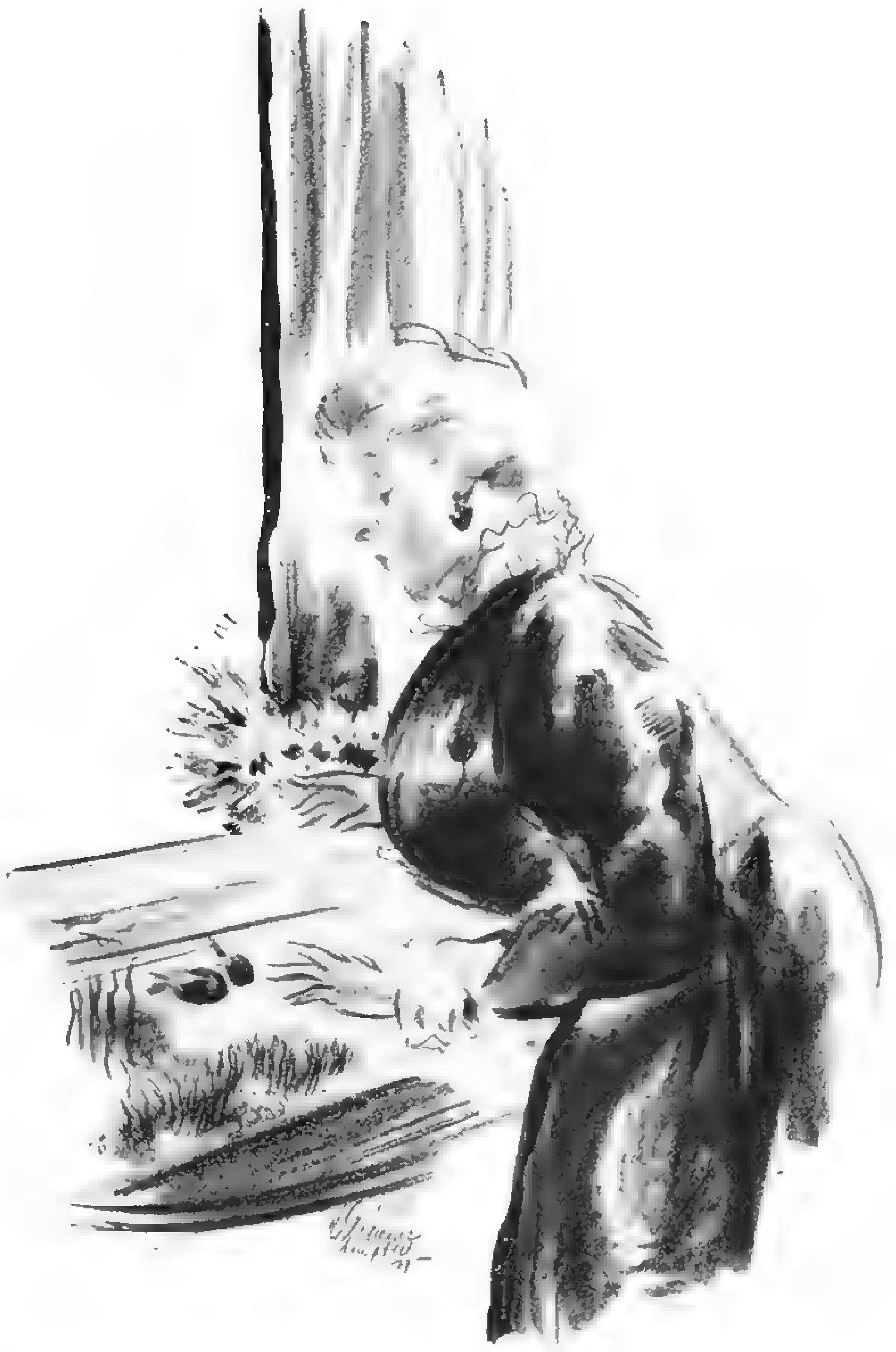
"Come, tell mother—does her little girl pet?"



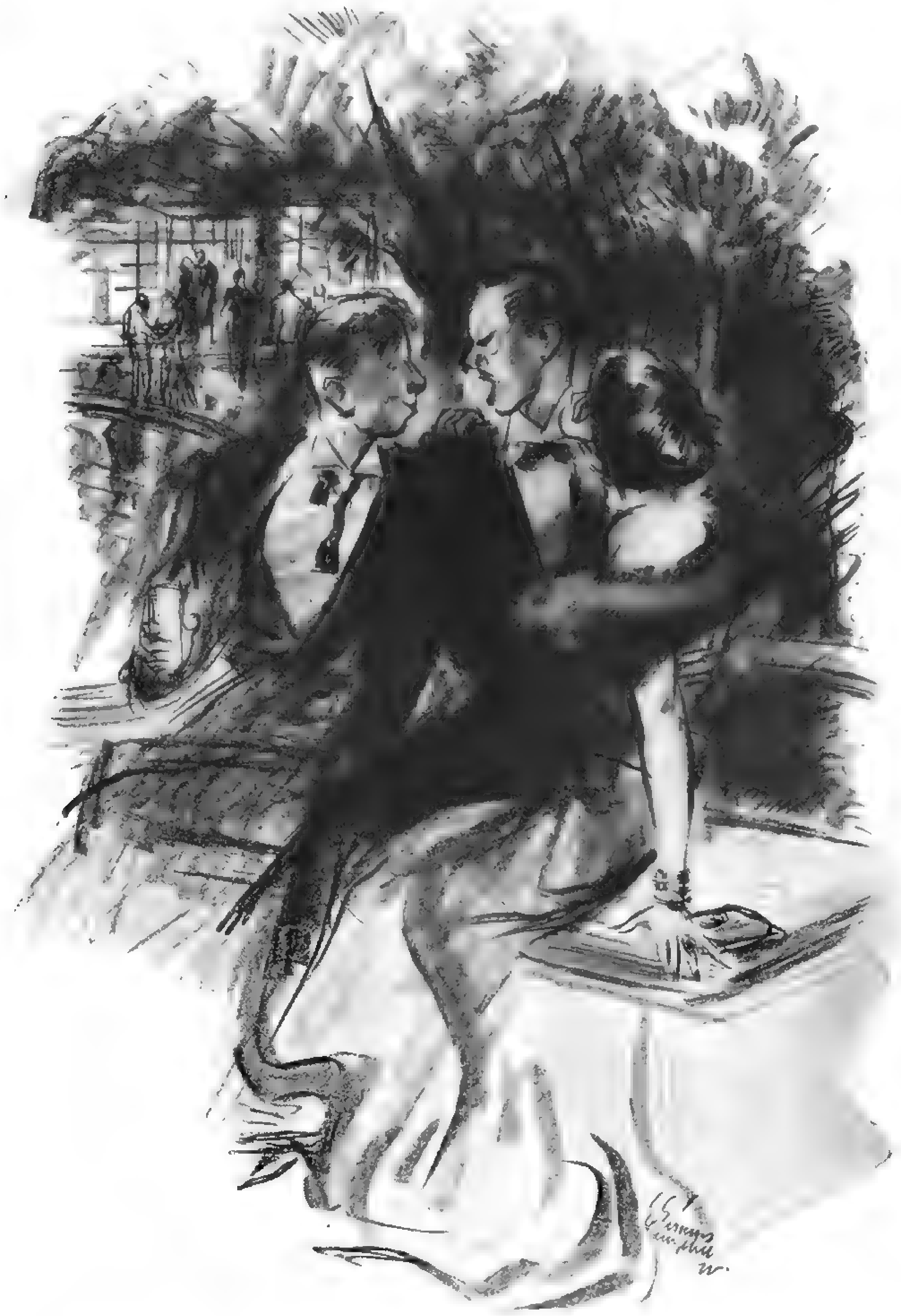
"'Week-ends at Atlantic City don't go with platonic friendships, Mr. Bernard,' I said firmly"



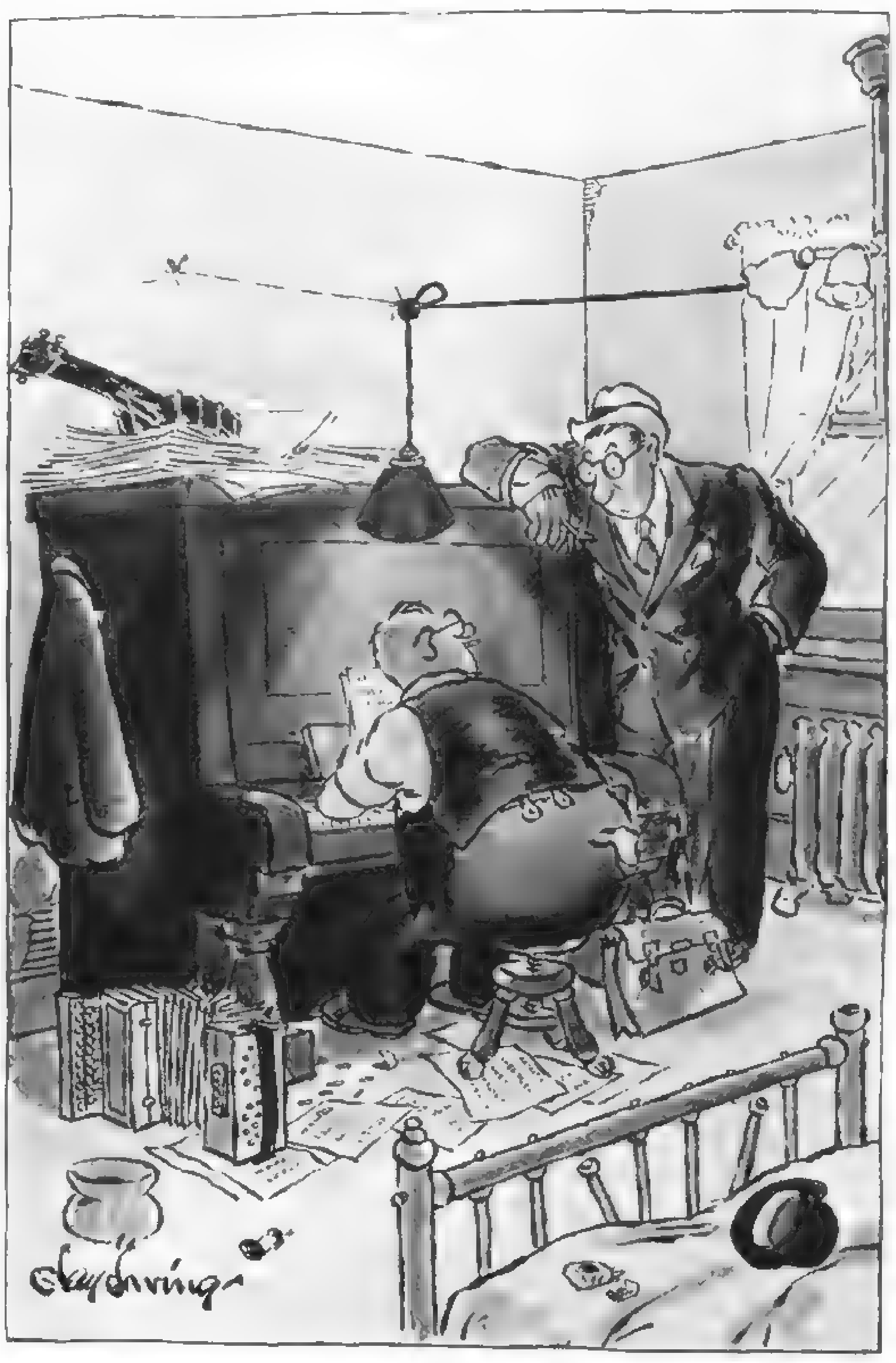
"I'm sorry, ladies, Mr. Wetzel's wife is visiting him over the week-end"



"The way you two carried on—and right in front of Reverend Hodgson!"



"Go away—go inside and get yourself somebody's wife'



"All right! So it sounds like Bach and Mozart! They both can't sue me!!"

The Long Arm of God

Dead frogs tell no tales but a half-dead frog could be hanged for murder were there no justice

by JOSEPH FAUS

• FICTION •

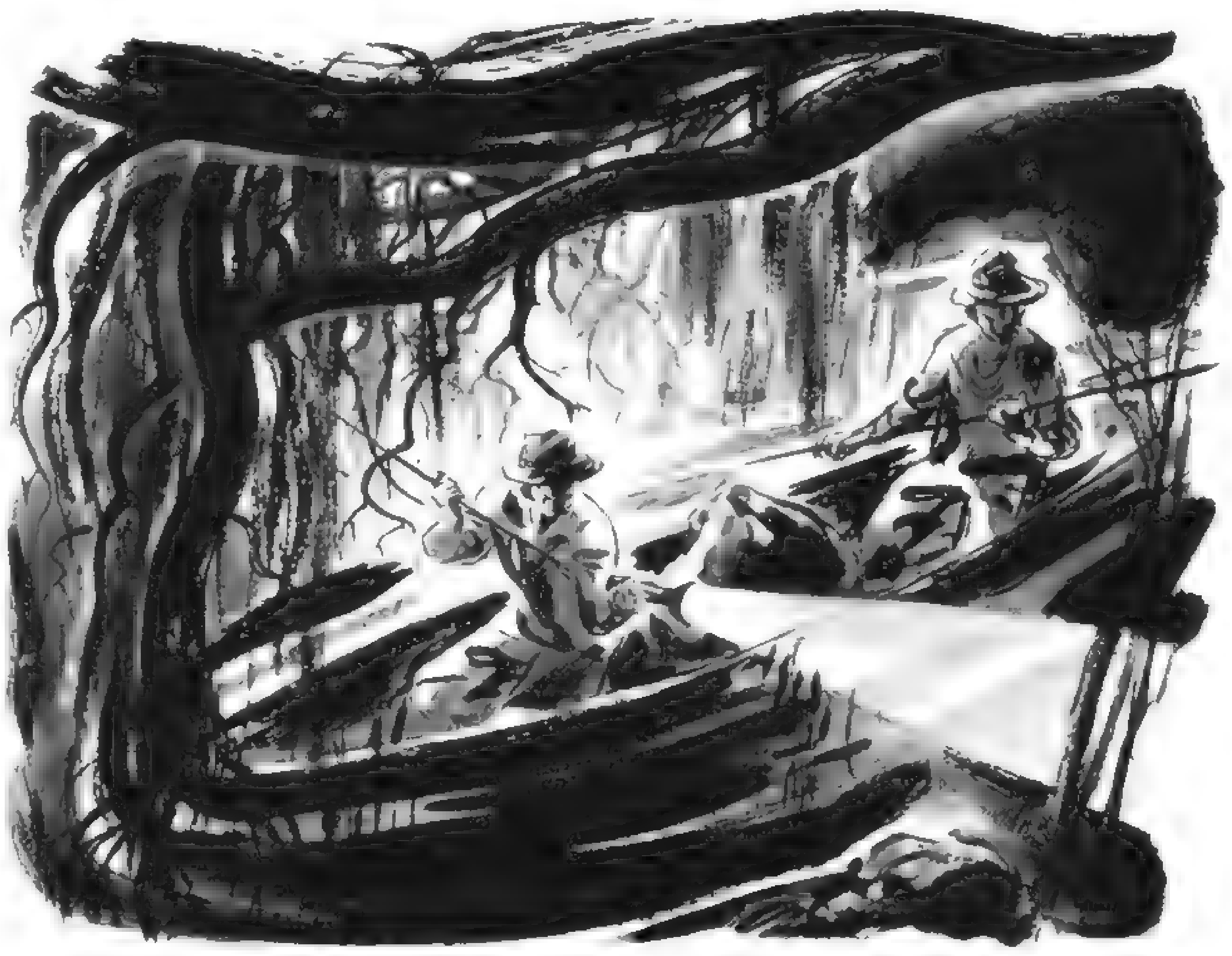
If ever you've gone into democratic *Jepway's* on the Common in Boston, or into the quaint *Little Bohemia* in Chicago's Loop district, or into the fashionable *Waldorf* in New York, and asked the waiter to suggest something unusually palatable, the chances are he suggested a delicacy that Kurt Moberly had a part in producing.

They're good, these frog's legs—their white, luscious flesh broiled in salted wine and rolled in *sauce piquante*, or fried in rich butter and garnished with parsley and pimento. Americans eat, at a tidy tariff, a million pounds of frog's legs a year. Oregon produces some, on domesticated frog farms, as does Maryland; and the Mississippi delta territory is responsible for many, caught wild, but from Florida, up on the lakes around Wauchula and Bartow and down in the southwest Everglades, comes the larger portion.

Kurt Moberly, in this latter region, had a dozen giggers, mostly Seminole Indians, working for him during the season, and a dozen white trappers. What you might call a frog baron, he was. Every June, July and August he shipped out nearly seventy-five thousand pounds of the precious meat. All over the country—ordered C.O.D. in advance. Rich as he was getting, however, he carefully supervised all the hunting expeditions, the cleaning, icing, packing and shipping of the product; and about once a week in season he went out with an Indian gigger and when he returned, his catch usually tipped the scales at a mark none of his men could meet. Not only did the fellow possess an almost uncanny knowledge of the locations of the most densely populated frog habitats, but he was also a gigger of extraordinary ability.

Still, the white people in Chokoloskee, down on the Gulf shore opposite the Ten Thousand Islands where Kurt Moberly lived, never liked him. He was sly and penurious, and treated his wife and two small children none too considerately. The woman habitually wore a hang-dog look, and the children seemed always to be cringing—as if the shadow of a brutally upraised hand was ever before them. They often said among themselves, did the neighbors, it would be a good thing when Kurt Moberly was gone. His money helped nobody, nor his reputation.

Before he had turned to the frog business, at forty, Kurt Moberly had been just plain "poor white trash." Uncouth, uneducated, ambitionless. Even worse. There were rumors, based on facts, that he had run Chinamen in from Cuba; that he had stolen and sold the valuable feathers of government-protected egrets in rookeries over in Whitewater Bay, that he had trafficked wholesale in liquor. Even so, the law had never been able to lay its hand on him, he was that clever. More, he had bragged openly of his impunity.



And the Indians hated Moberly. Mostly on account of the way he treated the frogs. They said he was *haluk* (bad) and *kasfo* (mean). Nevertheless, there were those, and well intentioned white folks too, who averred the bucks were just jealous of Moberly because he could gig as proficiently as most of them and knew the best breeding places as well as did they. But the Seminoles, usually self-effacing and reserved, were stubborn about it—and Tony Osceola, the best guide and gigger in the 'Glades, boldly hinted that the time was coming when the long arm of God, or the Great Spirit, would get him. Would lay hold on him and punish him. "Kee-gus Cay-taw ta-pus," as the buck succinctly phrased it.

"Hell!" laughed Kurt amusedly, when a pal passed on the tribal talk. "It's got to be a damn' long arm to reach me! Longer'n the arm of the law, leastwise! Besides, there ain't no God in them 'Glades—nothin' but rank water and mosquitoes, and heat and malaria, and moccasins and sawgrass—and frogs!" He grinned pleasedly, and his strong fingers twitched, as though they were crinkling bills together.

He liked the frog business—see?—for it was well-paying, but even at that it's no business, this frog catching, for one with an easy stomach. A hunter and gigger has to be calloused and unfeeling—hard-boiled, as the expression has it. So it came natural to Kurt Moberly, did his profession.

Nights, of course, are the propitious and favorable times for the hunts. A dugout canoe will hold the white hunter and his Indian guide and gigger, a heavy corduroy sack for the game, a canteen of drinking water, a box of midnight rations, a gun for emergencies, and minor incidentals.

While the buck, standing in the stern, slowly poles the canoe along the marshy streams, lined with buttonwood, water oak and mangroves, the white man, sitting alertly in the bow, flashes a powerful searchlight along the shores and over the floating débris.

When it strikes the bullfrog, drowsing peacefully there or booming to its mate, it blinds the creature and mesmerizes it for the moment. Then the Indian quickly and silently draws in his pole, picks up the gig—a long slender bamboo cane equipped with three sharp steel prongs in the business end—and hurls it expertly at the blinking creature.

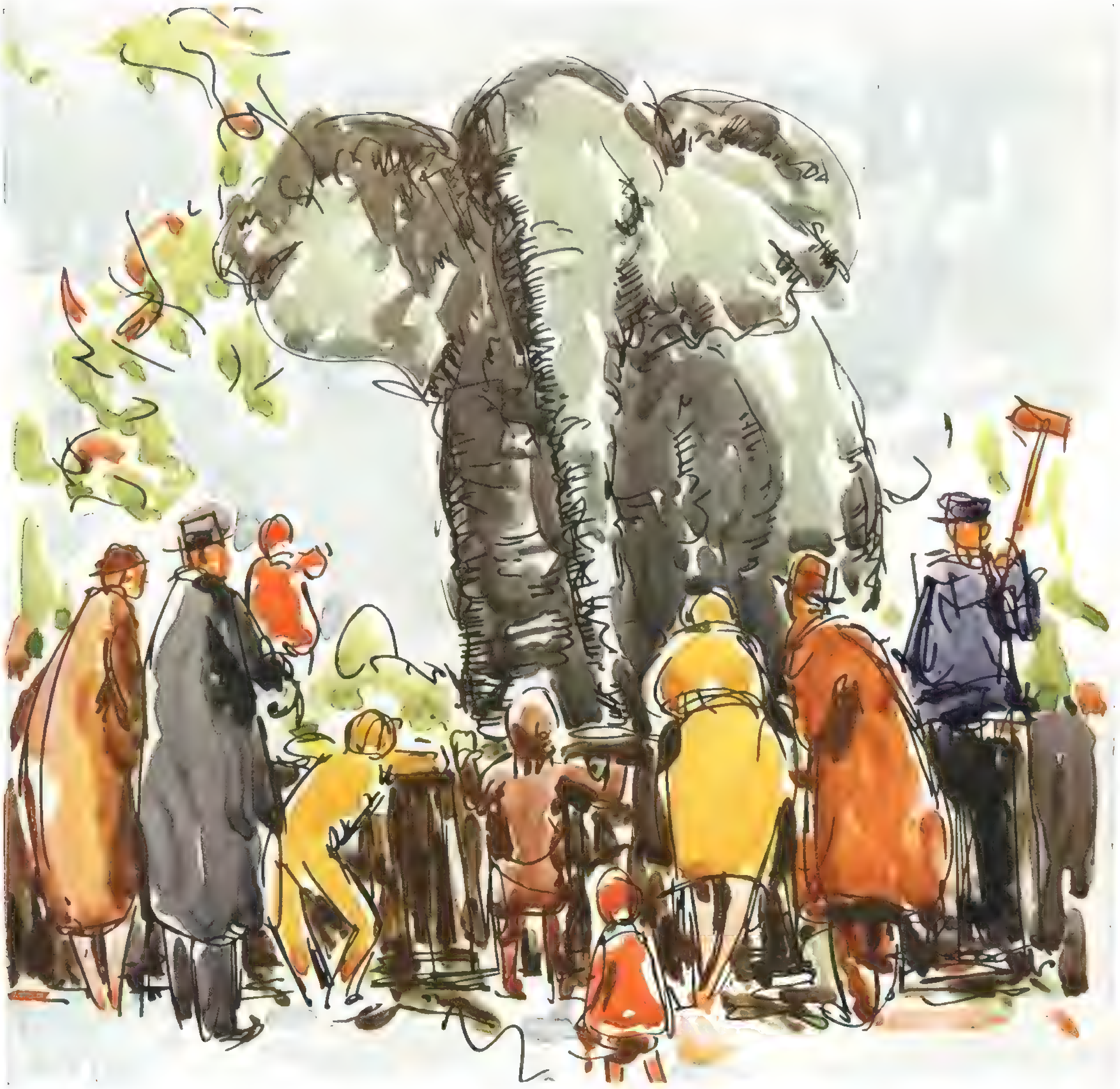
The tri-pronged harpoon, if the redskin is a good shot, and he usually is, pierces one of the frog's hind legs and holds, and the harpooner pulls the wildly threshing and dismally croaking amphibian to the boat. Then the white man proceeds to detach the prize from the gig and to kill it. If the white man were Kurt Moberly, he would kill it three or four times. That is, three or four times ostensibly.

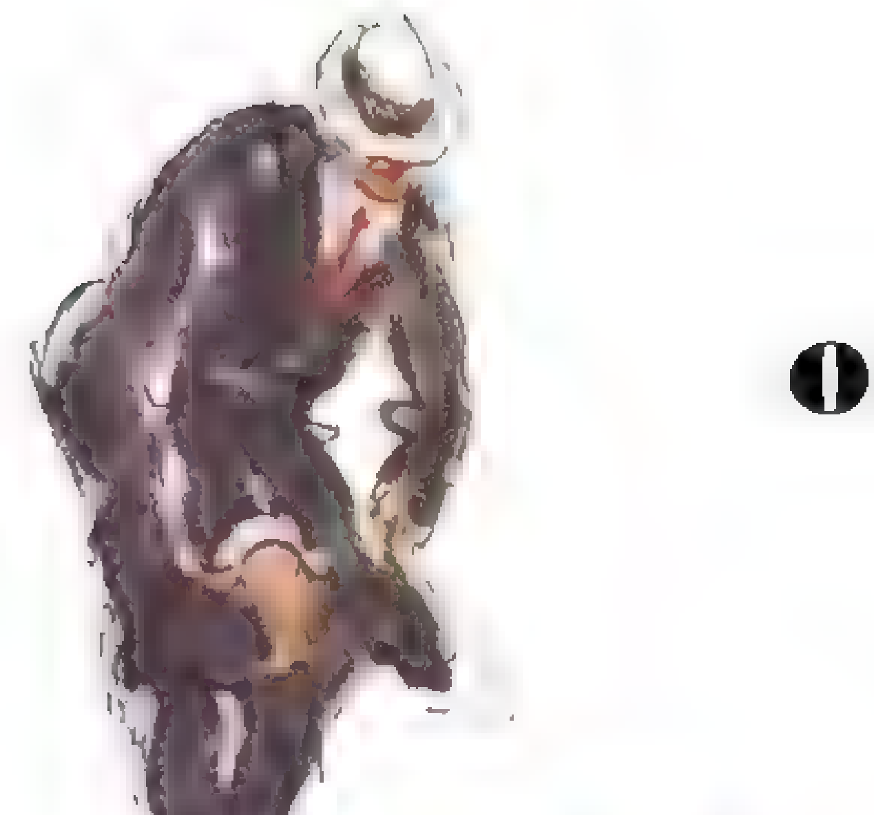
Kurt Moberly would take the wriggling thing off the gig point, dash its head viciously against the gunwale of the canoe and then toss it, bruised and bleeding, into the bag with the rest of the catch. Six hours later, or maybe twelve hours later, that same frog would noisily wake up and have to be despatched again. And another six hours later, when he was skinned to be shipped to market, his head had to be cut off to make him keep quiet.

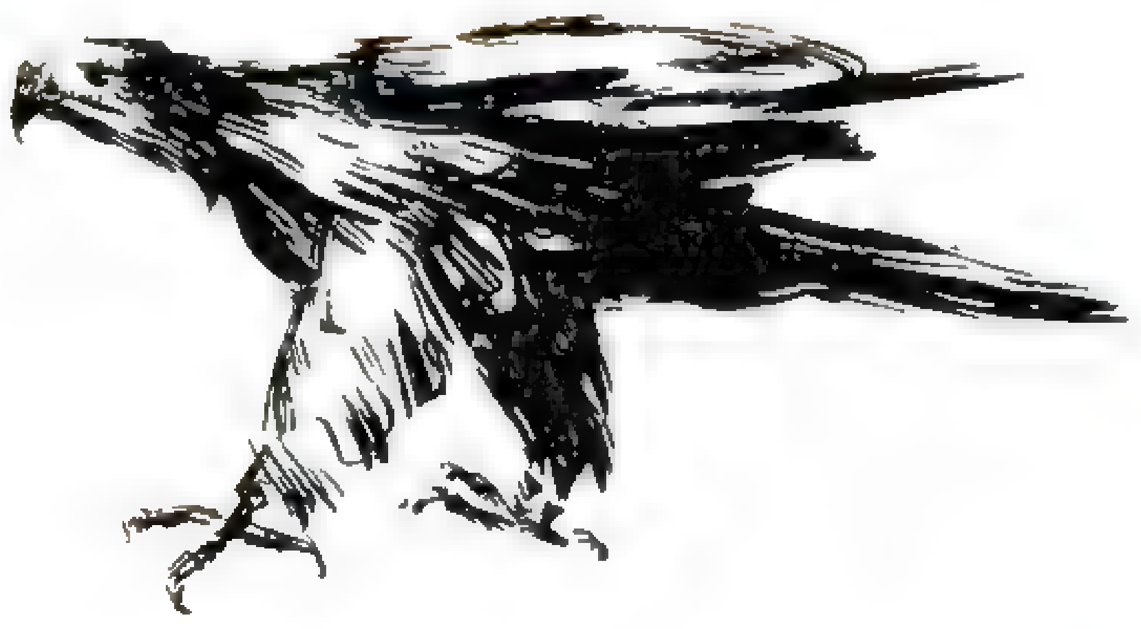
Every year, further to digress, thousands of live frogs are packed in ice, frozen solid and expressed many miles to customers. A week, even a month, after arrival the chef melts the ice and the creature, fat and healthy, comes belligerently to life.

All this is authentic, if

Continued on page 97



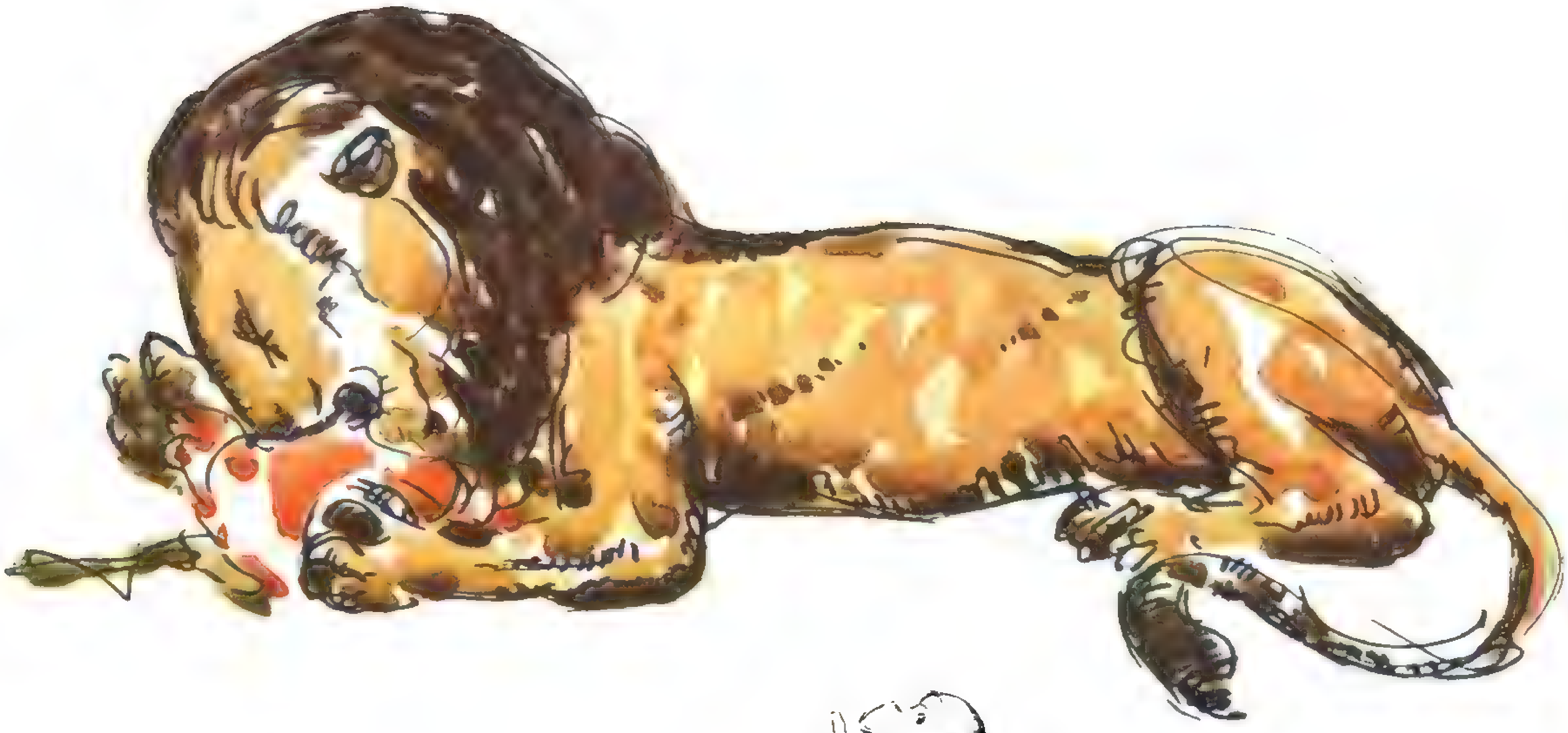


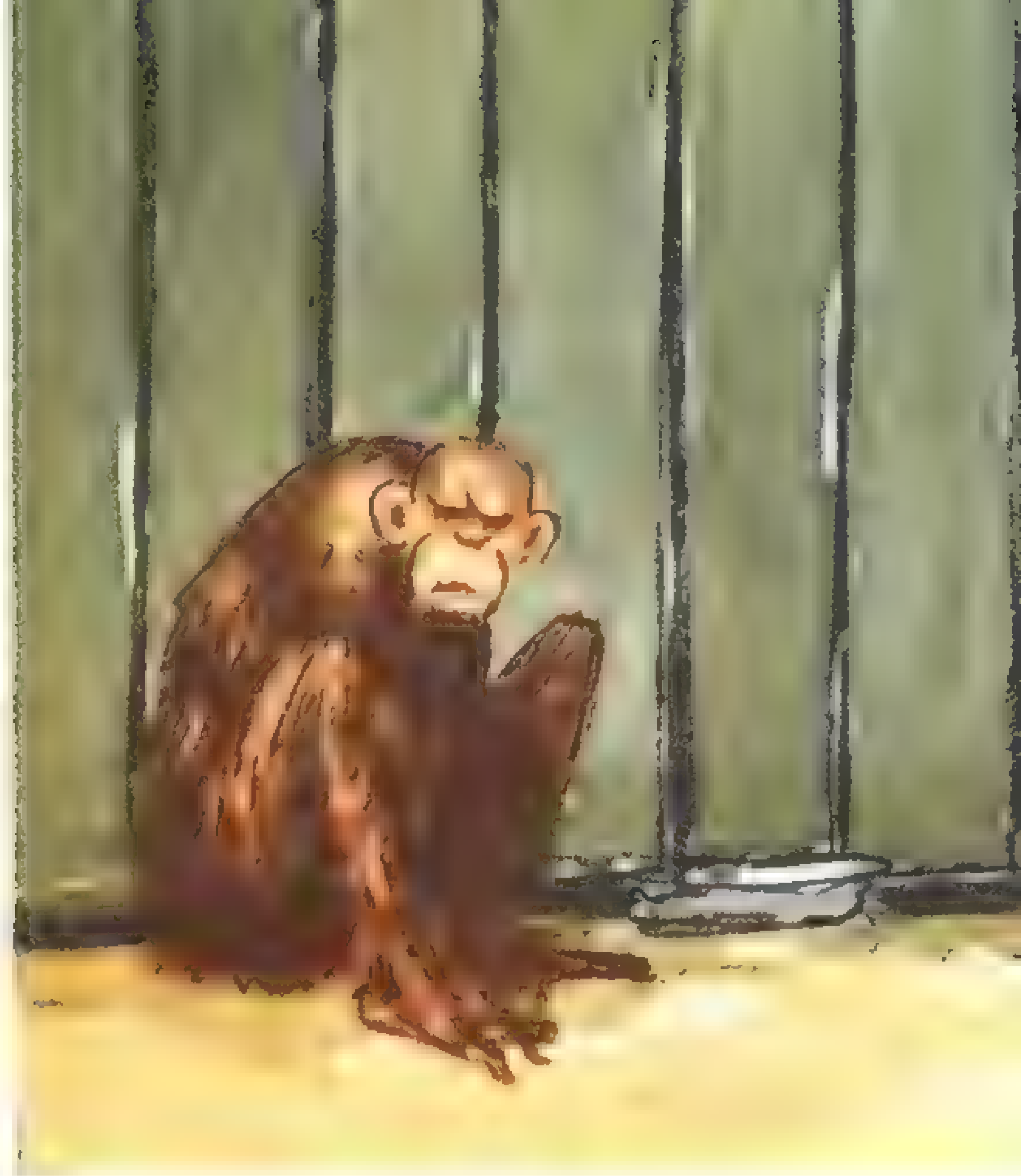


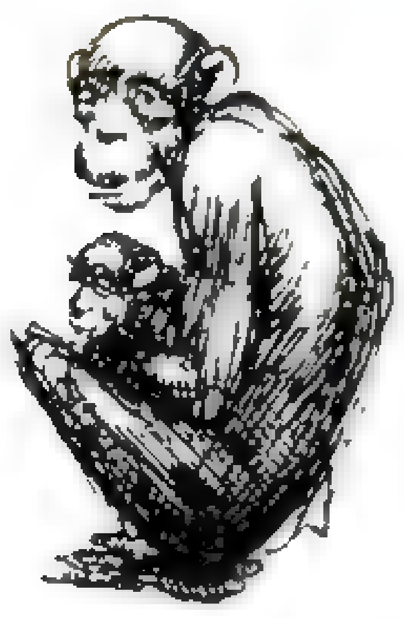
ONE DAY AT THE ZOO

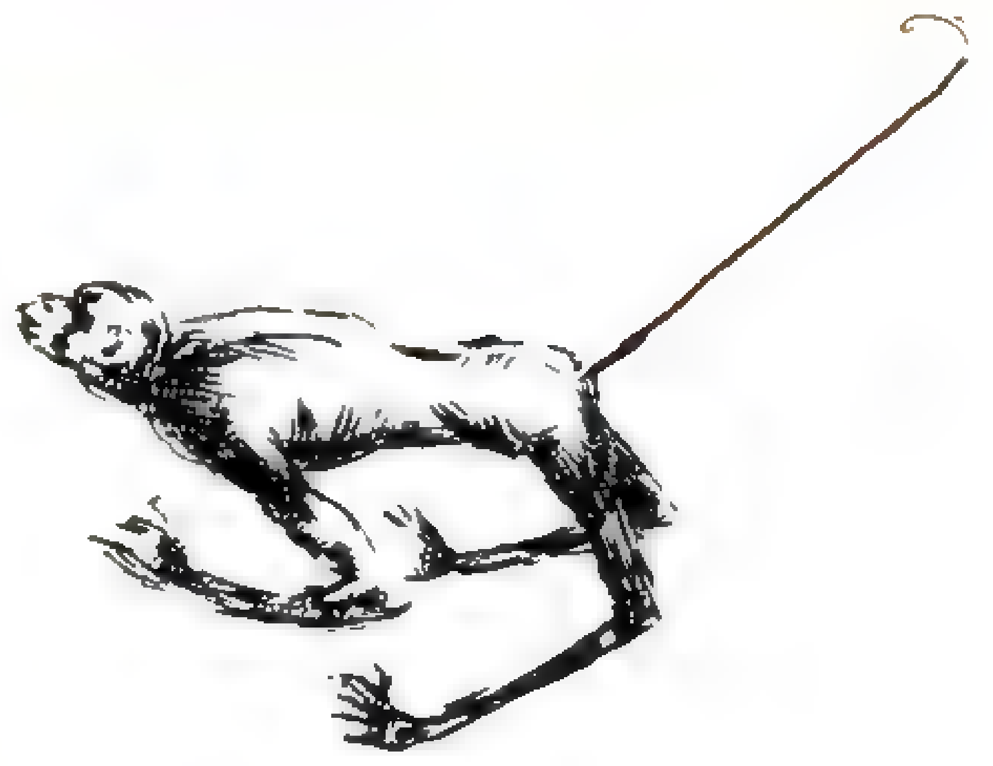
A Portfolio of Sketches

by **ERIC LUNDGREN**





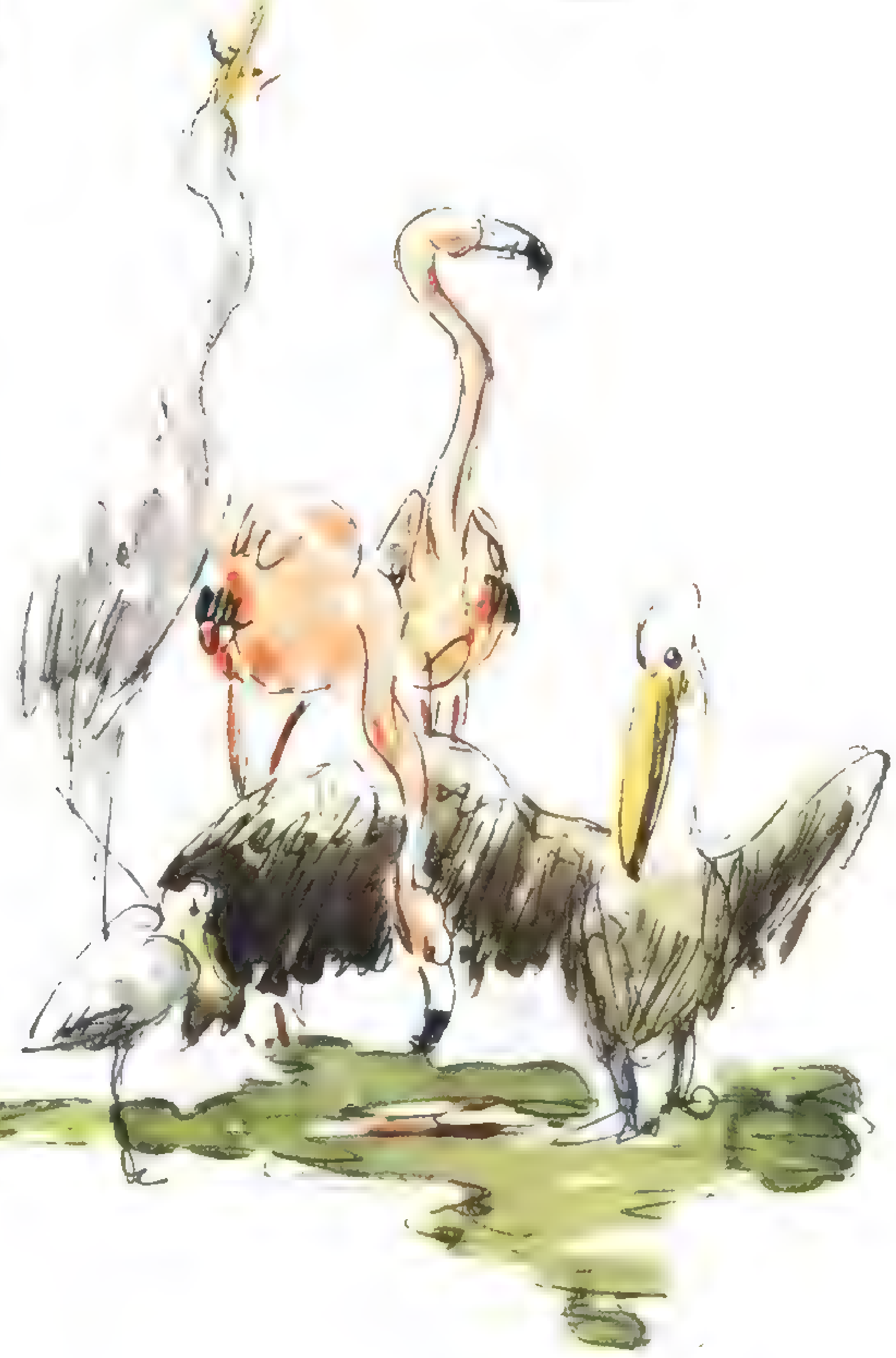


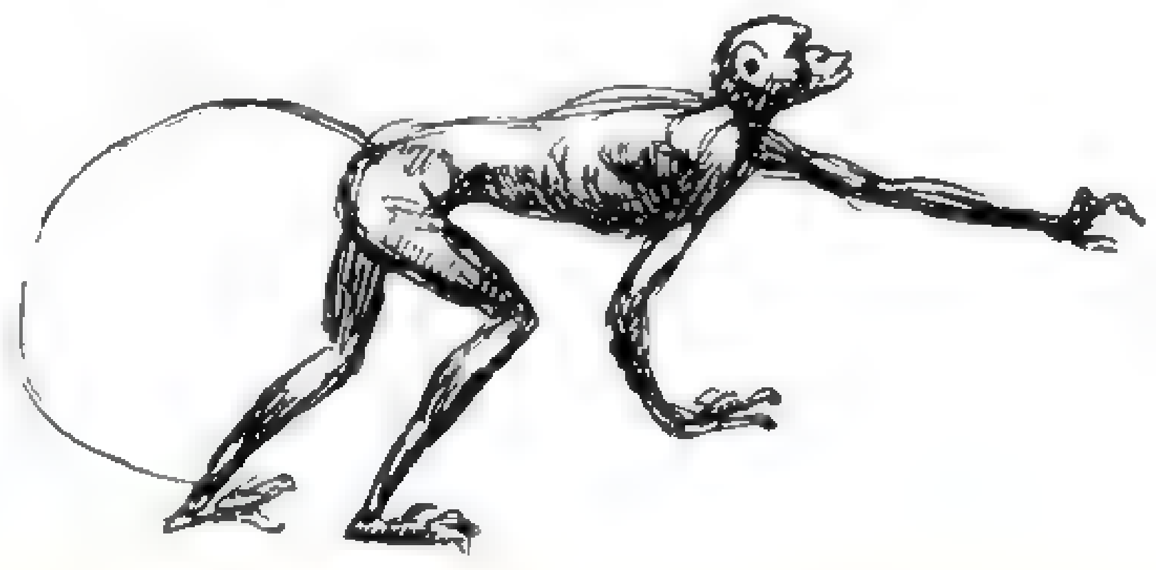


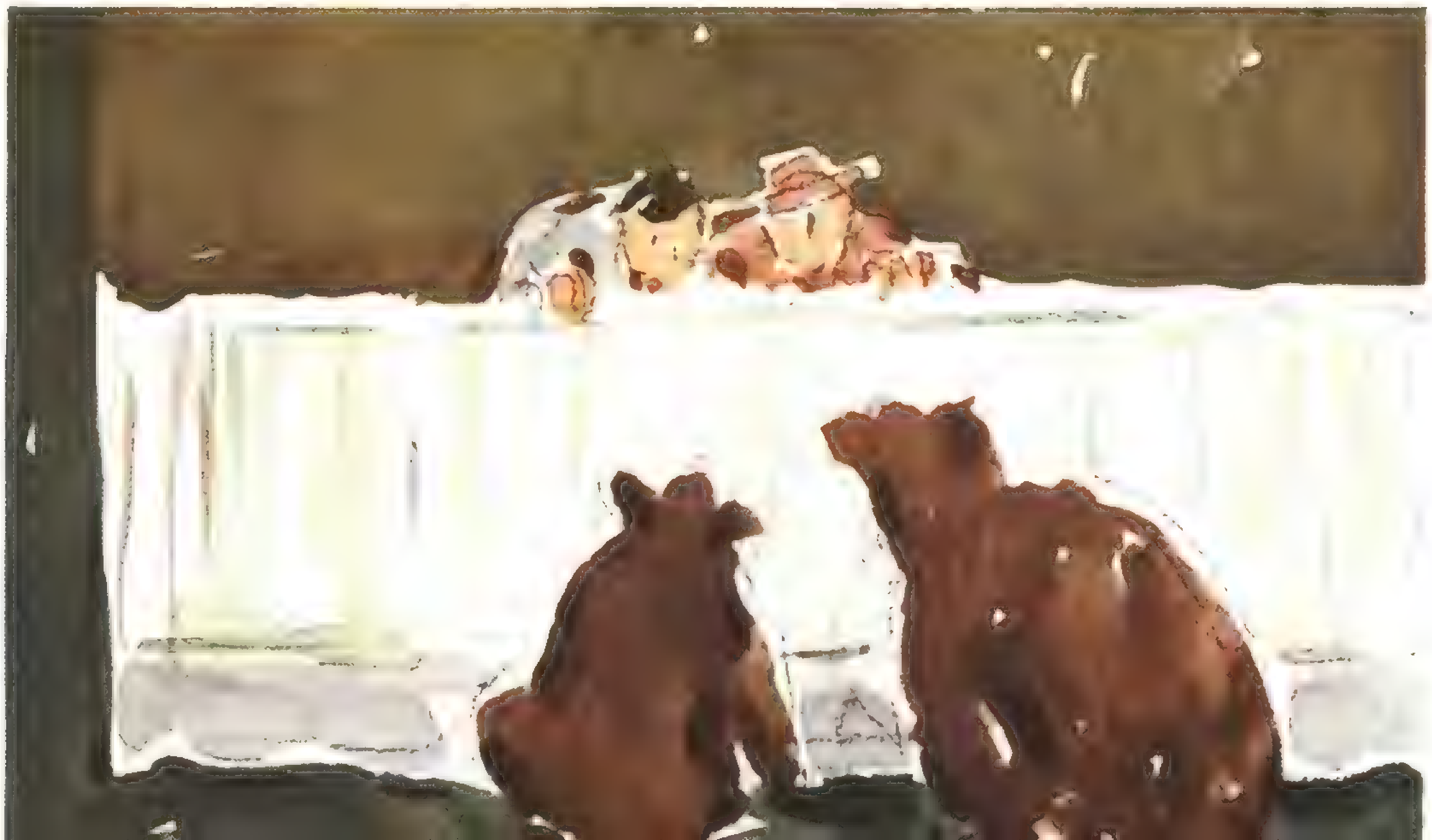
"The Birds and the Beasts Were There"

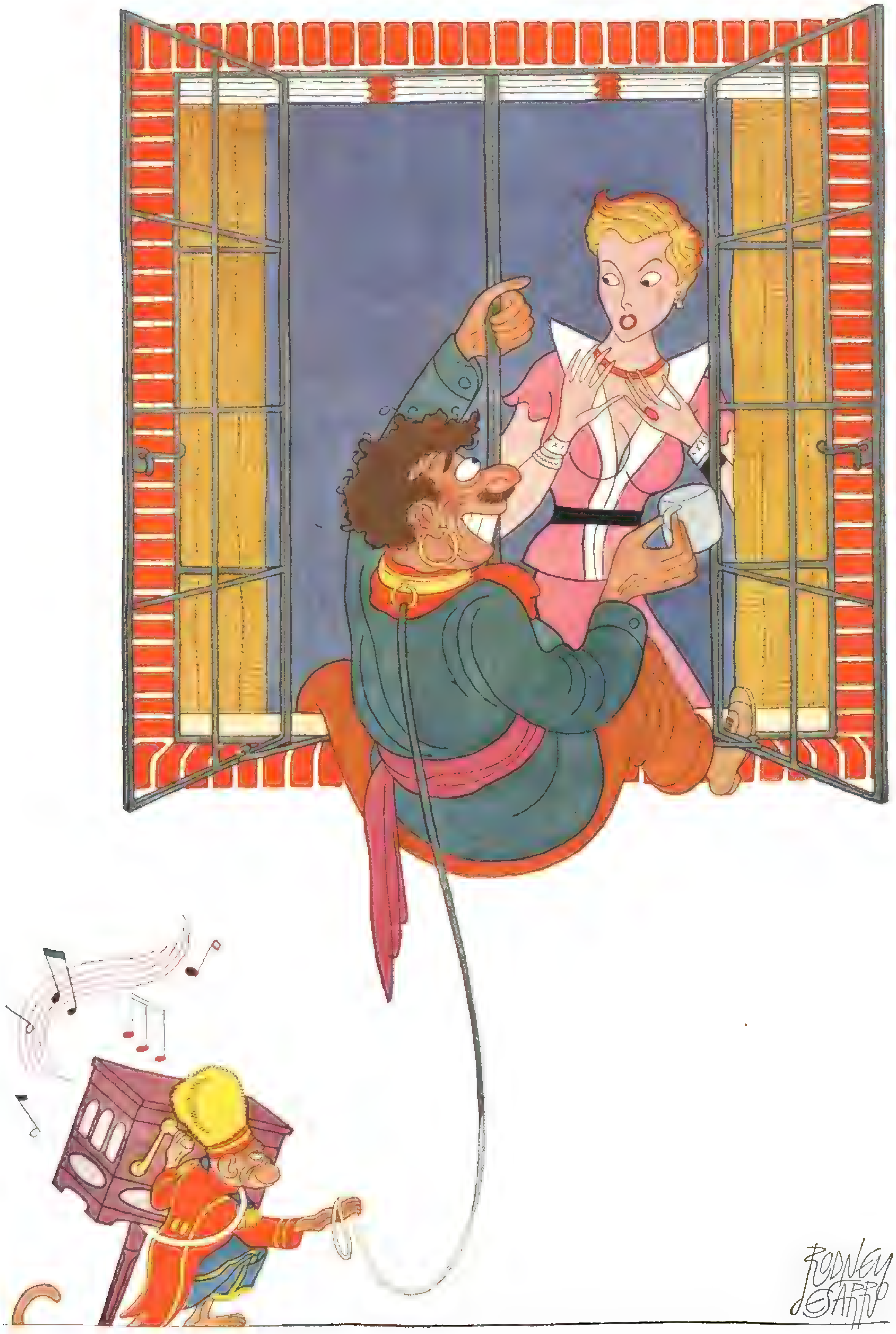
Sketches by ERIC LUNDGREN

On winter days the unemployed, augmented by a gathering of permanent bums, comprise the majority of the week-day attendance at the various animal houses. An unrecommended sport is the reading of their thoughts on seeing hamburger steak dispensed by the bushel for the comfort and sustenance of wild beasts behind bars. For it is then that men wonder what it is to be free, as they watch the restless pacing of imprisoned animals—penned in where there is shelter and food. With the late spring come the study classes from the grade schools—when snickering kids applaud the unrepressed amours of shameless monks, while the prim faces of their blue-serged teachers are suffused with blushes. And every day, throughout the year, there is the whole gamut of sound, the full spectrum of color, a feast for ear and eye—and over all that one element that will ever elude any artist's effort, the indescribable, unmistakable and unforgettable smell of any zoo.








RODNEY DESARRO

"Don't be scared, lady—Variety said our act needed a little shake-up!"

The Long Arm of God

Continued from page 92

somewhat repellent. A grown frog (at four years it is grown, and fifteen years is the average life span) is said to be the most difficult living creature extant to kill; it is amazingly stubborn and tenacious of life. This, incidentally, is the chief reason why scientists use it so often in their experiments; another, because it has a well organized nervous system.

Many a time, to revert, Kurt Moberly would sever a frog's head from its body and toss it out into the water. There, near the surface or on the surface, it would forlornly croak and cry for minutes, until some garfish or marlin swam up greedily to interrupt. On other occasions, a catch too old and tough to keep, he would prankishly split it in half (a frog has no ribs and few robust bones) and, loudly guffawing, watch each half go hopping frenziedly away—finally to fall after a dozen hops, quiver and lay still. He had a queer conception of nice clean fun, had Kurt Moberly.

"Es-ta-had-kee, ho-lo-wa-gus, lox-ee-ojus," said Tony Osceola, after he had worked several summers for the fellow. "White man no good, he mean too much." And Tony would show the curious how to put an end to a frog so that it would not suffer unnecessarily. He would take his knife and deftly force the sharp blade deep into the smooth, creamy skin that pulsated directly beneath the captive's baggy throat. The steel would penetrate the heart and lungs, and in several seconds the frog was dead—permanently dead.

Talk went on in Chokoloskee about the way Kurt Moberly was mistreating his family, and it went on in the Indian villages in the Everglades about the way he continued to mistreat the helpless frogs. They talked of it, the Seminole tribesmen did, during the winter, while the frogs were sleeping, and during the spring when they were mating. Tony Osceola repeated his prophecy that in time the long arm of God would reach down and wreak vengeance on Kurt Moberly for his cruelty. "Kee-gus Cay-taw ta-pus," said he gravely again, while his brothers solemnly nodded.

The frog baron didn't mind—he but grinned appreciatively, as if it were a tribute. He scorned the laws of man as futile; as vain, any edicts of the Divine and he indifferently reiterated there was no God "in them 'Glades." No, the long arm of God would never reach him. He was afraid of nothing—God nor man would never catch him napping.

Then one July a stranger in Chokoloskee, hailing from the Mississippi bayous over in Louisiana, another good section for frogs, went out with an Indian guide and came back the next morning with a hundred and ten pounds of the profitable spoils. It was a better one night haul than Kurt Moberly, the local champion, had ever made but he never said anything when a few cronies good-naturedly plagued him about it. Instead, that afternoon he looked around town for Tony Osceola, and at last found him squatting on a store porch devouring the favorite civilized tidbit of his tribe—a baker's pie and a bottle of strawberry soda pop.

"Want you to go frogging with me tonight, Tony," he brusquely informed.

"Ungah," rejoined the Seminole obediently. "All right. Tony Osceola go. Hi-e-pus? Go what time?"

"We'll leave at sundown," announced Kurt. "Better take *sofka* (food). And no talking, hear?" he sharply added.

The red man grunted "Ungah," and took another bite of pie. Chewing, he faintly smiled. He had heard of the white stranger's wonderful catch.

At sundown they loaded their paraphernalia into Tony's large dugout canoe and shoved off up Chokoloskee River towards the 'Glades. By nine o'clock they had left the high and dry pine land and had come to the flat and swampy regions. Tony poled swiftly and phlegmatically on, and soon turned off into a canal; another hour, and the hunters were at a secret frog breeding rendezvous.

The guide stopped the vessel and Kurt Moberly, in the bow, carefully flashed his spotlight around. It caught two beady eyes protruding from a floating log, another pair beyond and still another. Tony stooped and laid hold of his gig. That was the first catch, and by one o'clock the corduroy sack, of a hundred and twenty-five pounds capacity, was almost full of a clammy mass of frogs. Both of the men used lights and gigs, and Kurt, as usual, slapped his game against the davits to quiet them, and as usual Tony Osceola killed his expediently with a sharp knife.

They spoke no words until about two o'clock. Then the Indian, who had just speared a frog, grunted and pointed to the bag. It was stacked to the stout cord at the brim. Kurt Moberly chuckled with satisfaction.

"Throw it on the boat bottom," he ordered. "Be sure the damn thing's dead, so it can't hop out."

Tony Osceola shrugged at the superfluous warning, utilized his knife and gently dropped the limp creature onto the floor, where it reclined mute and lifeless.

A few minutes later Kurt Moberly's gig swooped forward to ensnare a victim, which with a gleeful oath he disentangled from the fork and dashed unconcernedly against the gunwale. He started to open the bag to put it there, then remembered, and flung it impatiently onto the floorboards. The frog bleated feebly a few times, flopped around a bit and soon lay motionless—legs grotesquely outstretched, tawny eyes round and staring.

A pale moon came riding up out of the southern sky—cast a silver glow over the murky waters and purple jungles. From the mangroves an owl suddenly cried eerily, from the canal a tarpon sportively leaped, from the far distant cypress swamps a puma hungrily shrieked.

The colony of frogs, as if all this were a signal, abruptly disappeared and in vain the hunters projected the flashlights to and fro.

Finally about three o'clock, Moberly, disgusted, gave the word and his copper-colored companion turned the craft back towards Chokoloskee River and home. As the boat, a half hour later, rounded into the main stream, there sounded on the near shore a sudden crunch and splash, and in the pale moonlight the hunters discerned a large alligator sliding alarmedly off the muddy banks.

Quickly Kurt Moberly arose and secured his rifle that lay in the stern by the redskin, cocked it and aimed but in the gloom the snout of the fleeing saurian had vanished. Disappointed, the man set the gun down in the bottom of the boat—its stock almost flat, its barrel resting on the water canteen, on a slight incline—and returned to his seat in the bow.

A few minutes later came the stentorian *kerboom!* of a solitary frog, a lonely frog, with no chorusing response from nocturnal fellows. Kurt Moberly eagerly raised his spotlight and the strong beams revealed a big two-pounder squatting on adjacent lily-pads. It blinked, bewildered by the dazzling light, and Tony Osceola's harpoon swished forward and trapped one of its rear legs. Desperately lunging and kicking, the frog was lifted to the canoe—rudely jerked from the thorny prongs by the grinning white man. He then leaned down, a malevolent expression on his swarthy visage, to beat the captive's head against the hard gunwale.

At that moment, as he leaned down, there was a sharp, deafening explosion. Kurt Moberly, a hand clutching frantically at his chest, toppled forward, cursing, and sprawled prone into the bottom of the craft.

He was dead when at seven o'clock that morning Tony Osceola shoved the canoe up on the muck banks of the river at Chokoloskee and called to some men in a fish-house nearby. They came forth and, seeing, exclaimed. One of them went for the sheriff.

"Tell me, Tony," commanded the officer, "all about it." He knew and the others knew the Indian was honest.

And when Tony had told him, he looked again, long and thoughtfully, at the man, the gun and the three frogs in the dugout—none of which, stated the guide, had been moved or even touched by him.

One of the frogs, alive and defiantly squawking, was yet held in the stiff fingers of the dead man's right hand. Another, the one caught and killed by Tony, lay hushed and rigid near the closed game bag. The third frog, the one speared and half slain by Moberly, reposed flatly beneath the upper part of the stock of the heavy rifle, which had been carelessly placed on it, and its green sides bulged regularly in laborious respiration. Its battered head was impinged against the sideboards of the boat, so that it could not move farther in that direction, and one of its hind legs, fat and muscular, was caught in the curve of the delicate gun-trigger—a trigger that had been pulled backwards. Pulled backwards, as if the trapped knee-joint had been convulsively jerked, vainly jerked, in an effort for release—thus discharging the cocked weapon.

"Well," slowly decided the sheriff, "we'll just call it one of those things. An accident, and let it go at that. What it really was, fellows, was poetic justice. He should have killed the frog in the first place. He never did, he never would—so the frog killed him. Yeah, you can go, Tony—it's all right."

The buck picked up his gig, gave one parting glance at the fixed, evil countenance in the canoe. "Tony Osceola spoke," he shrugged eloquently. "Kee-gus Cay-taw ta-pus. Tony Osceola go."

The Music-Box Review

Put on evening clothes and silk topper before sitting down to the latest Rachmaninoff record

by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

Would anyone ever have a more auspicious occasion to start writing about records than the release by Victor of Rachmaninoff and Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra playing together the newest Rachmaninoff composition—*Rhapsodie for Piano and Orchestra on a Theme of Paganini?* I could grow slightly incoherent talking about this album. If I say it is magnificent I am only being trite, and all the well-known superlatives just don't suffice here. I had heard what a sensation the composer made when he played it with the St. Louis Orchestra, but I wasn't prepared to hear anything as stunning as this release really is.

The work itself is in the form of a theme with variations, and it contains some of the greatest writing for piano in combination with orchestra I have ever heard; and if you really want to do yourself justice you will dash to the closet and put on your evening clothes and silk topper before sitting down in front of your phonograph to listen for the first time. It did something to me that no other pianist or composer has done for a great many years. It finally convinced me that I am not such a cynic musically, after all.

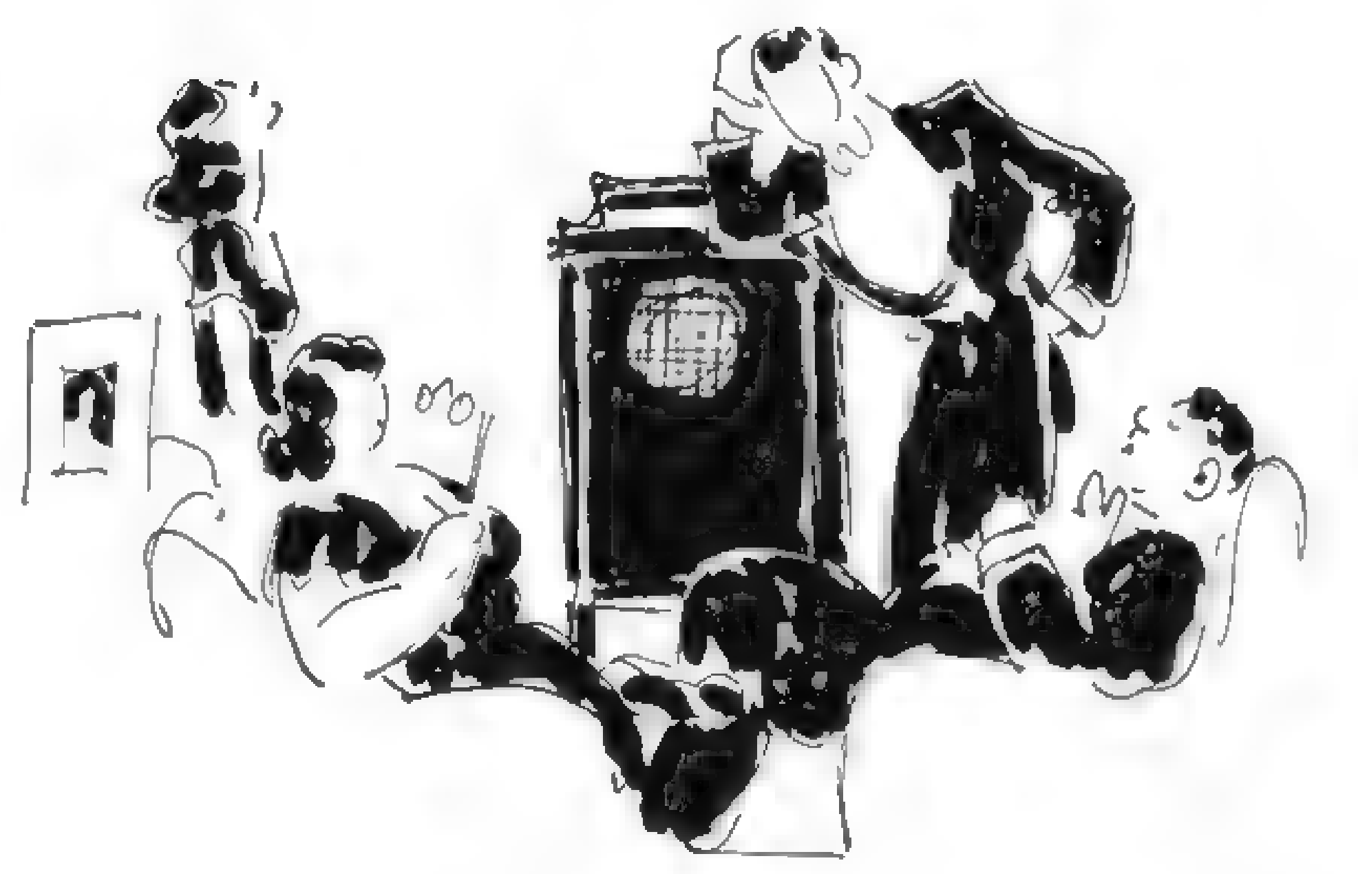
The orchestration is characteristic of Rachmaninoff, and the instrumental colors he achieves are miraculous. But as yet I haven't said anything about his piano playing—it simply takes up where many of our other virtuosos stop. The finale is really the crown of this masterpiece: after the orchestra closes with a tremendous tour de force the piano itself puts a period to the work by playing a few notes of the theme.

One could just go on and on and on in this manner, and then in a very small voice at the end timidly ask why the Victor Company did not separate the sides better than they have done, since all the discs end in the middle of a variation. But I really must close by saying all the hats I own are off to Mr. Rachmaninoff as composer, orchestrater, pianist, and musician.

Victor—Musical Masterpiece Series — Album M-250

* * *

When Jascha Heifetz makes a record it is news to me and it should be to everybody else interested in a really great performance of anything violinistic. First of all he plays the Paganini-Kreisler *Caprice*, Op. 1, No. 13. This particular caprice happens to have



been really done by Paganini and has really only been arranged by Mr. Kreisler, since I did not see it included under Father Kreisler's *Confessions of a Purist*.

Heifetz' playing of the double stops is superlative, and if you don't think it is difficult to do even for a great virtuoso, just get out your violin some morning and try it. That should make you humble in the presence of greatness.

The balance of tone between the piano and violin in both of these records is quite bad. The piano is much too prominent and the use of the pedal is very poor. However, even that won't stop your enjoyment of this thirteenth caprice.

Victor—Red Seal—No. 1697.

* * *

I had better start from scratch to tell you this whole story, and stop me if you have heard it: Roy Harris and M. D. Herter Norton have taken what Mr. Harris considers Bach's supreme work and transcribed it for string quartet.

There is no one who admires Bach's finest works more than I, but I would like written into the record that I do not consider this his greatest work. It is a text book on one part of music, counterpoint. Is that all there is to music—even if the working out is done beautifully and by a master? I would much rather hear Stokowski's arrangements of some of the little preludes than this whole *Art of the Fugue*

Messrs. Harris and Norton have done well by the quartet arrangement, and the Roth Quartet has made a notable job of playing. All in all it has been one of those labors of love, but how anybody can love a text book is beyond me.

Bach took a theme, a simple theme, and wrote a simple fugue—then he took the theme and inverted it—then he used it in augmentation—then he used it in diminution—then he wrote a double fugue—then he wrote a quadruple fugue—all out of the same material; till by the time the seat of his pants were shiny from using the same material so many times I became a little tired. All of which leads me to the point which is, mass never means greatness to me. But if you want to study the fugue, the *Art of the Fugue*, get this record. If this be heresy then I stand condemned.

Columbia—Masterworks Set—No. 206.

* * *

Get ready for the new music of Reginald Foresythe. His orchestra, featuring the piano, takes the mood of Cyril Scott's *Lullaby* plus its first three notes, and with an almost primitive, insistent rhythm succeeds in sustaining that mood. The rhythm is very slow and the harmonic changes modernistically wild at times. There is a freshness about this record that is amazing because when you analyze it afterwards it isn't terribly well played; but for anyone interested in things of this type I am sure they will love it.

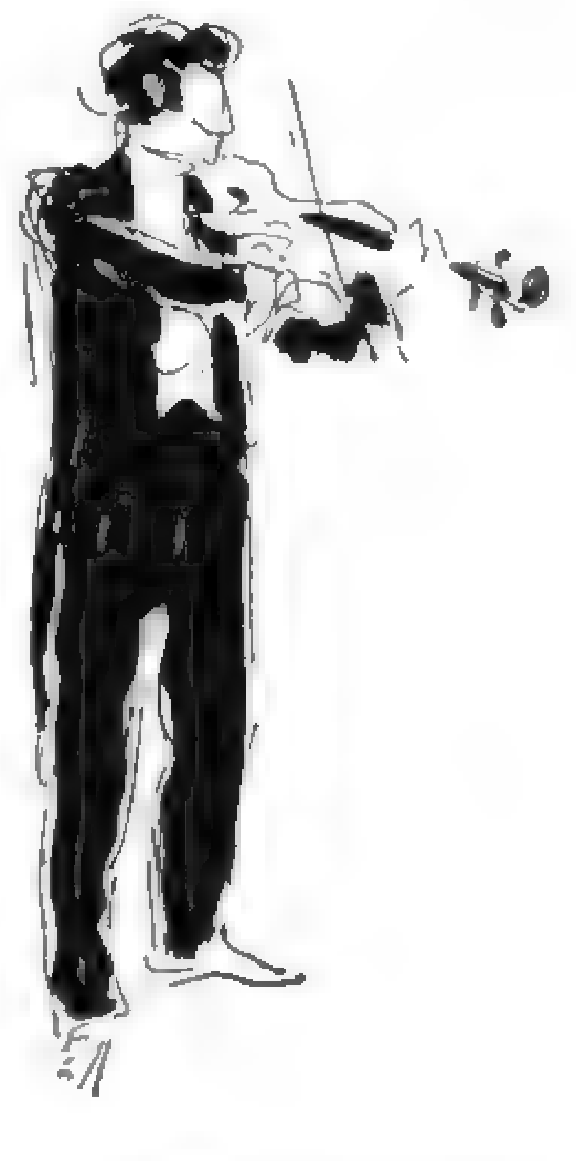
There is, back to back with it, of all things, *Dodging a Divorcee*. This is truly a "run away" theme. Foresythe tries to be scholastic or academic by making a fugue from the theme. He gets as far as the introduction of the third voice but the fugue form seems to be too fettering so off the orchestra goes, hot, and how! There is nothing phenomenal in the scoring, but again the ideas are so fresh as to seem vital.

I think you will hear a lot more about Foresythe. He is a young colored gentleman who was born in London and is a graduate of Oxford University. He has his own dance orchestra in London, and while on a trip to the United States several months ago was a guest of Emperor Paul Whiteman on the latter's radio program.

Columbia—No. 302D.

* * *

The Casa Loma orchestra plays with a better knowledge of ensemble than almost any other band I know. The *Little Man with the Hammer* is one of the best things I have heard in some time. Almost always the scoring for this group is rather on



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PHOTOGRAPH BY ATELIER VON BEHR

BIG MAN-ABOUT-BROADCASTING: FRANK BLACK

To get a job done well, give it to a busy man. That's why Frank Black gets the job as Esquire's record critic. Not that Frank Black needs a job, or that he needs Esquire. He doesn't—not half as much, anyway, as Esquire needs him. And he already has a job—one of the biggest jobs in the country. He's the man behind the broadcasts, musically speaking, at N B C. He writes, arranges, directs, rehearses, conducts, selects music, builds programs, interviews musicians, supervises broadcasts, hears auditions, seeks talent, holds innumerable conferences with program boards and officials, and keeps a clean desk! In his spare time, now, he writes about records for Esquire. We're glad we could get him to take the job because (while we wouldn't have told him so beforehand) we'd have been stumped to find anybody else whose opinions would carry equal weight with both short-haired and long-haired musicians.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Calling attention to a perfect novel about the inner distances between a modern man and wife

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

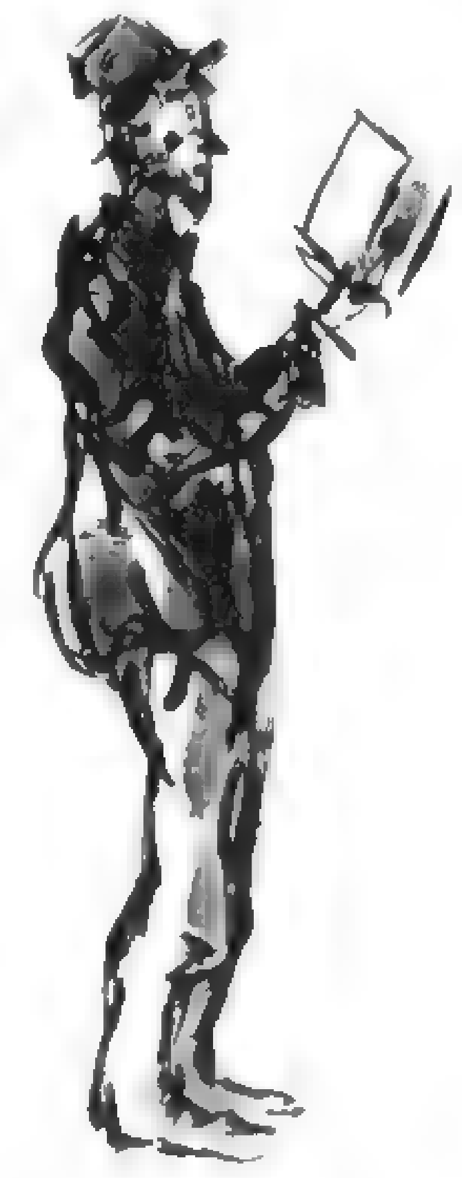
TOPS

Shoulder the Sky. (Putnam's, $2.50). By James Gray—This is one of the very best novels I have ever read (and I mean *ever*) of the maladjustment and intermittent readjustments in what ordinarily passes for a happy married life among normal decent couples. Reviewed below.

Blessed is the Man. (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.50). By Louis Zara—Almost a "Taras Bulba" of a Russian immigrant and his achievements in America, by an Esquire discovery. Reviewed below.

Not for Heaven. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.). By Dorothy McCleary—Humorous and appealing story of a wise and rowdy old harridan, her horse and her children. Reviewed below.

A Man Called Cervantes. (Viking, $2.50). By Bruno Frank—A brilliant and beautiful novel of the life and times of the author of *Don Quixote* wherein the meager facts we have about Cervantes are embroidered into a grand pattern of authentic Spanish history of the days of the glorious Armada. Reviewed below.



RECOMMENDED

Of Time and the River. (Scribner's, $3.). By Thomas Wolfe—You will be buying this book and reading *in* it but whether you will ever read all of its 450,000 words, I doubt, you liar! But maybe you have just the temperament for it. Maybe you are the sort that likes to hear the pipe-organ going full blast, all stops open, for ten or twelve solid hours. If so, it is your music. Parts of it are grand. It is a book for most people to nibble at. It is five years in the life of Thomas Wolfe, alias Eugene Gant, a frenzied young Gargantua who wants to see everything, do everything, read everything, know everything and to live with a flaming intensity every precious second of his life.

He Sent for the Raven. (Viking, $2.50). By Elizabeth Madox Roberts—Mrs. Roberts' style is just a shade too carefully modulated for me and her overtones seem just a little too pregnant with meanings I do not catch for me to think of her as one of my favorite authors; but there is distinction in her writing and she usually has, as in this novel, an unusual and dramatic story to tell and a way of associating that story with the soil on which it occurs. In this story Stoner Drake, a weird Kentuckian, resolves never to set foot on the soil again after his second wife dies; and in this symbolic renunciation of the soil Mrs. Roberts has woven a curious story of an aberration and its effects upon Drake's daughter and granddaughter.

Star of Empire. (Vanguard, $2.50). By Grant Lewi—This novel seems to have been missed by the New York reviewers and so far no fuss has been made about it. It is probably not worth making a great fuss about; but it is most distinctly a novel worth reading, soundly documented, honestly observed and set down, dramatic and historically significant. It is, in fact, the story in the terms of the career of one man, of all that has happened, historically and economically, of fundamental importance in this country during the past fifty years. It is about a vigorous and resourceful cattle-man and land-buyer who capitalized magnificently upon the rapidly mounting land values of industrial expansion and whose "empire" was gradually disintegrated by the inevitable forces of economic law. He is reduced in the end to a few acres for fruit cultivation in California. The pictures the author presents of the changing scene are lively, impressive and memorable and the central character is vividly drawn.

50 Years a Surgeon. (Dutton, $3.50). By Robert T. Morris, M. D.—This is both an objective and a personal history of the development of surgery since 1880, by a great surgeon and a magnificent man, who has seen fads come and go and who, within his own lifetime, has seen the profession rise from almost the barber-surgeon, septic stage to a science requiring natural skill and highly-technical training. What he tells about skin-flint, ignorant and ungrateful patients is plenty.

National Velvet. (Morrow, $2.50). By Enid Bagnold—The story of a fourteen-year-old girl who inherits a string of race-horses and a plug from an eccentric suicide and who trains and rides the plug to victory in the Grand National. The girl's mother is a retired channel-swimmer and her father is a butcher. Very English, very horsey and very fanciful; but not as amusing as you would expect of the author of the delightfully bawdy, *Serena Blandish*. In an appendix Mrs. Bagnold says the decorations for her book were drawn by her thirteen-year-old daughter. Daughter pulled a fast one on mamma: the drawings are copies of fairly well-known Japanese prints.

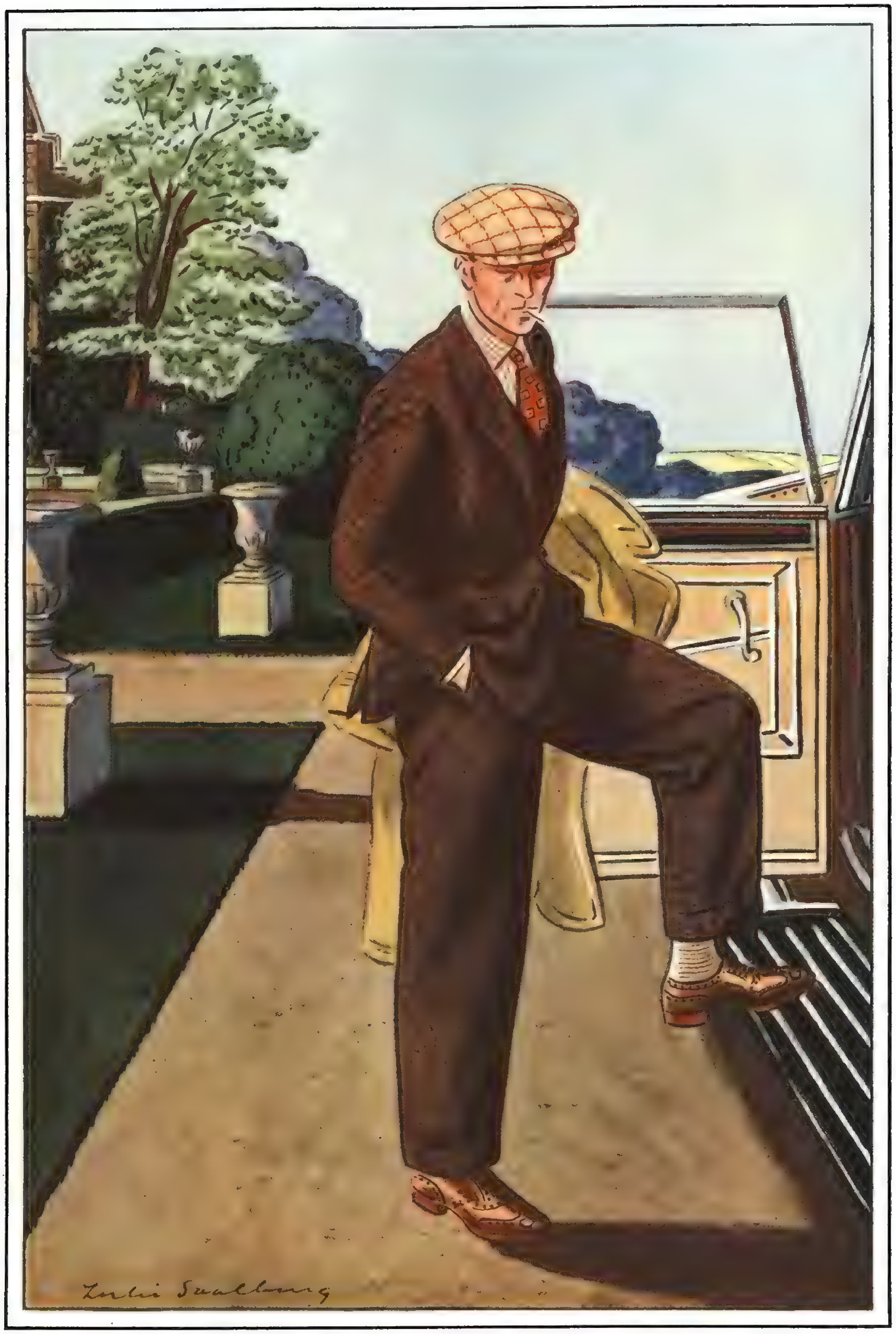
Spanish Raggle-Taggle. (Dutton, $3.50). By Walter Starkie—The author is professor of Spanish in Dublin University. He fiddled and, with another consonant, got his way through Spain, living with the peasants and humbler folk, shunning the by-ways of the tourists. He not only had a swell time but tells about it gayly, entertainingly, frankly and with humor. A lot of his jokes are on himself. A most refreshing kind of travel book.

Blind Men Crossing a Bridge. (Stokes, $2.50). By Susan Miles—If you buy this book and begin reading it, don't come belly-aching to me that it bogged you down. I am telling you right from the shoulder that if you haven't the temperament for this sort of book it is the sort of book you haven't the temperament for. It is huge, unwieldy, introspective, morbid, muggy; it deals with the subconscious as well as with the overt actions of no less than three generations of people whose inner lives (believe it or not) are profoundly influenced by a Japanese print. When the author comes up for air after some of this deep-sea diving, there is lucidity, point and entertainment; the study of adolescence in the beginning of the book is instructive; and you are certainly touched by the note of tragedy. But when she dives into philosophy and mysticism she is 'way under my head.

The Blue Eagle from Egg to Earth. (Doubleday, Doran, $3.). By Hugh S. Johnson—According to the General, everybody else in the N.R.A. and out of it is a snotty-nose rinky-dink except him and F. D. R. (and the only reason, apparently, he includes the President is that his drill sergeant mind ordains in him respect and deference to his immediate superior); but this is lively and instructive reading, couched in good barracks-room language. The General will excuse some of us if we laugh our heads off. We thought it would be something like that. We also think it would have been even worse if the General had had everything his own way.

Privileged Characters. (McBride, $3.75). By M. R. Werner—Werner doesn't write with any zip or grace. He doesn't know how to dramatize his material. The result is that you have practically to rewrite his data in your own mind while you read, lest you be smothered by his presentation. But here is the story

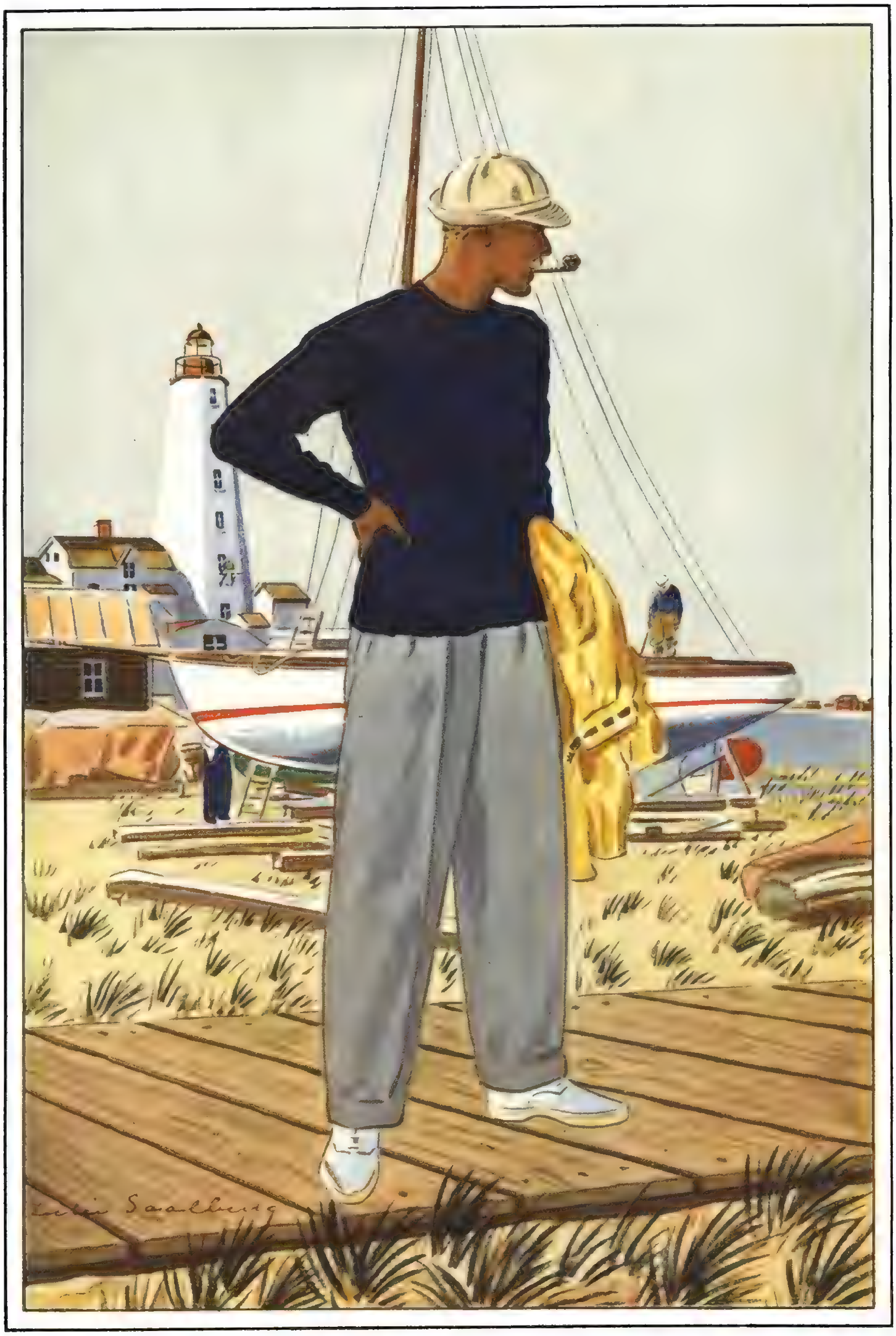
Continued in center of page 181



THE PROPER TAPER OF A TROUSER LEG

Happily, the era of peg-topped pants, worn with bulldog button shoes, a wide striped shirt and a pancaked predecessor of the present pork pie hat is almost as completely forgotten as the Velie Car that was the dashing concomitant of such an outfit. But in one respect we are tending, if ever so slightly back to it. Note that the correctly cut trouser of today is widest through the thigh, a trifle narrower at the knee, and considerably narrower at the cuff. The suit is of lightweight brown Donegal tweed, with side vents, flapped pockets and relatively narrow notch lapels. The shirt is tan oxford with white stripes, made with the wide spread P. of W. collar, and the rather wide tie is a red and yellow foulard. A wine color sleeveless sweater replaces a waistcoat. The brown wing tipped shoes have rubber soles and heels. A checked cap and camels hair polo coat complete this very British outfit.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



OUTFIT FOR THE EARLY-SEASON SAILOR

It may be early, north of Baltimore, to go down to the sea in pleasure ships, but the hardier breed of amateur sea-farers have been showing signs of restlessness for weeks. For the small sailboat, in the early season, an outfit like this is hardly more than adequate. The white jai alai shoes with crepe soles and heels will probably come off quickly, since half the fun of sailing is the chance to go barefooted, but the heavy knit crew neck sweater had better stay on for a while. The slacks are grey flannel. A white sailing cap is all right, but if you have your school crew hat you'll probably prefer to wear it. And for the next few weeks, while the blows are right pert, the oilskin slicker is the least dispensible part of the outfit. The pipe, of course, is purely optional, as we realize there are still some men who don't smoke, although, when we stop to think of it, very few are sailors.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Answering Your Inquiry

An expert recommender passes out a few hints on the fine art of providing references

by STACY JONES

• SATIRE •

THE first time I recommended Barclay was more than ten years ago. The dormitory secretary of a Y. M. C. A. sent me a letter stating that he had applied for a room, and asking a number of questions. I remember that one of the questions concerned his regard for the sanctity of a contract to pay room rent. There were several that I have forgotten, involving his use of stimulants and other matters, but I distinctly remember the final one:

"Has he any bad habits that we can help him to correct?"

I hadn't even known that Barclay was in New York. I was a little put out at hearing from him first in this roundabout way, and the letter itself annoyed me. I was raising my first mustache, and had just laid aside my fraternity pin. In all the dignity of my years I dispatched a reply to the effect that Barclay was a friend of mine and a gentleman and paid his debts, and that I wouldn't insult him by answering any of the rest.

This nearly got the poor fellow thrown out of the room they had rented him while he was under investigation. I believe he saved himself by telling the dormitory secretary that I had gone suddenly insane. Since then I have never put into such a letter anything but the usual banalities.

In fact I have found that if you must be disagreeable there are much better ways of doing it than in writing. There is the example of my friend Ellis, the journalist. He was returning from a party one night and was feeling, for some reason, disagreeable. His morose eye lit upon the red front of a drugstore in the Columbia University district where he lived, and he broke away from his wife. Having entered the drugstore, he went from one counter to another, and as each clerk came up to attend to his wants he made a dreadful face and moved to the next department. After he had completed the circuit he was immensely relieved and went home placidly with his wife. That, it seems to me, was the proper way to be disagreeable. If he had written a disagreeable letter to the drugstore, calling it down, say, for its red front or the quality of its sandwiches, he would have been ashamed the next day, and the letter would still be in the drugstore files, and graven in his heart.

But this is getting away from Barclay. I found him at the Y. M. C. A. after braving a clerk who bared his teeth at me across the desk and a hostess who was about to mother me. Barclay was very cordial, and said it was quite all right about my reply to the form letter. We saw each other frequently for some months, and then he disappeared again.

I was prepared for my next experience with a Y. M. C. A. I phrased my reply to this inquiry with proper discretion, thus aiding a crony of mine to obtain quarters in a Brooklyn branch. He had been lodging in a room let him by a lady with a Japanese husband and a dog. He might not have minded the husband, but it seemed that he was expected to share the room with the dog. In order to get into the Y. M. C. A. he had not only to supply references but to promise to stay all winter. After a few months, however, he desired to move and looked about for an excuse to break his agreement. He complained of bedbugs. The secretary looked at him fishily, and had his mattress and spring removed and fumigated. A few days later he complained of bedbugs again, and threatened to leave. Again the Y staff patiently fumigated his room. Desperate, he brought in a squad of bedbugs from his former lodging, slept with them, and obtained from his dormitory mates an affidavit that "We the undersigned have examined one Ezra Thomas and find him to have been bitten in eight places by insects to us unknown, probably bedbugs." He attached a dead bedbug to the affidavit, turned it in and triumphantly departed.

My friends have always used me as a referee, and so far it has not involved me in anything. The fact that I am in business and in the telephone book and have a secretary to ask who's calling probably qualifies me. There is something solid and substantial about being in the telephone book and being a Vice-President. Even in hard times, when my paycheck is slow, I manage to keep on hand a supply of neatly engraved stationery with my name in small-caps, upper left.

Barclay has been by far the most faithful of the applicants. I haven't seen him now in eight or nine years, but I can trace his career by referring to my Barclay file. After he left the Y. M. C. A. he got an apartment, and I assured the agents that he was good pay. Then he applied for various positions, and I told his prospective employers that I had known him for many years and was confident of his probity and competence. After that came a series of clothing stores, moving gradually uptown. I became a little frightened at a letter from a very expensive one, and inserted a hedge clause in my reply to the credit man, stating that nothing herein should be construed as guaranteeing Barclay's bills. I was very much ashamed of this afterwards, and in later recommendations omitted it. Besides, my lawyer told me they couldn't hold me for anything.

On one occasion Barclay sent me a blank from a fashionable church. It seemed that he had to have a letter from a business man in order to swim in the parish house pool. I had no hesitation about approving his total immersion, but was careful not to say so.

Another time my secretary told me some club was on the telephone. "This is Gus." said a voice. "A man is here, name of Barclay. Looks all right; he says he's been here with you. Tall fella, gray suit, glasses; not much hair."

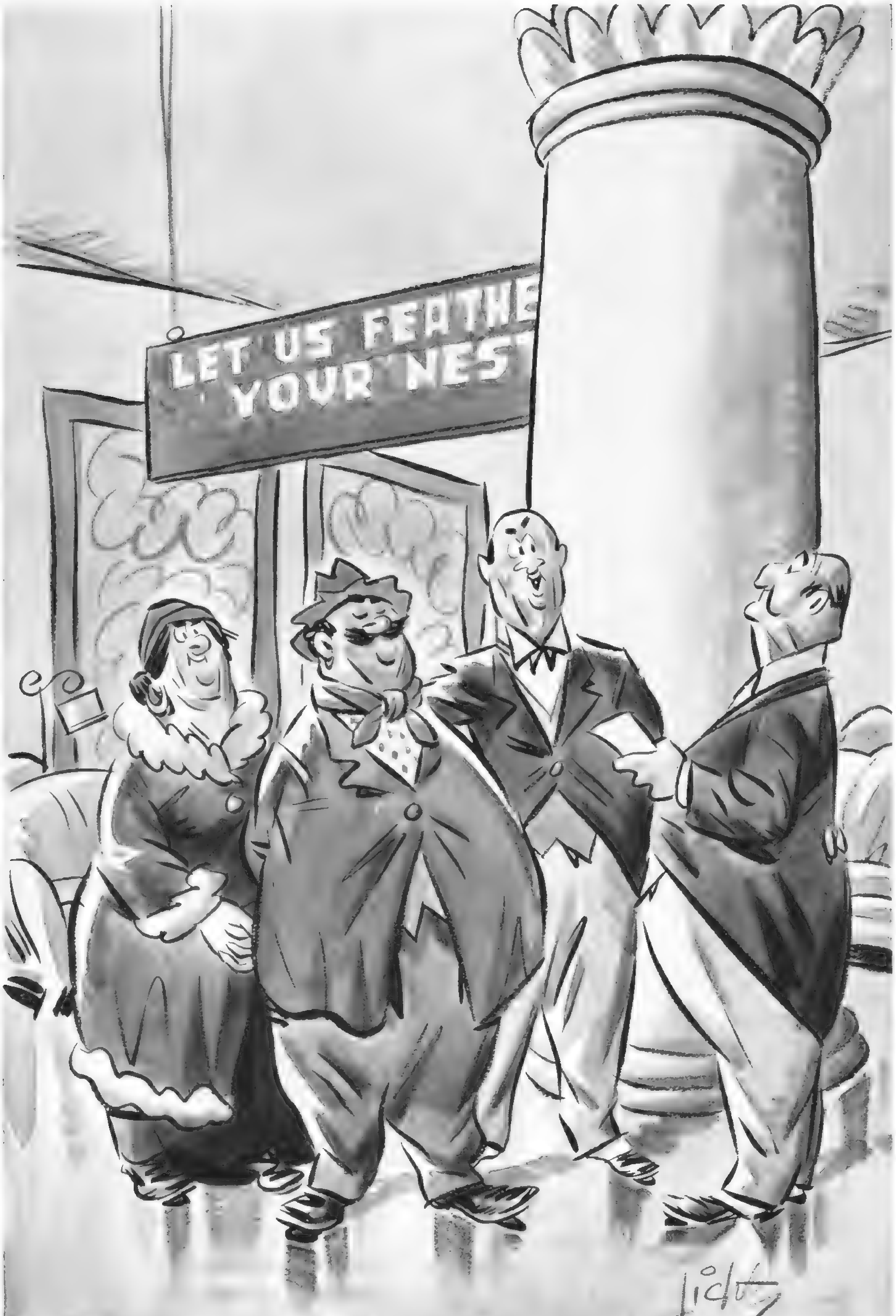
"Oh, sure," I said. "He's all right, Gus. Let him in."

That was several years ago, before liquor became ultra-respectable, even patriotic. In those days I was always a little embarrassed at mentioning speakeasies over the telephone, and my secretary pretended not to notice. But I don't think she held the incident against Barclay. Indeed, I recall that one day in September, 1926, she came in after lunch with a flushed face and, in typing a letter, addressed the president of a bank as "Dear Isabel."

About 1927 I adopted form letters for recommendations. My secretary types them out now without prompting. When an employer asks about character I say "I have your letter of blank date inquiring about the character of Mr. Blank. I am glad to say that I can recommend him without reservation." Or, "I am sure you will find Mr. Blank entirely satisfactory as a tenant," or "an excellent credit risk." Copies of all these are in the Barclay file.

There are signs that I shall soon lose Barclay, as he is becoming too prosperous to need my sanction. By now he should be recommending me. A few months ago an investigator for an insurance company called and began beating about the Barclay bush. He stuttered and hesitated a good deal, but I finally made out that Barclay had applied for a large policy. The man wanted to know, without asking point-blank, whether Barclay was likely to commit suicide. "My dear Sir," I began (a phrase I have found effective) and did my best to remove his apprehension.

And only the other day, at a tea, I was sitting next to a Mr. Morton, a substantial gentleman with gold seals, and was casting about unsuccessfully for a topic of conversation, until Barclay's name came up. Mr. Morton, whom inflation and football had left cold, warmed at once to the subject of Barclay. It was finally made clear that Barclay had been seeing a good deal of his daughter. I realized that this was probably my last opportunity. "I am glad to say, Mr. Morton, that I can recommend him without reservation," I said.


LET US FEATHE
YOUR NEST
Lichty

"Mr. Spumoni would like to have us feather his nest."

The Blaze Beaters

Our favorite engine chaser tells whether the fire or the fireman does the more damage

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

One of the most popular bromides about fire fighting is that hoary legend, "What the fire doesn't destroy, the firemen will." In common with most legends, this one assays at about three ounces of truth and thirteen ounces of baloney to the pound.

Nevertheless, the first crash of glass at a fire is invariably greeted by a chorus of chortling wise cracks from the Sidewalk Chiefs behind the safety lines who wax more eloquent with the sound of each succeeding axe thud.

"The fire went out on 'em," booms some smart citizen, "so now they're going to chop down the building." And his appreciative auditors settle down to enjoy vicariously the fun the "blaze beaters" are obviously having.

The only catch is that this isn't fun for them. They've been smashing windows and tearing down ceilings for years and the novelty wore off long ago. It's just hard, manual labor under terrific respiratory handicaps fraught with the constant threat of inch-deep gashes from splintering glass or razor-edged tin.

In short, it's no picnic. But when trained firemen do a given thing—and in that category come a lot of volunteer departments in these days of State College courses and drill schools—you can make up your mind that there is a reason behind it and a purpose in view.

Take glass, for instance. Here's a "three bagger" in the basement of a building: a lousy building to begin with and a rip-snorting cellar fire to make matters worse. Entry to the cellar is impossible and even the street-floor stores are crammed with vile, yellowish-gray smoke, but as far as the spectators can see, no flames are visible so far.

Presently several ladder truckmen gallump over with pike poles and deliberately bash in the small lights of glass atop the big show windows. To the civilian assembly the poisonous-looking stuff which spews out of the small openings is just smoke; but to the firemen its color and velocity spell Trouble with a capital T. The small openings are obviously inadequate; the laddermen eye the billows warily, glance at their captain for his nod, and promptly give the crowd something to gasp at.

Crash—bang—bam—tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—go the costly plate glass show windows, one after the other down a row of four stores—and what was heretofore nothing but smoke suddenly turns into livid tongues of flame.

"Look at the damn fools," snort twenty different Wise Guys, "giving the fire a draft and making it worse!"

But that is only half a truth. True, there's flame there now because of this "draft," but that was intentional and it hasn't made matters worse, it has made matters better. First, it is urgent that men get into those stores to cut holes in the floor through which engine company crews can insert cellar pipes and patent nozzles with whirling sprays through which to flood the fire in the basement. If they don't manage it soon, the blaze will be into the walls and sweeping up through the whole building via these hidden voids.

But men can't live on that floor because the heat, smoke and gas are too intense. The last is especially important, for this stuff we loosely term "smoke" covers a wide chemical range. In it are various products of distillation and incomplete combustion, including not only carbon monoxide in high ratio but several other gases even more deadly.

For this, you remember, is a pent-up fire: it has enough oxygen to keep it going but not enough to become a roaring blaze. It is a giant smudge bottled up within four walls and the whole stinking brew is rapidly approaching the point where it will need but a breath of fresh oxygen from outside to convert it into an explosive mixture resulting in a "backdraught" or "smoke explosion" that will flatten the building.

Once you've seen a whole fire company blown clear across the street by merely jerking open a door to a smoldering blaze, you realize why these fellows fidget when they see that kind of smoke. And even though flames are now visible where they weren't before, you can understand why they all breathe a silent prayer of thanks even though lay comments behind the ropes run to the contrary. Those flames are nothing to worry about—the hand lines, ready and waiting before the glass was broken, are already knocking them down. Indeed, firemen prefer flame to smoke any day, and well do I remember an outbreak in a tire warehouse that smoldered and stunk and knocked out over thirty men until, after three hours' labor, they managed to get the thing opened up and actually compelled it to burn freely. Otherwise it would have gone on for days.

However, the point now is that in a few moments the pent-up poison in these stores will be thinned out enough to let them get inside and work.

Some will be dragged out, of course, and the rest will wish they could be. Smoke will gash their lungs like a nutmeg grater; coat collars will get so hot they blister the neck; boots will become tacky and stick to a floor hot enough to fry an egg to a crisp. But at least they've got a chance to live in there now, and that's all they ask.

Perhaps the preliminary performance with the pike poles did look wantonly foolish to the uninitiated. But if those costly show windows hadn't been smashed, that cellar blaze would have gotten upstairs and the building would have been doomed. By breaking the windows with an object in view, they managed to hold that fire to its point of origin in spite of the third alarm. And show windows are still cheaper than buildings!

All of which comes back to the first rule of firemanship: Get Inside. The only way to keep damages down is to stop the blaze—and the only way to stop the blaze is to get in where you can throw water on it, not just at it.

A certain amount of smashing up may be involved, but if that serves to ventilate the place—to rid it of some of the deadly fumes and punishing heat that make entry impossible, then that is infinitely cheaper

Continued on page 114

Nothing to Lose But Our Pants

Continued from page 79

"They filched our fabrics. Our Scotch district checks, our tweeds, our herringbones, our gabardines, our tattersalls—every single, solitary fabric ever designed by man for his own delectation. . . .

"Our sport shoes, our riding boots, our barefoot sandals. . . .

"They lifted the lines of our suits—the wide lapels, the pleated backs, the double-breasted coats, the shoulder lines, the norfolk jackets. . . .

"They purloined our shirts and ties, our collars and cuffs. Our color combinations. Our turtle-neck sweaters, our cardigan sweaters, *all* our sweaters. Our suspenders, our polo shirts, our beach slacks, our shirts, our shorts. . . ." My stylist friend fell into an unintelligible babble, piling up an endless list of garments which woman has wangled from man.

When lucidity had come back to him, he said, "When a woman goes riding nowadays she isn't considered well-dressed unless her outfit is exactly like a man's. When she skiis, she's dressed like a man from head to heels, except for a few modifications. Her bathing suit is exactly like ours. Her golfing clothes give the impression of a man's knicker suit—when she's not wearing shorts, or slacks, or—or—words fail me!

"Getting off the subject of clothes a little bit—but still sticking to general appearance—she swiped our haircuts, though she's compromised with them a little. Years ago she took our cigarettes—which she uses mainly for decorative purposes—and now she's got an eye on our pipes. Even her jewelry is showing the masculine influence, in sporting crystals, cufflinks, studs, belt buckles. . . ."

My fashion-minded acquaintance went on enumerating specific thefts—a long catalog of relatively obscure items which could hardly interest the layman. I give my word that his evidence supporting the indictment of feminine style plagiarism was staggering, simply staggering.

My friend got in touch with a man who is at the helm of one of Fifth Avenue's leading department stores, catering to the feminine trade exclusively. He was attending a showing of spring fashions at a wholesale house, and we hurried to meet him.

The models rotated past us, and the department store executive snapped orders and made notes. As the models passed, I tried a little trick. I held one hand flat before my eyes, blocking my view of the model's head; I held the other lower down, so that I saw only the section of her anatomy below the neck and above the knees. The result was just what I had expected.

By closing out my view of the model's head and legs, what I saw was the most thoroughly masculine garb imaginable. Here a piece of fur disguised the intention slightly, there a ruffle topped a severely mannish outfit, and occasionally a fancy frill was all that saved a coat from utter masculinity.

The man who was buying the clothes our wives will be wearing this spring and summer corroborated my conviction that women can no longer hide their copy-cat proclivities in fashions. He was stocking up on clothes for country wear, for town wear, for afternoon wear, in a wide range of styles which would carry the well-dressed woman right through to her evening gown, and every model he selected bore unmistakably the stamp of masculine derivation.

At this writing, I have on hand a few advertisements which I have clipped from papers and magazines during the past week or so, each of them offering damning evidence in black and white that women are cribbing our clothes.

Exhibit A is the offering of one of New York's largest and most respected department stores. It is a new idea in feminine headgear, "inspired by the turban worn by Gary Cooper in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*." Score: 1-0, favor of our side.

For southern wear, a rival across the street offers a silk outfit made up of a mannish shirtwaist and a "culotte" skirt for golfing or bicycling. The skirt, if it were a few inches longer, would be a dead ringer for the "Oxford Bags" which college boys discarded years ago. While treating of out-and-out pants, mention must be made of the wool bowling outfit recommended by an emporium further up the avenue. It is composed of a jacket and a "split skirt," which, by no matter what name, is still a pair of pants.

A note in a fashion column apprises me that a smart store is doing a land-office business in "Diamond Jim Brady jewelry," imitations in colored glass of the knick-knacks which Mr. Brady had made up for his personal use.

A jacket of "gray men's-wear flannel" vies with a "norfolk jacket in a mannish tweed mixture," and an advertisement on the same page has nothing but eulogy for a pair of women's golf shoes, which, if they came in a large enough size, would not look effeminate on the feet of Bobby Jones.

Where, you may ask, will it all end? The answer, gentlemen, depends upon us. It would be chivalrous of us, as well as ocularly advantageous to us, to let the ladies have some of the elements of our wardrobe. What they doubtless covet most about our clothes is their smart simplicity, for this is the first feature of them which they have cornered completely. We should graciously allow them to have their fill of it, for it is something they have deprived themselves of ever since Eve added a ruffle to her fig-leaf. That the masculine influence in women's clothes can be a very good thing is well exemplified by many a charming suit and gown and hat, and it is certainly to our advantage to encourage them in developing better styles from our master-patterns.

But we must not let them go too far. Without guidance, as they have amply demonstrated in the past, they will go haywire, gaga, and blooey. They must be gently but firmly forced to keep to a middle position in fashions, somewhere between the frenzied femininity which has been their ruin in the past, and a stark masculinity which would be equally disastrous. Women, envying our sartorial development, have thought that following our example to the letter would end their dilemma, and they must be disabused of the notion. We should allow them to take only those elements of our clothes which become them, and we should exact from them due acknowledgment of indebtedness.

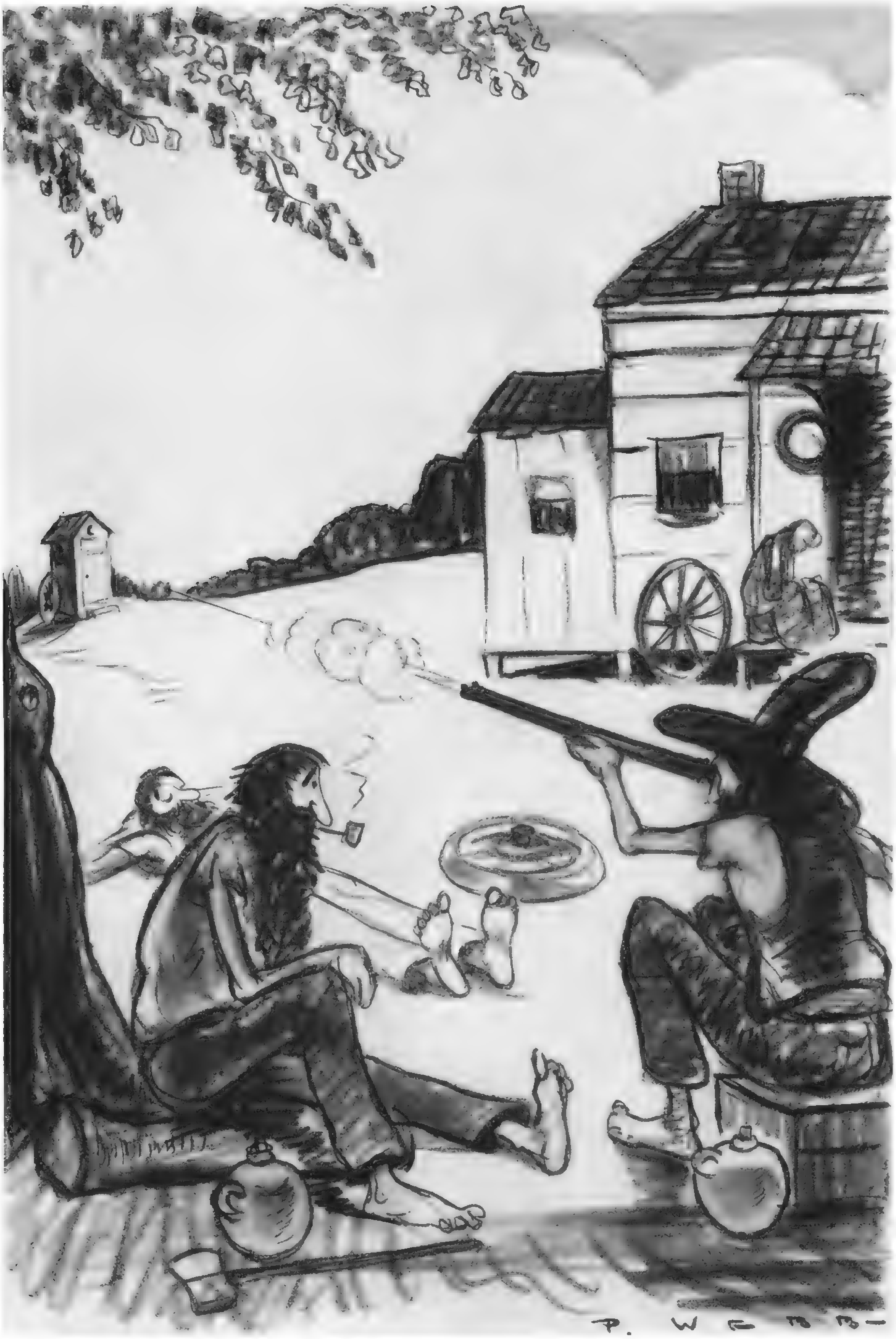
If your wife counters your argument by saying that you, to balance her theft from your styles, are introducing into your clothes the element of brilliant color, which she has always considered her own, you may ask her to consider the lower vertebrates.

The bird will probably serve as the most shining example, but it is true of that whole division of animals—excepting only man—that the male flaunts the gayest hues, while his mate mopes around her nest or her burrow or her ocean in the drabbest of garb.

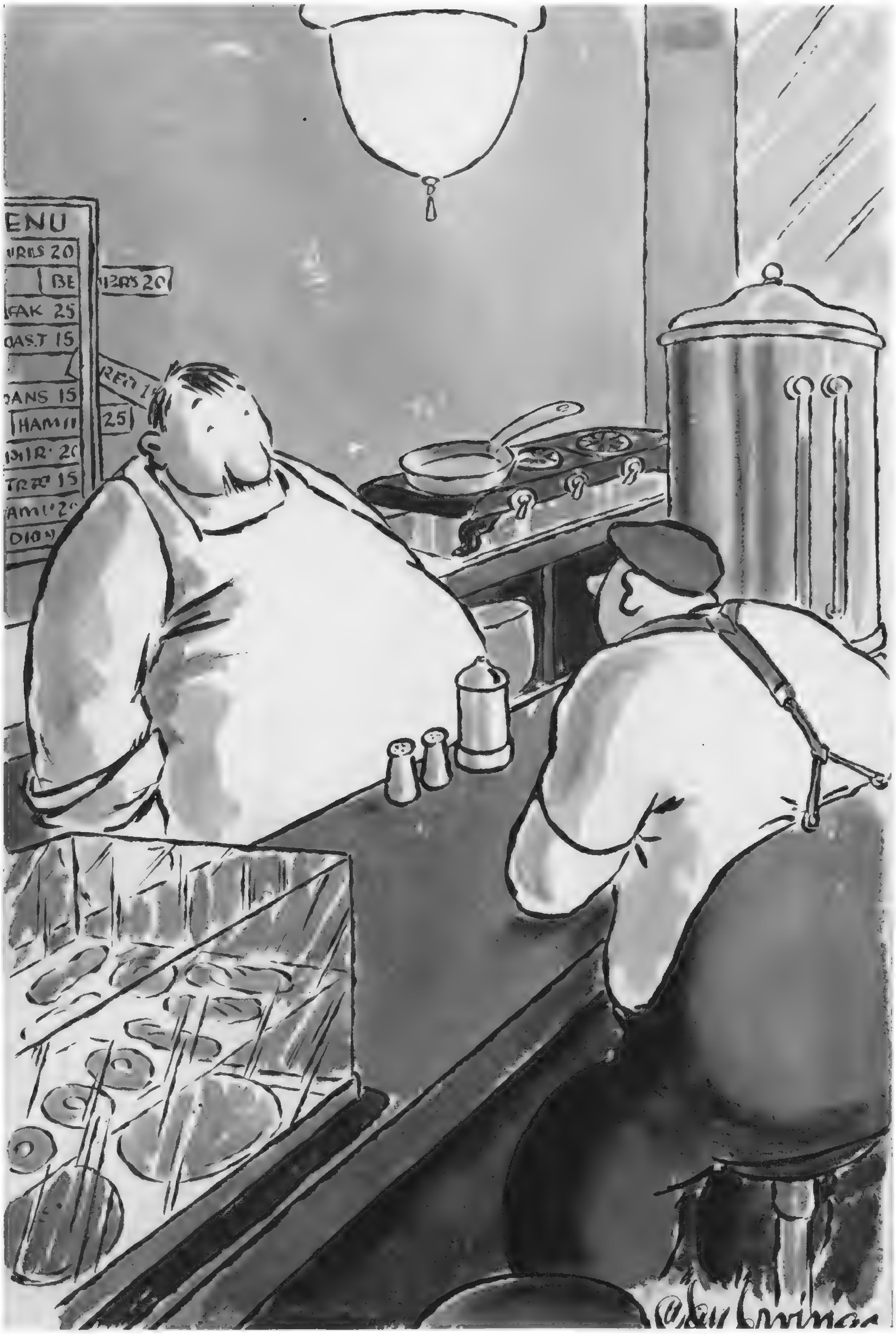
Arise, gentlemen! Too long have we been accused of being dull and prosaic in our dressing, when in reality we are the ones who have given women their best ideas. Let us call for a reckoning from our wives! Let us close ranks and draw up a constitution or something, and make a petition for official recognition of our superiority in clothes. Thus, and thus only, can we keep the clothes we have labored so long to perfect. Let our battle-cry be:

Men of the world, unite! We have nothing to lose but our pants!

Or perhaps, after all, we should take the more philosophic view that the raiment of the human race was intended primarily for its amusement. Humans are the only animals called upon to clothe themselves, and the only practical concern they need have with their clothing is that it keep them warm, or cool, or whatever they want to be, that it shield them from the curious stares of their neighbors, and that it afford them some superficial manner of differentiating the sexes. When these requirements have been fulfilled, they are free to have the time of their lives making themselves look like anything from Chinese pagodas to Airflow Chryslers.



"I wouldn't do that, Willie — grandpap gits mad mighty easy"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TRP 15
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Jay Irving

"You like for try some crep soozette today?"

Oliver Sat in the Sun

A song for an ardent lover to be remembered when his limbs are cold and children get in his hair

by JOHN TRUSCOTT

• FICTION •

OLIVER sat in the sun and fashioned trifles from silver. His fingers were nimble and his eyes aglow; his firm young limbs moved restlessly with ardor for his work. White butterflies hovered in twinkling clouds over the green-gold meadow. Singing insects swam leisurely through the thick warm air. The whistling oriole whirred past, a rushing flash of orange.

Oliver sang gaily, for he was free to work and love as he might will. He worked over a silver nothing to give to his beloved. As he beat and twisted the yielding metal he dreamed of a yielding mate. As silver, she would be the matrix of his unspeakable dreams—he would mould and shape and impregnate most tenderly. The silver swooned beneath his fingers to a song incarnate in a glinting toy.

"A pretty thing!" cried Oliver.

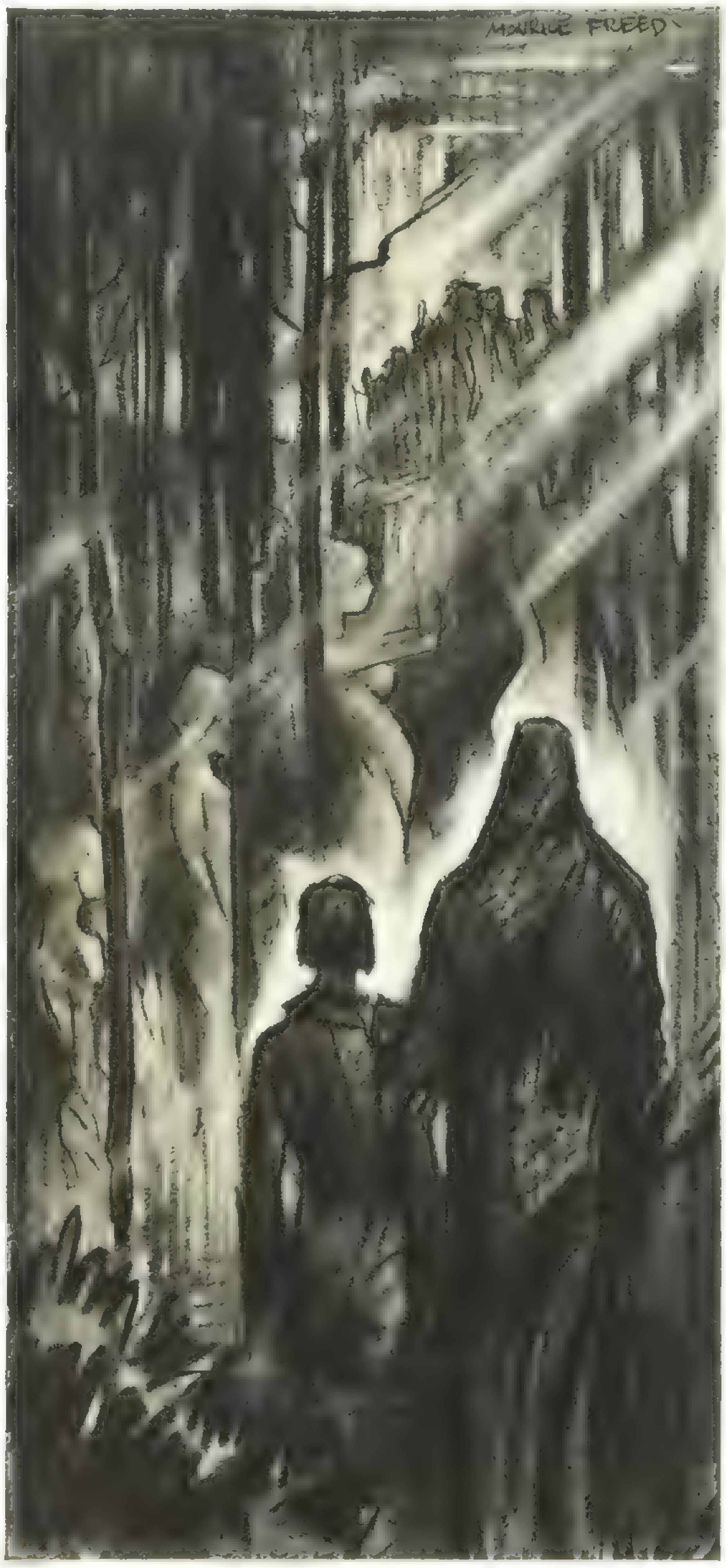
"Something beyond a pretty thing," said a gray old man, walking the way of the sun. Father Mathew's cloak was thin, his form was frail and his eyes were passing gentle. "You may not sit forever in the fields on sun-bright evenings and toil gladly over trinkets. For you love—ah, if you loved only silver! And you will come to love flesh far more than you do silver; you will take beautiful flesh within your hands, flesh that shrinks and fades and rots—and your limbs will struggle sweetly with the flesh you love. Song and silver will be forgotten and some perverse god of another time, yet hiding from the gods of Now, will punish you. For flesh, however lovely, must be fed and tended. You will become one with all the mute and stupid; with the viper and the bullock you will rejoice that you are able to beget and to nourish your getting!"

"Not so," cried Oliver. "For I shall sit always before my silver, free to form it as I will, and I shall ever will to create beauty. No woman dare forbid me, no child may pull me from my decreed task. I love, but I am free—I will be ever free!" And Oliver danced in the dying sunlight.

"Yet you love!" said Father Mathew, and sat himself down among the young springing daisies, for his thin legs trembled from his long day's walking. "You love, and will take her to wife? This is not ale-house wenching, son?"

Oliver's eyes smouldered darkly as he turned his head toward the valley where the village lay in shadow.

"I truly love her," answered Oliver. "We lie in the shade of these fair cottonwoods at noon, and her whiteness is my delight within the deepest woods by night. We know the pain and terror of love as the owls cry through the black lattices of the forest and red-gleaming eyes are hung in the nearest bushes; the slender moon is then a sliver of scarlet and dead laughter goes rattling down the wind. But, another night, will burning eyes be only embers glowing in the depths of far caves, and night will swing shut silent doors of shadow upon all crawling creatures of the wood. Then the moon will be silver-mellow, lying low and lovingly in benison above our mysteries."



The cottonwoods were now black and purple in the west, and the sun drowsed red and weary upon a cumulus of gold. "Already day is dying, and night-time coolness comes," said Father Mathew. "The butterflies dance no more and soon the icy dew will twinkle in the fields. So old age leads us slowly on to death, and neither will for one hour be denied. Your strong and supple figure will one day be bent and brittle as is mine. The fire will die then in your eyes and your fingers lose their cunning and the glory of your present hope be slowly dimmed to drabness. Then will the silver symbols of your manhood's strength be precious—and in the end they will be all that men will know of you."

"These are words from books and meet for old men," answered Oliver, "and old men are not so wise as fools may say. They can't tramp sweet-smelling hedgerows in the early morning, nor leap in the glens at noon, nor love in the forest lanes at evening. Their fingers are better able to page a book before a fire than to lift a laughing lass or to hammer silver into beauty."

Then smiled Father Mathew, as Oliver helped him to arise from the damp ground. Father Mathew said no more, and took the westward-lying way.

Oliver watched him until the cottonwoods swallowed the gray form as they sighed uneasily above the buried sun. And Oliver sought his loved one, to walk with her the fragrant woodland ways till moonset.

* * *

Oliver sat in the shadows of his shop and fashioned useful things from silver. Great bluebottle flies buzzed lazily about and there was a blur of yellow where a caged bird chittered sadly.

Through the tiny window he could hear the prattle of his children and could see the village church-spire stolidly accepting thin blue smokes of incense arising from a hundred chimney pots. Oliver hummed at his labor, trying to remember a song he had sung as a young man learning his trade.

Sir Basil Zaharoff

Continued from page 67

Minister. The Minister reluctantly gave Maxim a disappointingly small order.

But the incident resulted in some interesting nuptials. Maxim saw that he could not both invent and sell, and Zaharoff, for his part, knew that Maxim had a gun which was destined to make history. Maxim, therefore, merged with Nordenfeldt and a little later this firm was gobbled up by the colossal English company, Vickers. Zaharoff now possessed a complete line of goods and, with every nation arming as fast as they could, he found an excellent market.

With his knowledge of Slavic languages and the credentials of his Orthodox religion, Zaharoff was able to obtain good contracts in Russia. His sales in Russia naturally made a good talking point a little later when he visited Turkey, the bitter enemy of Russia. The Sultan listened apprehensively as Zaharoff boasted of his wares—and bought. Some of these wares (made in Birmingham) subsequently poured shot and shell on the English warships when they attacked the Dardanelles.

Spain was engaged in a war with the countrymen of Mr. Hearst and so Zaharoff journeyed to Madrid. This trip has been colored with romance by many writers; the lady who later became his wife, the Duchess of Villafranca, lived in the Spanish capital. There is no evidence about this stage of the wooing, but there is a record that Zaharoff worked *con amore* at his trade, landing a contract for $25,000,000. More to the point than this Spanish sale is his remarkable achievement during the Boer War. To the English, of course, he sold Vickers-Maxim machine guns. But that did not deter him from selling the same make to the Boers. Tommies in the South African war were mowed down by guns fabricated by their own countrymen. Zaharoff *was* getting on.

These were the exploits which placed him high in the estimation of representatives of the people, of ministers, premiers and monarchs, who were so desirous of protecting their own compatriots that they eagerly nourished such international hermaphrodites as Zaharoff. He became the close friend of Lloyd George, long before the war, when the two great men were involved in the Marconi scandal; also he made connections with Poincaré (then laying his plans for revenge against Germany), and with Clemenceau, who knew how wars are made.

When the war broke out, Zaharoff was in Paris and, while the pacifist Jean Jaures was shot down defenseless by a jingo, the obliging French government threw a cordon of police around Zaharoff's house in the Avenue de Hoche. If the French knew that he was a stockholder in German and Austrian armament firms as well as French, the knowledge did not deter them from granting him the Legion of Honor. Nor did his vested interest in war disqualify him for advice on peace questions. When peace parleys among allied statesmen took place in Paris, at a time when chances for allied troops looked dark, the peace makers listened to the words of Sir Basil—then recently knighted by King George. "Zaharoff," wrote Lord Bertie, British Ambassador to France, "is in favor of carrying on the war *jusqu'au bout* (to the bitter end)."

The bitter end in 1918 left him one of the richest men in the world. This is no wild statement; his share-holdings in Vickers are open to public investigation. But the way he used this vast wealth did result in another Zaharoff legend. After the war, according to melodramatic biographers, Zaharoff left his international role, followed the dictates of patriotism and backed the Greeks in their disastrous war with Turkey. The most distinguished member of the Bloody International, so runs the story, forsook his customary role and went nationalistic.

Quite the contrary. Money and power always ruled the motives of this man and these things are involved in other matters than cannon. After the war, with armament plants idle, Zaharoff turned in his quest for profits to another industry—oil. He joined the great Deterding-English plot to annex all the oil territories in the world. Turkey at that time showed signs of opposition to this conspiracy; the Turks laid claim to the British oil wells in Mesopotamia. Accordingly, Zaharoff backed the Greeks, who seemed likely to divert the Turks from this move. But the Greeks lost and the British had to deal diplomatically with Mustapha Kemal. The moral of this unlucky venture was as clear to Zaharoff as it would be to any other business man.

After that he stuck to his last. Although romantic newspaper correspondents made much of his marriage to the Duchess of Villafranca at this time, they might better have covered some rather coldly lucrative business which he transacted in Spain. As the Nye investigation recently revealed, an American submarine company used him, quite successfully, as a go-between who knew how to deal with the Spanish government. "Doing the needful" was Zaharoff's expressive description of this deal. The princess died, shortly after the marriage, but if romance left his life, money did not.

His income has been estimated at $66,000 a day. Every morning he leaves the Castle in Balincourt for the neighboring village of Meru where there is a branch of a big Parisian bank. It has been installed there just for Zaharoff's convenience. In the bank he carries on all his financial operations. With the world arming as fast as it can, these transactions are growing enormously. There is no mystery in this, but there is another mystery about which both Zaharoff and the wide world are properly curious. Will the nations create another Armageddon to decimate its youth, impoverish its wealth and provide Zaharoff with a daily income running into six figures?

Roast Beef of Old England

Continued from page 52

ning water, dead. Further down the Strand, after it changes to Fleet street, is the Cheshire Cheese.

This has always impressed me as being fussy and touristy, but so many good gourmets genuinely like it that I must be wrong. The specialty is, of course, Ye Famous Rump Steak, Kidney, Lark, and Oyster Pudding, served every day from October to April, and dedicated anew each year with formal and appropriate ceremonies. The exact constitution of the pudding is a secret. It is boiled all night in huge copper cauldrons which hold about a hundred orders. The price per order is only 50c. Anyone, according to an old legend, who can eat five orders in succession need not pay for them. It is many years since any stomach gargantuan enough to cope with this ordeal has turned up to try the dare.

Stone's Chop House, established 1770, is a good place for steaks, grills, and ale; not expensive. No women are allowed. Another chop house is Rules, on Maiden Lane, where you can get an excellent British meal for about $1.00, beer or ale included. A good fish restaurant not nearly so dear as Scott's is De Hem's, on Shaftsbury Avenue. Try its Welsh rarebits, which, oddly enough, are not always as good as they ought to be in London. Near De Hem's is an admirable cosmopolitan restaurant, the Ivy.

The best things in England are meats, especially mutton, and fresh berries with Devonshire cream in season. You must also learn all about British pastries. A scone is like an American baking powder biscuit with less shortening, made with soda instead of baking powder. A bun is a roll of soft bread. A muffin is what we call a crumpet. A crumpet, in England, is a bun with raisins in it. Almost every district in England has its own special pastry. There are Bath buns and Banbury cakes and Eccles cakes and Yorkshire parkin, an oatmeal gingerbread. Devonshire splits are like a parkerhouse roll but smaller, eaten with strawberry jam and cream. In East Yorkshire you may have currant and mint "pasties," and also ground rice cheese cakes, which contain no cheese; the cheese refers to the consistency of the curd, in which is lemon juice. A pleasant English innovation is the sausage roll, minced meat inside a puff of pastry painted with egg outside. Raised pork pies are famous from the house of Atkins in Highgate, exclusive pork butchers for generations. An English dessert which may be extremely good or extremely terrible, depending on where you get it, is gooseberry fool, made of young strained gooseberries, sugar, and thick whipped cream.

What to drink in England is a serious problem. French wines are prohibitively expensive and empire wines have a long way to travel. British lager is rather thin and British ale makes me sleepy. Probably the best thing to do is to stick to whisky. Whisky, Scotch or Irish, is essential to civilized life in England.

The British are very good at mixing drinks. This habit is supposed to be harmful, but London is a fairly healthy city. Shandygaff is a mixture of beer and ginger ale in equal parts. Dog's head is beer with a dash of gin. Black Velvet, a superlative liquid for eleven o'clock in the morning on

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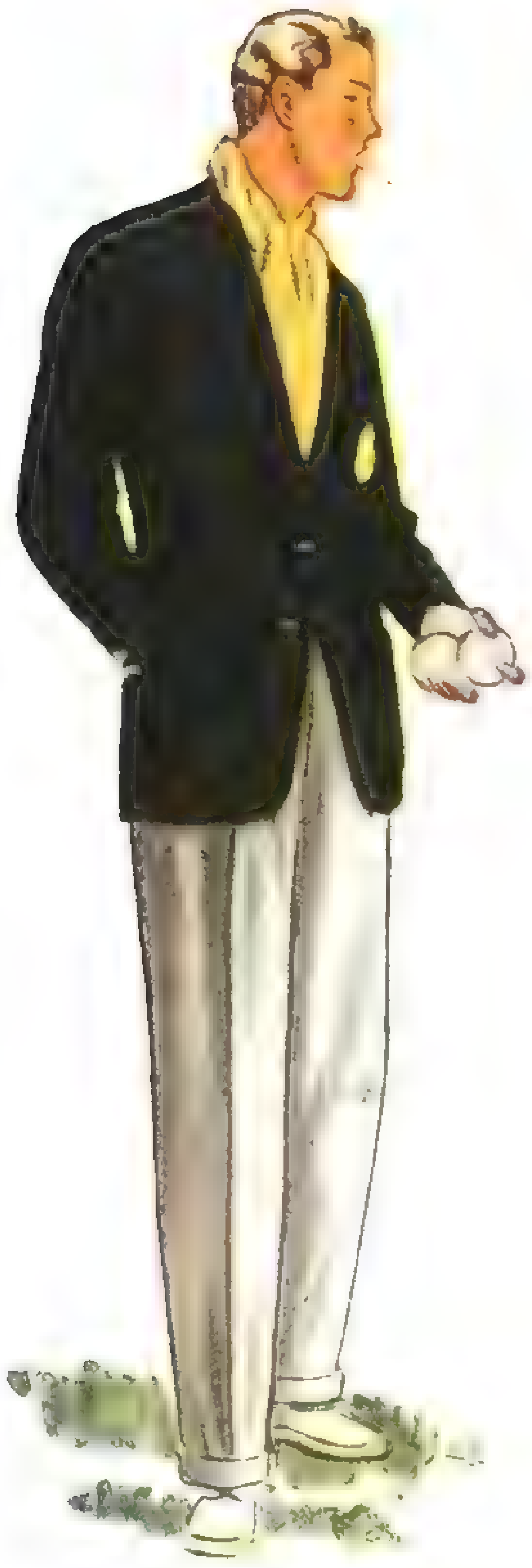
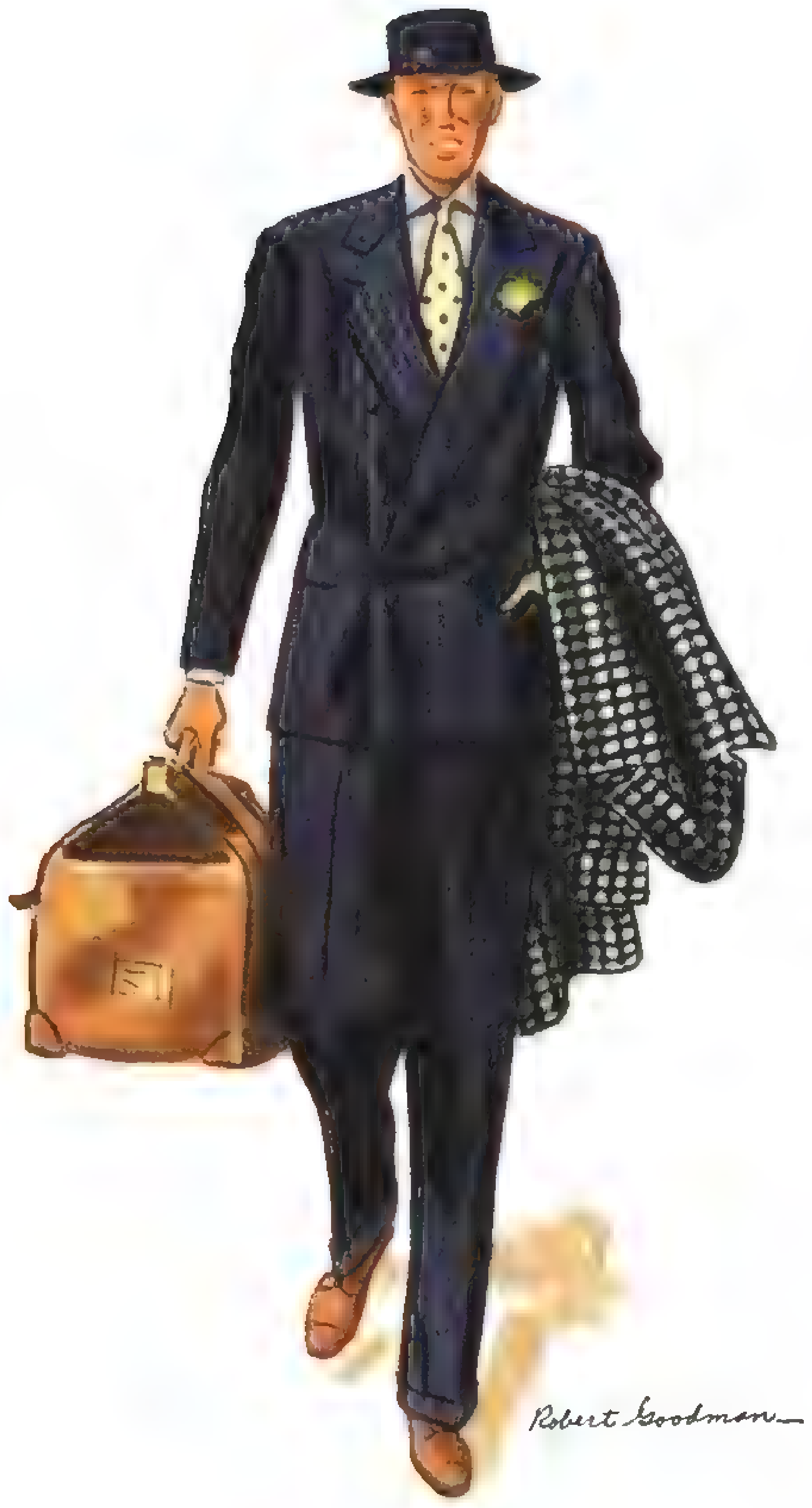
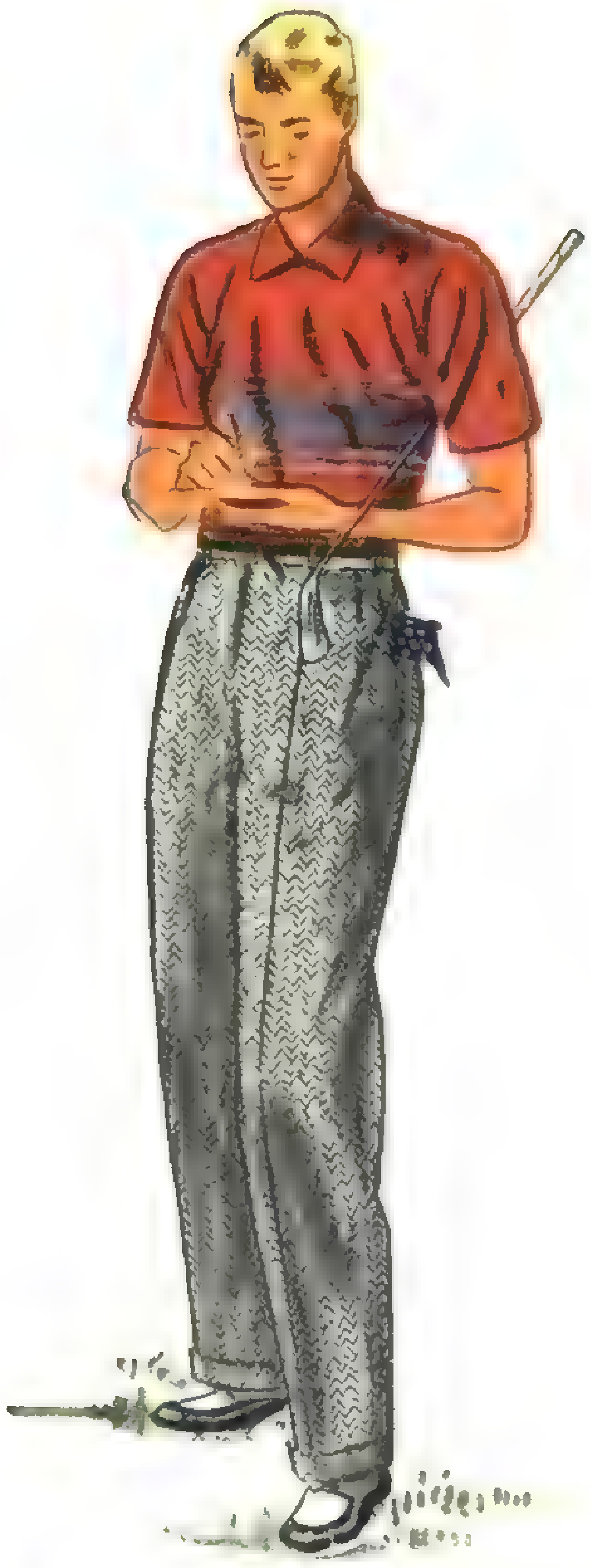






WEEK-ENDING IN THE COUNTRY

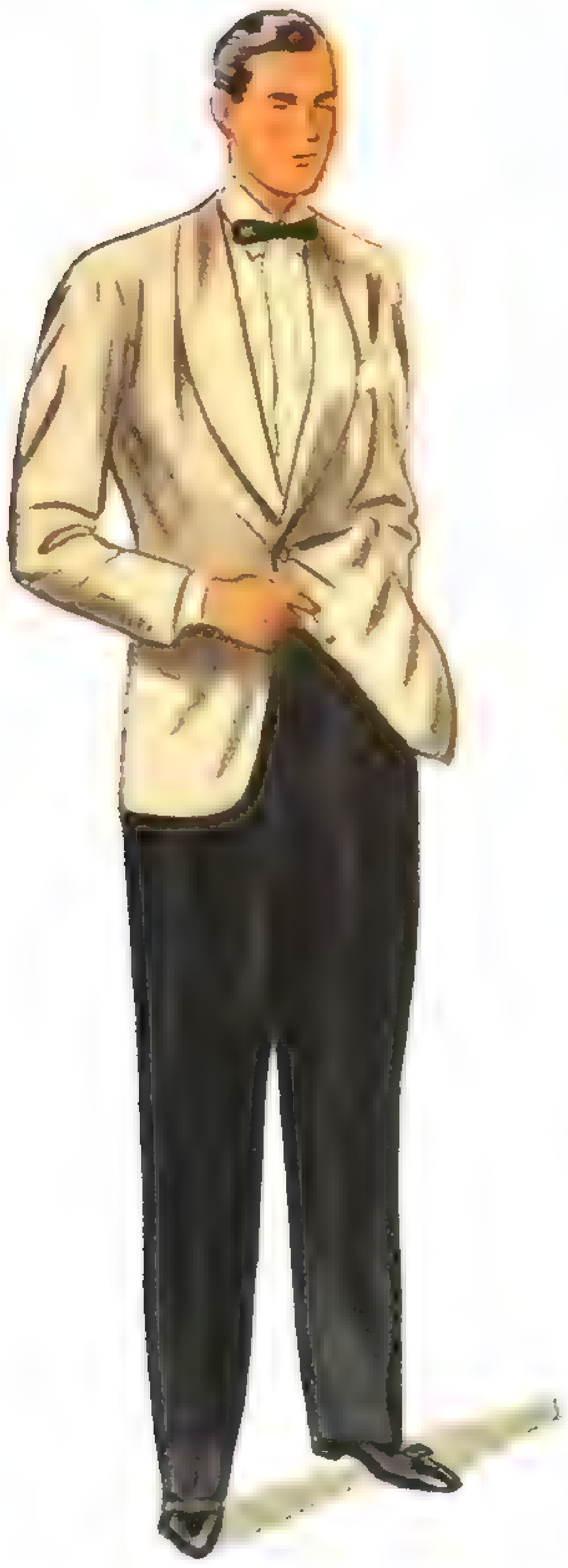
Above: Upon arrival and departure, you will wear a flannel suit, preferably blue with a chalk stripe, and a lightweight felt or straw hat. Also, remember that the jacket of this suit can be worn with white flannel trousers. By all means carry a topcoat.

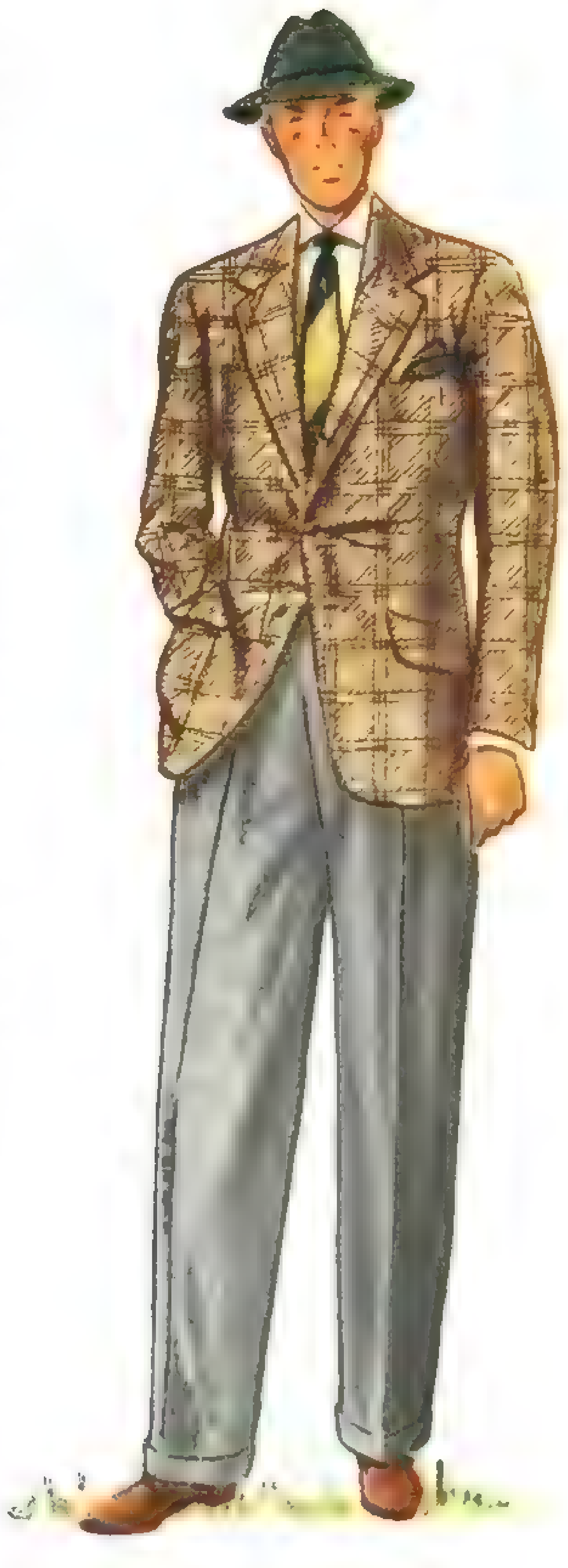
Upper Left: Even though tennis isn't your favorite sport, you'll probably find it part of the program. So you should have appropriate clothes for the courts—a dark flannel blazer, white flannel trousers, sneakers, a yellow terrycloth muffler, which when worn about the neck replaces a collar and tie, and a white polo shirt. This outfit may also be worn to breakfast.

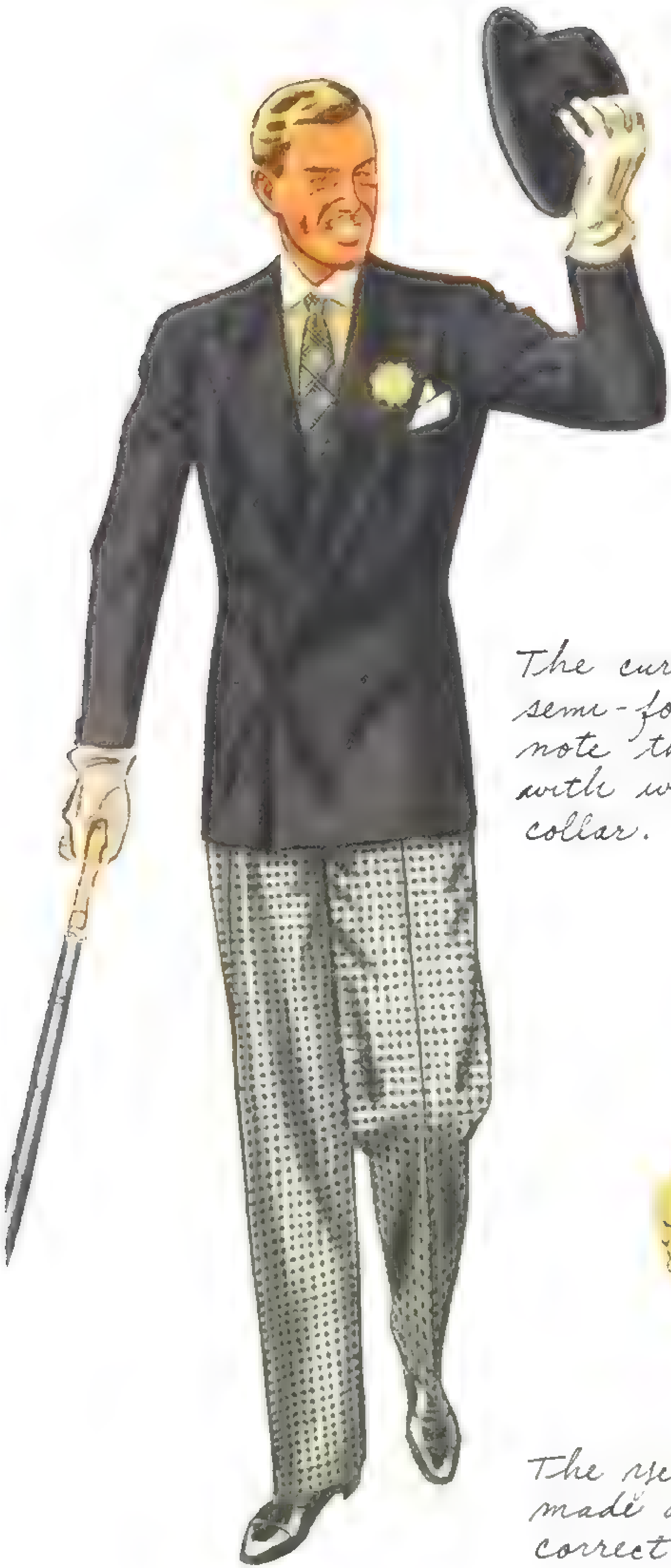
Upper Right: For golf you will need smart looking slacks in lightweight Shetland or flannel and a few colorful polo shirts. You might tee off with a colorful handkerchief around your neck.

Lower Right: For afternoon tea and the cocktail hour, as well as for general country wear, we recommend a single-breasted Shetland sport jacket with self overplaid, flannel trousers, brown suede shoes, lightweight felt hat, lightweight oxford shirt, and a colorful tie.

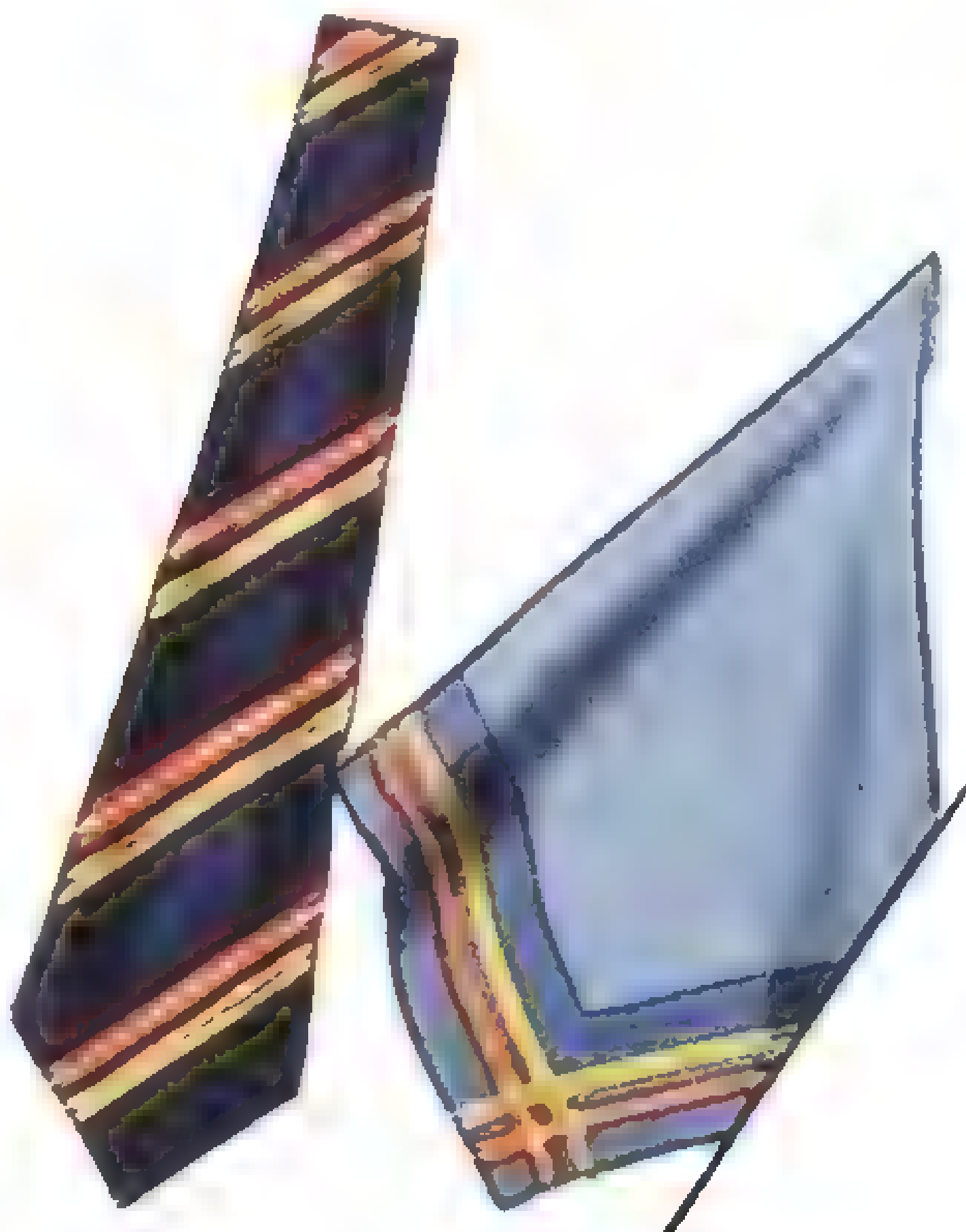
Lower Left. For Saturday night (and perhaps Friday and Sunday nights as well), you will want your dinner clothes. To be really correct and comfortable, you should wear a single-breasted, washable, light colored dinner jacket, preferably in the new smart Bangkok shade, black trousers, a soft silk shirt, black tie, silk cummerbund, and pumps.



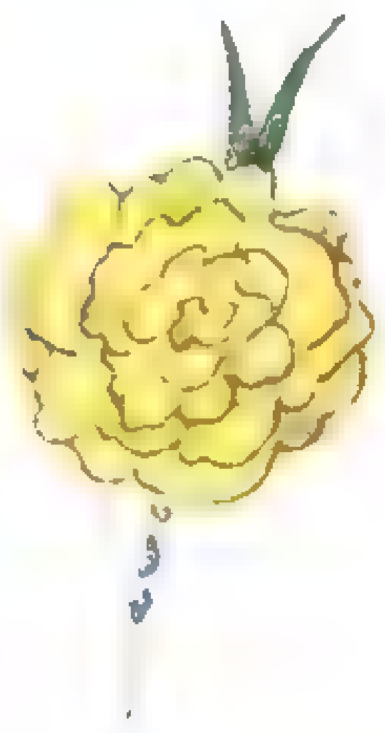




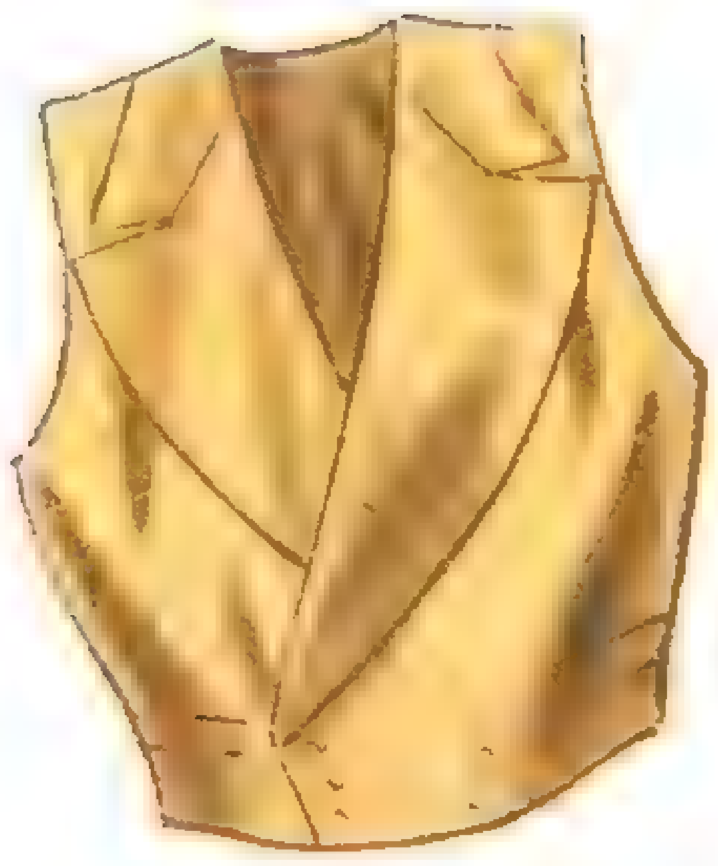
The current vogue for semi-formal day dress; note the yellow shirt with white laundered collar.



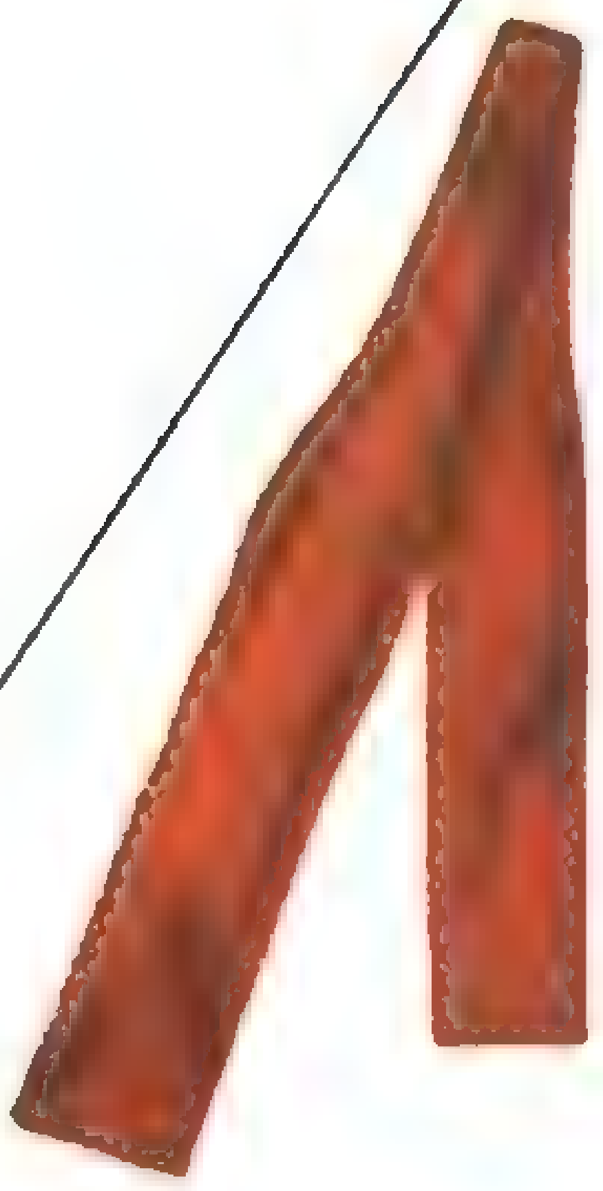
A popular regimental stripe rep tie shown with a linen handkerchief with matching border.



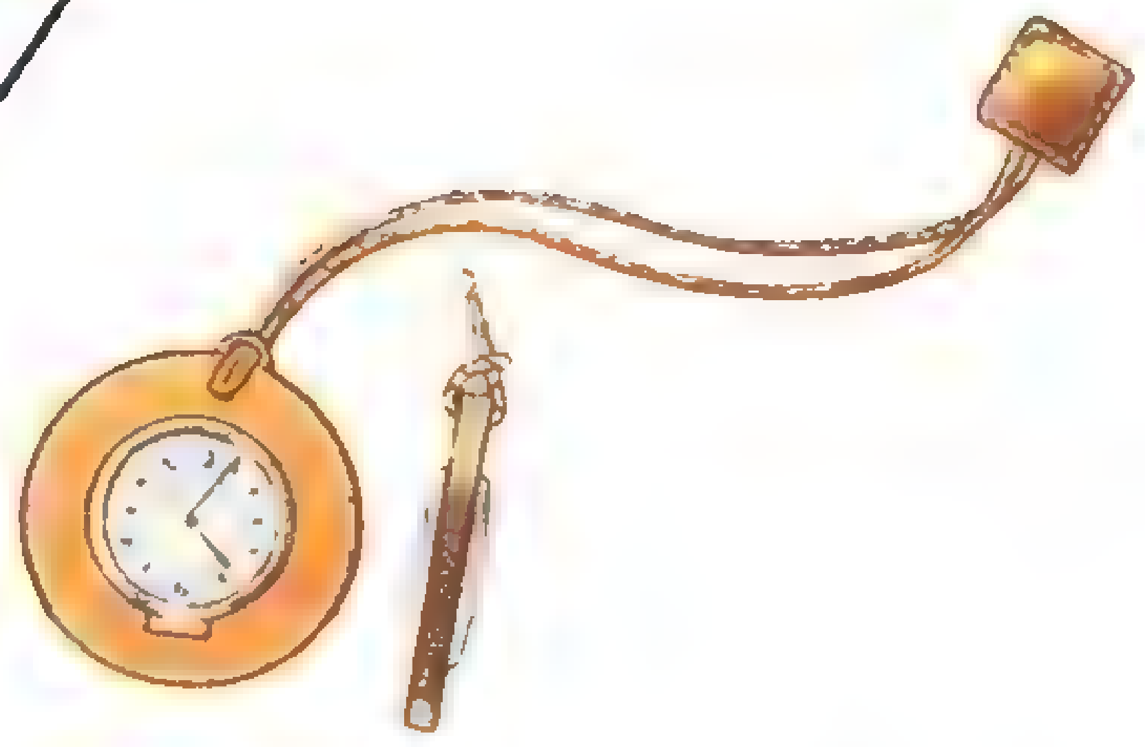
The yellow carnation made of feathers; correct with semi-formal day wear



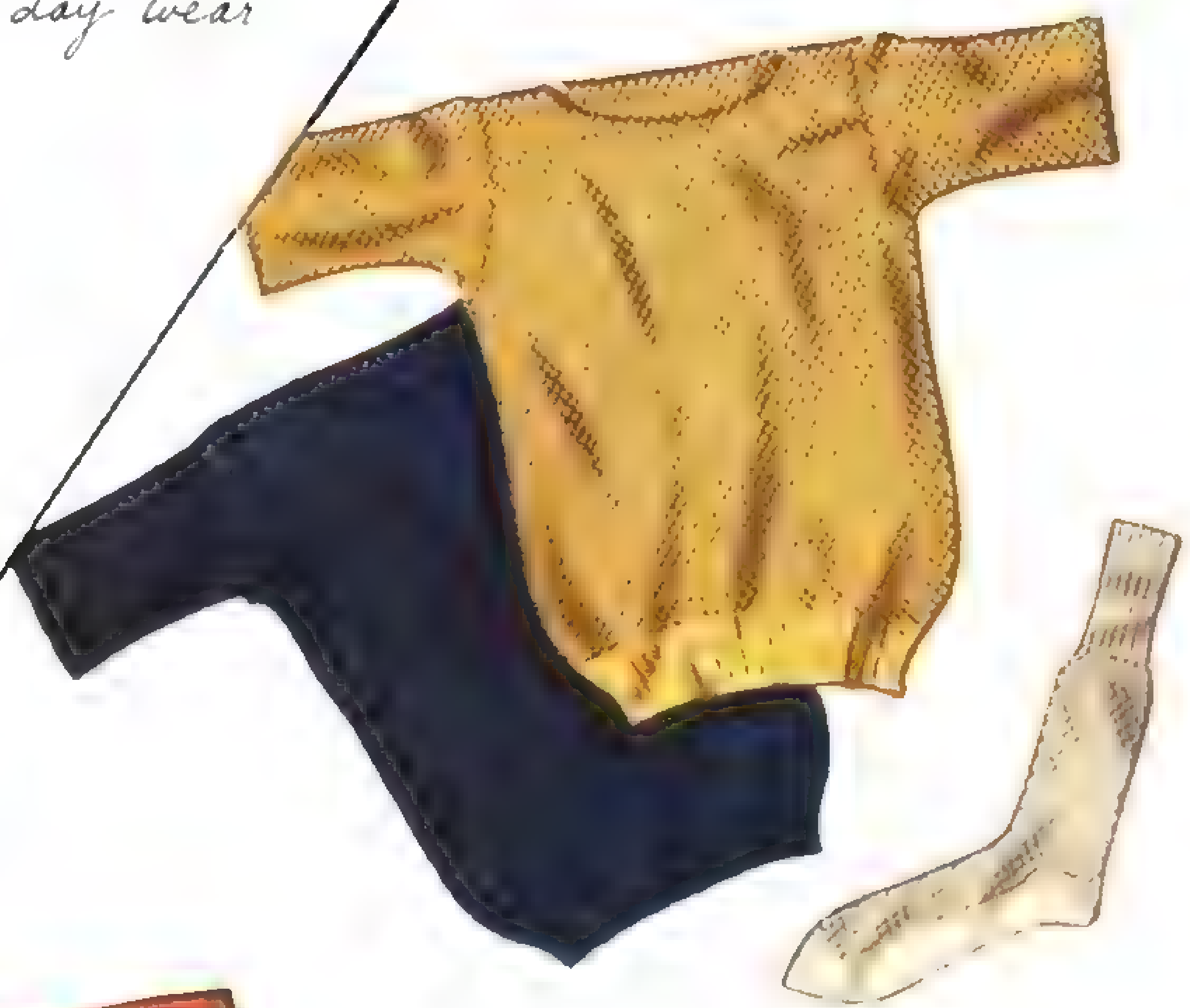
Double-breasted linen waistcoat to be worn with formal day clothes.



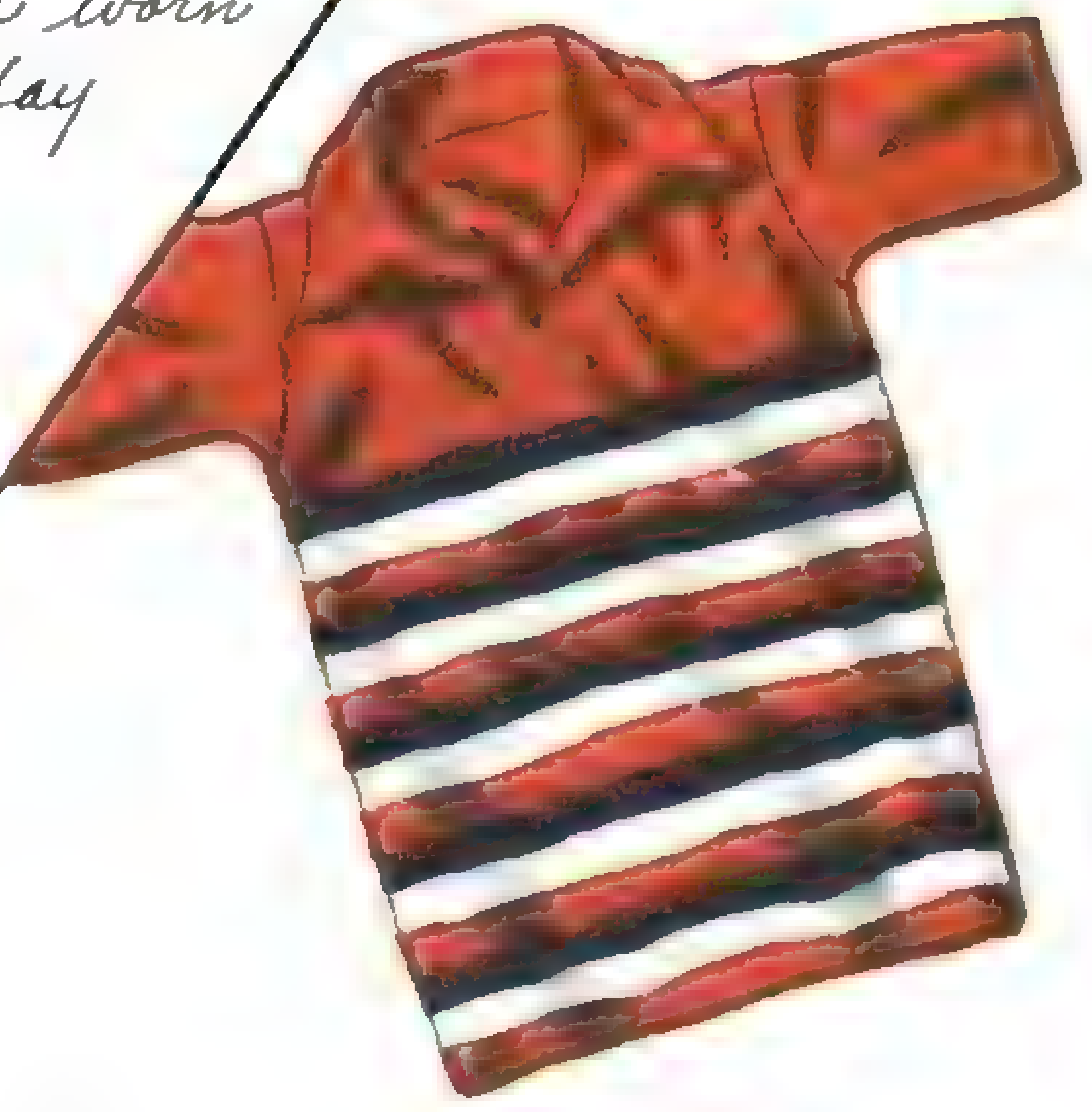
A string polo shirt tie



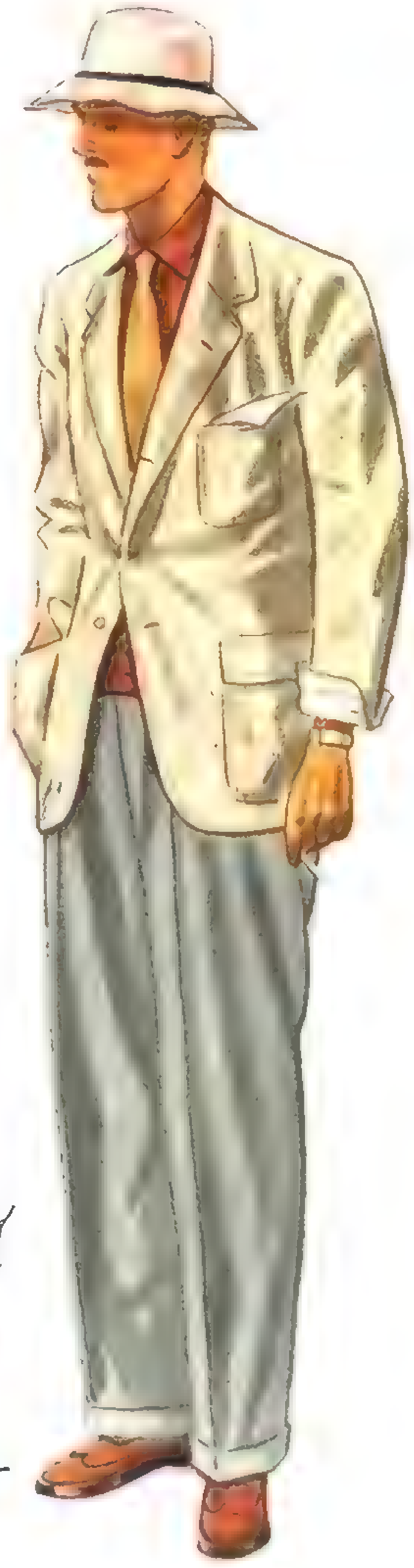
Leather encased watch suitable for sports wear.



New lisle string shirt for beach and sports wear — lisle string hose.



Polo shirt made of lightweight wool in knitted mesh effect.



Typical of the type of dress worn by well-dressed men at Southern resorts the past winter.

Robert Goodman—

Roast Beef of Old England

Continued from page 110

mournful days, is three parts of stout to one of dry champagne; it was invented by Cecil Rhodes; it may startle you but try it. Stout itself is, of course, black beer brewed from oatmeal instead of malt.

"Harley Street," a mixture sold only at Simpson's, is secret in composition but it is probably Bass No. 1 (an ale thick and sweet as treacle), and ordinary "bitter," the regular draft ale. "Colne Spring" is another thick beer mixed with bitter, obtainable at the Antelope off Sloane Square. Mead is wine and honey. "Pimms No. 1" is a secret concoction, very popular, consisting mainly of brandy, hock, cucumber, mint, and lemon. You should also try various country beverages. You can have wine made out of nettle, burdock, dandelion, and, in Gloucestershire, out of cowslip flowers. Devonshire cider is historically known for potency and flavor.

An English saloon, or "pub" (short for public house) is divided into three separate parts, each with its own doorway. No. 1, the saloon bar, is for you and me; No. 2, the popular bar, is just what its name says; No. 3, the public bar, is for "swipes," viz., leftover drinks from the other bars, mixed not too discriminately. Rules about drinking time differ in various parts of London. There is a rush across Oxford Street every night at 10:30 because the pubs on one side of the street close at that hour, but on the other side of the same street they are open till 11. The West End of London has nine hours of drinking daily, from 11:30 a. m. till 3 p. m., and from 5:30 p. m. to 11, except on Sundays, when everything shuts down at ten. These hours are observed with the greatest strictness. It is a very serious offense in London to be caught violating them.

There are, however, "extension nights" and these are staggered throughout the week so that there are usually a couple of places, clubs and so on, where you may drink after closing hours until 2 a. m., provided you order food also. A few minutes before 2 the waiter comes, calling "Time, gentlemen, please." At 2 sharp he comes again and whisks all bottles and glasses from the table. Even in hotels public drinking must stop at 2, although I believe you may be served privately in your room later, if you have arranged to order the liquor beforehand. Each club, as a rule, is granted one "extension night" a week. Americans like myself, used to our more casual ways with laws at home, are mystified at the absolute punctiliousness with which the British regulations, annoying as they seem, are obeyed.

No picture of food and drink in London would be complete without a paragraph about what is probably the greatest provision shop in the world, Fortnum & Mason on Piccadilly. This shop, I am inclined to believe, is the finest sight in the British Empire, the Rock of Gibralter and the Taj Mahal included. It stretches about a block and I resent the inclusion of such non-edible items as shoes and frocks in its departments; however, the food division is ample enough to keep the most avid gourmet hungry. Here one may find the true masterpieces of solid British cookery, things like Ayelsbury ducks and Dover soles and Derby Round (buttock of boiled beef cold), like Melton Mowbray pork pies and Cambridge sausages (Cambridge is the spiritual home of all pork sausages) and Mayfoot Brawn. Not merely meats are here. Inspect the rows of whortleberry jam, lemon cheese, Ye Olde English Rum butter, and figs and strawberries in brandy. And Fortnum & Mason scours the world for obscure non-English delicacies with which to whet and satisfy the English palate. The shop is probably the most variegated and abundant museum of exotic foodstuffs to be found anywhere. You can range from passion fruit jelly to San Daniele ham; from quadretti (chipped and colored noddles) to mango chutney and Gorgona anchovies and Dulce de Leche, a Greek jam of milk and honey. In the single province of honey Fortnum and Mason will give you twenty varieties, including Cactus and Acacia from Syria and Hyemettus and Hybla from Greece. There are twenty different kinds of herring from various parts of the sea and sardines of a dozen nationalities. There is visiga soup, made of the backbone and sinews of Russian sturgeon. There are game pastes and pies of combined salmon-and-shrimp, turkey-and-tongue. There is Macassar fish paste. "Rather on the high side, sir," says the frock-coated functionary showing you around. High side or low side, Fortnum & Mason will have it. And culinary London renders digestive thanks.

So We Walked off with Badminton

Continued from page 58

though even then the man of sense buckles on his skis and hies from town. But I must not digress from badminton . . .

The outdoor court is more benevolent to the feet of the tired business man than a wooden floor. It may be of grass, though turf has the disadvantage of remaining wet after a rain or a heavy dew, allowing the feathers of the shuttlecock to get wet and messy in their contact with it. The glue which binds the feathers to the hemisphere point may begin to get oozy. A mixture of cinders and clay gives good footing. Such a court can be used right after a thundershower. A dash of calcium chloride will occasionally lay the dust. But grass is all right, and plain dirt is all right, and a well packed beach is splendid, and an old barn floor is all right, too.

I know a man and his wife who have become so hipped on badminton that they take their tackle along on picnics and motor tours. All they need is a light marking tape, racquets, shuttlecocks and the net with telescoping poles. In ten minutes they have their court all set ready for play—on distant meadow, or remote flat beach. It is one of the most portable games there is.

It is, too, a very inexpensive sport. Indeed, you can leave the net up for the kids to play deck-tennis; although you and I would never think of playing deck-tennis within twelve miles of land.

If you should take up badminton, do not allow ribald skeptics to deter you with quips about its being a Victorian game, played by hatted women in long skirts. So was biking, once upon a time—and many other simple pleasures, I am told. Badminton, which five years ago many people scarcely knew from backgammon and bagatelle—with which it has been confused by ignorant zanies—is now one of the favorite pastimes of the elect. By the elect I mean the men who fish, golf, hunt, drink, swim, etc. The court, requiring no backstop around it, is not an eyesore when placed adjacent to the house. A game does not last long, and the returning breadwinner has time for a turn at it before dinner. It requires pretty much the same wardrobe as tennis—but in a pinch you can play in what you find on you. The court does not demand the services of a gardener and a sub-gardener to keep it in shape.

Badminton mixes well with such accessories of country life as beer, ale, cocktails and highballs. It is not so strenuous that a drink will impair your skill. Like dancing, it has a nice rhythm—and you and your opponent, drink for drink, will keep at a mellow par. This, of course, is not recommended for stuffy indoor playing. But, under the sun and sky, or in the mottled shade, it is a game that can be played while the tea-tray passes by. Moreover, it is not an impossible game in a match consisting of man vs. woman. Most games aren't, for that matter, if men are respectful and women are interested—but I think that badminton has a certain quality that inspires courtesy. A tennis racquet, by contrast with a badminton racquet, seems heavy as a hammer. And ping-pong, the opposite extreme, demands that a man stand on his head to search for the elusive celluloid pellet under sideboard, hassock, easy chair and piano.

Nothing like that in this badminton, which I'm trying to sell you. In the nature of the game, the shuttlecock seldom goes out of bounds. The court is small enough for conversation without shouting; yet not so small that you behold all the sweat and untidiness that are ever present in brisk ping-pong. You keep a discreet distance, and politely try to whip each other without any of the false consideration that impells you to do the other fellow's picking up in so many games.

Mind you, I have no animosity toward the old boys who for so many years relegated badminton indoors with squash and handball. However, I think that they selfishly deprived the country of an excellent outdoor game, adaptable to more classes of society, and more types of residential grounds, than any other similar sport. They have ignored those of us who have fetched the game out into the open where it belongs. Now—except when we duck into the city for the winter, and a club membership might come in handy—we ignore them. Let them stew in their own indoor-gym B. O. We have walked outdoors with badminton.

The Blaze Beaters

Continued from page 105

than sparing the windows while you pump water in from the street, seventy-five per cent of which is wasted because it never reaches the fire.

Take another case of axe work: this time a first alarm instead of a third. Here is a nasty outbreak in the first floor hall of a five-story building and the bathrobed citizen who pulled the alarm is there to tell the first due company exactly where it is. Wham—up to the roof goes an aerial, three men scampering up the ladder even before it comes to rest.

And while others dash into the hall with a charged line, the three huskies aloft are already bearing down on the skylight directly over the stairwell.

Glass flies and metal shrieks as the object of their fury gives way under the assault—poles reach down into the opening, probing for more glass below; perhaps roof cutters are already busy ripping up the bordering tin so axes can have free play on the timber. Between them they mess up that roof most shamefully and, with the aid of the hose lines below, save the building. For if they didn't "vent" that structure at the proper stage of the game, the rising volume of superheated air from the main-floor fire would mushroom through the upper stories and turn them into a crackling hell in jig time.

As it is now, that heat (at 1000° or over) is escaping through the roof openings, enabling the pipemen downstairs to get within ten feet of their target instead of being held off at the impotent range of the front door. For the surprising thing is that a blaze you could approach to arm's length in the open will "burn your ears off" when confined within four walls—and if you've ever seen a genuine case of "fireman's ears," you'll realize that's no idle phrase. Consequently, even if the gent in the bathrobe thought they were crazy when they rushed to the roof to fight a first-floor fire, those lads were simply observing a fundamental doctrine of fire fighting: namely, "get over it and under it."

This detail of getting ahead of a traveling blaze is the explanation of most of those "quick stops" that firemen gloat over and, at the same time, the source of much lay criticism of their handiwork.

"Why," declaims the indignant householder, "the fire was down in the parlor and they tore down half of the bedroom wall upstairs! What the hell was the idea?"

Well, the idea was this: that house, like yours and mine, had hollow walls covered by the minimum thickness of wooden lath and plaster.

The fire started in the parlor, all right, but it didn't stay there. In no time at all it had eaten its way through the plaster, found more fuel to feed on in the lath, and immediately began flooding its withering heat up through those unprotected wall voids. With no fire stops at ceiling levels, the mounting heat quickly surged upwards through this combustible shell, spreading laterally as well as vertically, and rapidly getting set to convert the entire side of the house into a perpendicular furnace.

Fortunately for the grousing householder, the arriving firemen knew their onions. Some headed for the main body of fire in the living room, employing their hand lines to the best advantage.

But others hied themselves upstairs, picks and plaster hooks ready; keen eyes scouring the floors for signs of blistered paint; roving hands patting walls for symptoms of tell-tale warmth.

"Here," snaps the observant captain. And a fireman deftly applies his hook, gouging out a handful of plaster, then a pencil-length of lath. He turns it over—it is charred on the off-side.

"Open up!" orders the officer.

And lustily the boys go to work so the waiting hose man can get that chemical or water line in there and smother the blaze that is sneaking up this secret passage to the roof. Maybe they'll rip out a square foot or a square yard of wall—if conditions warrant, they'll peel the whole thing off like a banana skin.

But in any event they'll know, when they've finished, that this blaze won't stealthily bloom into a rekindle two or three hours after they've gone back to quarters. And, after all, what's a wall between friends when there's a house at stake?

To be sure, the householder's morning-after indignation is understandable, but he's picking on the wrong guys. He shouldn't blame the firemen for tearing down that wall—he should blame the architect or the builder who, leaving it unprotected, wrote a standing invitation for fire to scuttle in there and do its worst. The firemen, at least, did what they were paid to do. And if you ever have the opportunity to accompany the boys on an "overhaul" after a blaze—that tedious job of ferreting out the hidden spark which takes three times as long as extinguishing the fire—you'll have to grant that they earn their money. Metal ceilings may have to come down fifty feet away from where the fire was, showing charred and smoking timbers underneath; door casings may be ripped open; false work around chimneys punctured and examined; cramped cock-lofts explored until at least the welcome sight (to firemen) of cobwebs indicates that no heat has passed that way—often window casings are taken out by the roots only to disclose a merry little handful of fire playing around the dust and lint from the window cords. Nothing, indeed, can be left to chance, for fire has the faculty of squeezing through openings that would discourage a cockroach—and good firemen can't afford to be less meticulous than good exterminators.

Of course, the householder's other complaint is that the amount of water they used really did more damage than the fire itself. Given any sort of a blaze, this is usually true, especially with an upstairs outbreak. But the fact remains that you can't get anywhere by annoying a fire—you've got to kill it. And the only way to kill the going blaze of any proportions is by the adequate use of water which, in the final analysis, does less damage than most practical chemicals.

To be sure, how much is "adequate" depends upon numerous factors which needn't be gone into here. Suffice it to say that theoretically a pound of ordinary fuel will require a gallon of water for extinguishment: purely academic until you realize that a typical 15 x 20 foot bedroom in a brick building will contain over three tons of fuel. Consequently, if only half of that room is involved when the engines arrive, they'll have to pump about twelve tons of water in there in order to catch up with the blaze. What happens to the rest of the house in the meantime you can figure with your own pencil and paper!

All of which is highly theoretical because a fire that large would be much too hot for close approach. Instead of getting inside, then, the lines would be operated from the street with the consequent waste from lack of penetration, obstructing walls, etc., necessitating three or four times the quantity of water to accomplish the desired end. Under such conditions you may see two, three or more lines (each delivering about a ton of water per minute of flow) operating on a burning house for twenty minutes—and you can rest assured that that residence is going to be "all washed up" in more ways than one by the time the man at the hydrant gets his shut-down order!

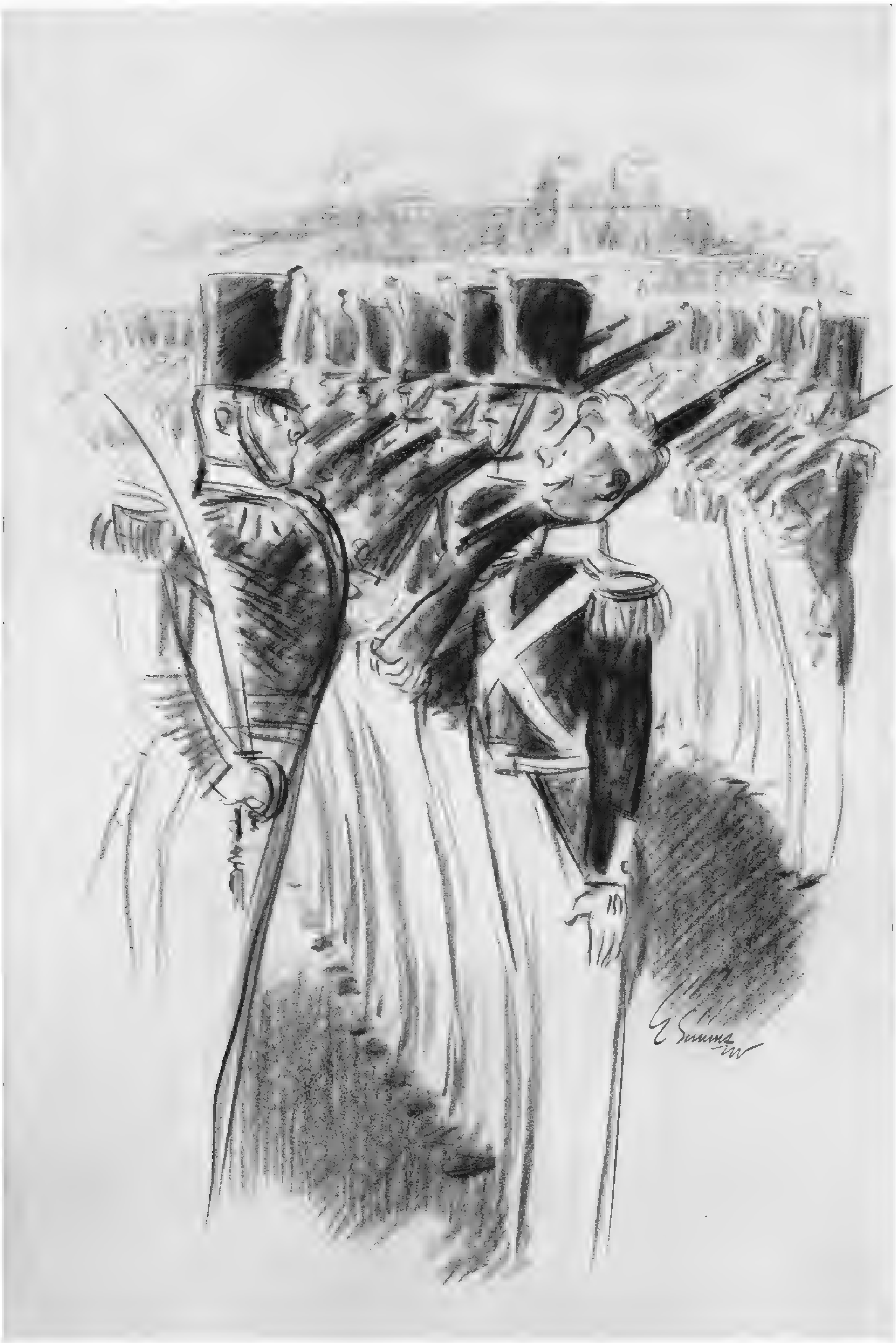
The moral, of course, is don't have a fire and you won't have any morning-after regrets—but we're not moralizing. The whole point now is the simple fact that the legend which has grown up around the blaze beaters' supposed lust for destruction is pretty much cockeyed, and it doesn't require much inside dope to see why. After all, the fireman's skill is largely measured on the score board which totals a city's damages for the year—and damages include all the destruction incident to a fire—the score keepers being the underwriters. As a result the desire to keep losses low is a very live issue among the lads in the helmets and particularly among their officers whose records are at stake.

Yet the layman can hardly appreciate that until he has seen men in a fire building laying sand troughs to guide surplus water outside instead of letting it flood a floor and seep through the ceiling—or has witnessed the tender spectacle of a burly ladderman gently wrapping Milady's toilet articles in the bureau cover and slipping the bundle safely into the top drawer.

The best evidence that these aren't isolated instances or that the main theme isn't unduly biased can be had from the insurance records themselves.

Analyze the fire reports of the typical city today and you'll discover, among other things, that your wide-awake, well-trained department extinguishes at least seventy-five per cent of its outbreaks every year with an average loss of one hundred dollars or less.

On the surface that may not mean much and you may think of a half-dozen explanations. But while you're digging them up, remember the solitary point that a fire hose delivers about a ton of water a minute—and can wreck $300 worth of furniture in the twinkling of an eye. In view of that, statistics seem to show that there's an awful lot of bunk in the old legend, "What the fire doesn't destroy, the firemen will!"



"Sorry Sir—but I never wear a hat."

The Fugitive

Continued from page 75

"I would like to go to Paris. When I was a child I studied French, you know. I remember the Champs Elysees. Do I pronounce it right?"

"Quite. And now your face is so innocent, Jean."

"What do you mean?"

"That you are still a child. Give me your hand, Jean."

"Not here, the boys are looking. Can you spend five dollars?"

"No, Jean."

"Sorry, see you again."

"Jean."

"Yes?"

"I have two tickets for Carnegie Hall for tomorrow. Do you want to come along?"

"No, thanks. So long."

Without looking to see, Heinrich knew it had stopped raining. That was why industrious little Jean had flown so abruptly.

He still saw her slim hand resting on the table, and saw her face before him . . . How it shone when she dreamed of Paris . . . How hard and coarse it became when she talked business.

It had given him a shock to see the hand suddenly reaching across the table and taking one of the concert tickets. "Maybe I'll come after all," Jean said, and was gone as quickly as she had reappeared.

Heinrich had run home. Now, still out of breath, he leaned against the door which, exhausted, he had shut with his back. Suddenly he had felt unable to suffer these self-assured pedestrians any longer, the gliding vehicles, the lovely street, the towering stone cubes, this whole symphony of life and comfort and technic. This great, magnificent city! But what of the ABC, the ABC of the simple, natural and just life? "When, when?" Heinrich shrieked and hammered his fists against his temples, against his head which seemed unable to think of any other way since the bloody and stupid pictures of the new Germany had fixed themselves irrevocably before his mind's eye. He had dreamed of right, and torture had come; truth had been the goal, and the lie was victorious. The ideals of his youth, the achievements of the man, his entire life lay there broken, debased, besmirched.

At last Heinrich had regained his self-control. He had stood before the mirror and said like a physician: "You are suffering from shock, my good man. Everything you think is pure resentment, is at least impermissibly subjective. Look at others who have long since started to fight again. The world is not perfect, to be sure, but this is by no means your own discovery. Your doubts, your hopelessness, your impatience . . . are nothing but an ailment. As soon as you are well again we shall listen to you, in case you have something to say. What you are doing now is almost indecent. Don't get excited, please, it is nothing but a shock, a shock, a shock . . ." Heinrich repeated the word again and again but did not succeed in drowning the voice of despair, and he heard himself whisper: "And if I am incurable . . . incurable?"

Even at dawn he still lay on his bed and thought of Jean. His profession was one thing; and Jean, the child, was another. He had run away even from her, had not wanted to meet her again. To fall in love, to fall in love again, to begin all over again at the bottom like an unskilled laborer—no, that was mere romanticism. He had to laugh.

With one jerk he sat up. He had slept, deeply and dreamlessly. Outside it was late in the day. For the first time he drew back the curtain and opened the window. He was quite rested and refreshed. He stretched and raised his arms, and while doing so he thought over his whole life. His thoughts were clear and free of doubt. He was glad.

As soon as he had had his bath and dressed, he began to pack carefully. He forced himself to be meticulous; the exact handling of objects and the careful arrangement to conserve space did him good. It was like once upon a time when he had prepared an experiment in his laboratory, when he had placed retort by retort, melting oven by test tubes, measured quantities and acidity of liquids; everything had depended upon exactitude. In the same scientific manner did he pack, slowly and playfully. When he was finished he looked around. Everything? Hadn't he forgotten something? No, only the hats, two, and one cap. The cap dated back to his youth, the top hat he had had to buy for the funeral of his father, the privy councillor; and his favorite hat, the soft brown one, was dilapidated by wind and weather and would have told a hundred stories, if Heinrich had but listened.

The telephone rang. Mrs. Graham was so good as to invite the renowned German chemist to dinner and to the premiere of the new revue. Her husband, the well-known attorney, was so busy from morning till night, they might visit him in his office after the show and perhaps entice him into a night club. At the theatre would be important people, it would be advantageous for Heinrich to meet them.

Heinrich declined, firmly and briefly, without even offering a perfunctory excuse. Mrs. Graham at the other end of the wire compressed her dissatisfied lips still more firmly and crossed him off the list of their eligibles.

Heinrich did not wish to listen, but the hats talked and wouldn't be stilled in the quietness of the room. Oh, this cap! How certain of victory its voice sounded, the voice of his youth! After the evening lectures he used to stand for long hours in front of his father's house, discussing problems with his friends, or else reclined with his beloved sister under the old chestnut tree while their talk went—no, leaped—at once gaily and seriously into the future; how marvelous it was to live at a time like the present, when science was beginning to understand nature, when the miracle of the machine was liberating mankind from the drudgery of menial labor and lifting them on wings into the heavens! The epoch of a thinking and romping mankind had set in, and theirs was the good fortune to be its first children. His cheeks had burned with the joys that lay ahead of them!

"But you were sadly mistaken then," the cap said, with all the irrevocability of its own seventeen years of existence, addressing Heinrich on his bed from its place on the dresser. Heinrich, instead of answering, merely bowed. "Oh, I happened to be born a few hundred years too soon, my dear cap," he finally said. "Everything's gotten to the right point, only man himself is lagging behind, those sorcerer's apprentices who use the broom without making any sense at all. But you'd better not mock too much, for in the long run they will yet invent themselves all over. Only, it takes much longer than we anticipated, and I am not going to wait for it."

"This is one of your crazy answers again," the top hat spoke up, and Heinrich stood up and waited respectfully; for it was the voice of his father which came to him, without the habitual accusation in its tone, but still betraying that enmity which unites fathers and sons. "I always warned you to keep out of politics. It was a vain and demagogic conception of duty which prompted you to stand up for your Jewish co-students and the laboratory porter. I saw you when you heard your hour strike, when they offended and debased them. How heroic you felt when you protested against their tormenters! How you would have loved to catch every stroke they dealt out! What cheap and purposeless noble emotions prompted you to do that—instead of doing what was plainly your duty: to remain at your table and continue to serve science and research. Their results some day will put an end to all this stupid mock-reality and hapless existence. With your protest you betrayed our revolution, the true one, the last one, the one of objective recognition of truth *per se*. And all that for what price? For that feeble pity of yours! You are a dreamer, not a worker."

Heinrich permitted the voice of the dead old man to finish. His heart in his breast beat like a drum and his conscience trembled.

"You are very stern, father," he said in a soft voice, "but I believe you misjudge our present problems. Already science is running its natural course, any dullard can discover a vitamin; science runs its course and takes him along. But man, not the vile, bad, beastly or cowardly man, but the normal, orderly, average man, he who loves, marries, begets children, peacefully pursuing his happiness, in one instant turns again into a beast which attacks its neighbor and his children and rends them for nothing, annihilates them for the sake of some medieval concept; he sinks back into olden superstition while we sit in our laboratories and unravel the riddles of the universe with which he does not know what to do. No father, it was my greatest duty simply to be decent. Today the simplest human act is more important than all the problems of science. There is a war, perhaps the first, perhaps the last, war of the defenseless human against the technically adept barbarian. But I am a bad soldier or else mortally wounded. I can't fight any more."

Heinrich waited until his solemnly spoken words had died out, then he slowly took the revolver from the table and put it in his pocket.

"Hallo, are we going out?" his crumpled brown favorite hat cried out.

"Yes, you fool," Heinrich answered and

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WE ASKED SPORTS CHAMPIONS:

"IS THIS FACT IMPORTANT TO YOU?"

"CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND."

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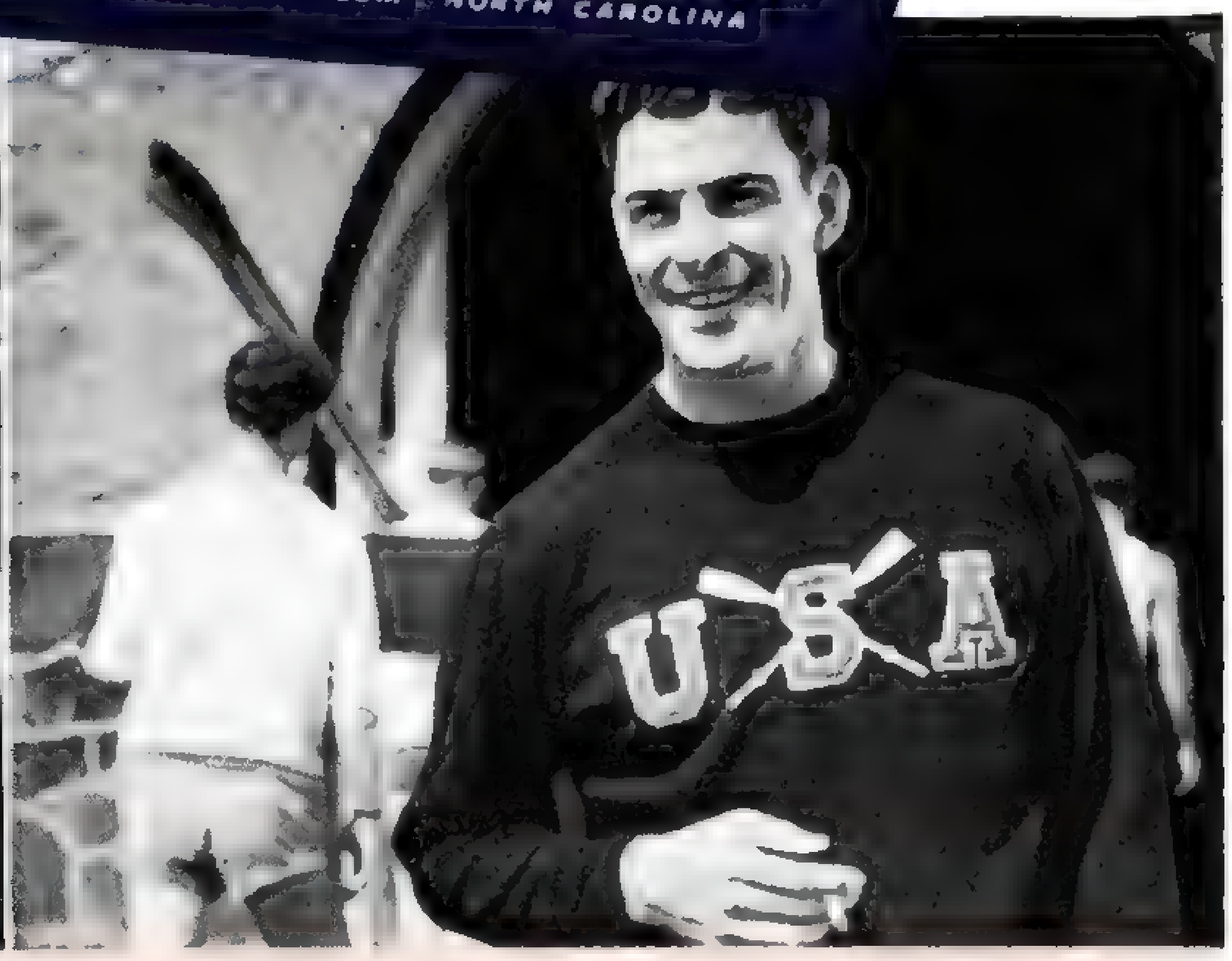


ENERGY! Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "Championship golf puts a tremendous tax upon your energy. I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament. But I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"

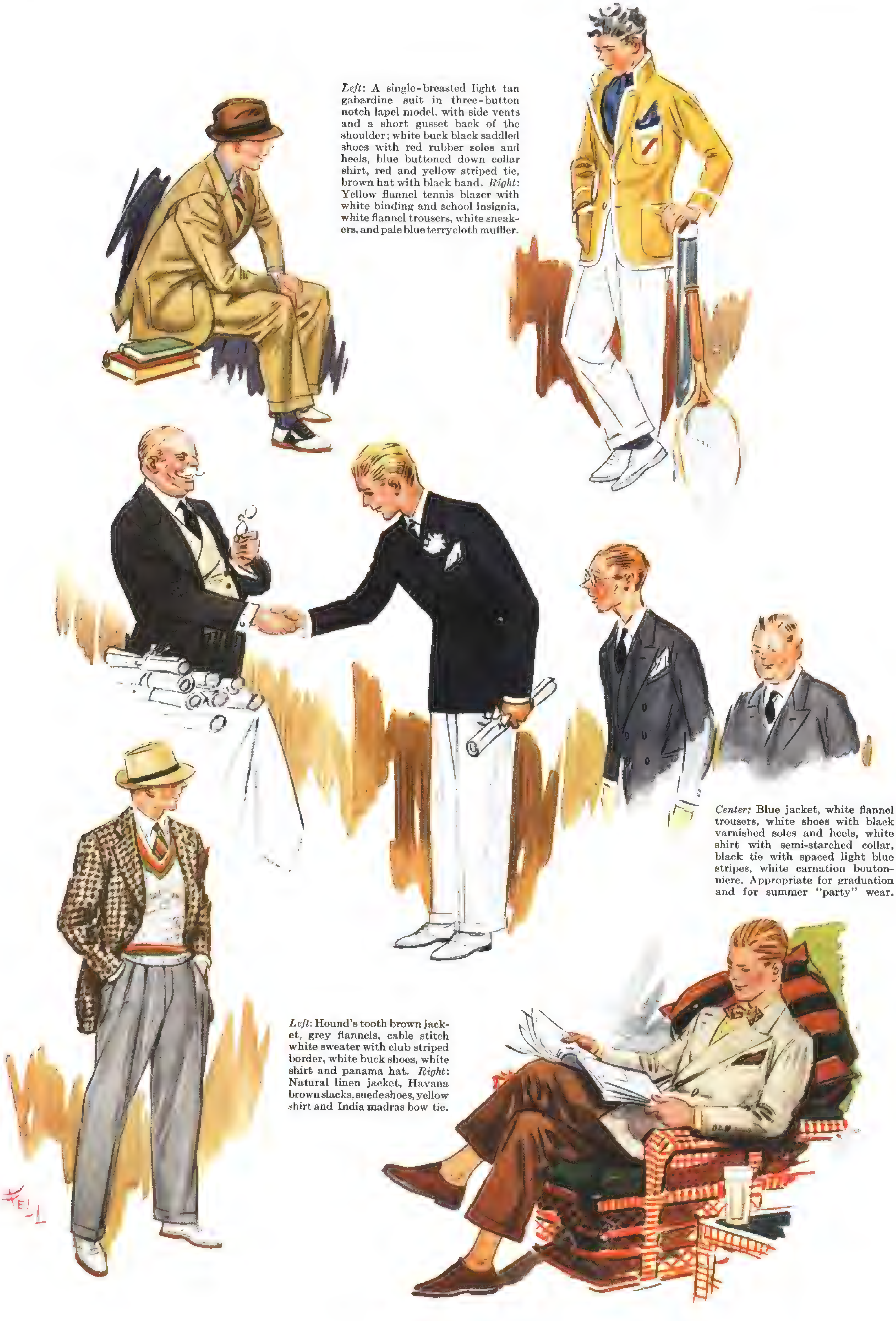
VALUE! An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor when you consider that they are made from more costly tobaccos. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos."

FLAVOR! "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., the brilliant tennis champion told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste, and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"

SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion, comments: "I can enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

HEALTHY NERVES! HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says. "They are gentle and mild."



Left: A single-breasted light tan gabardine suit in three-button notch lapel model, with side vents and a short gusset back of the shoulder; white buck black saddled shoes with red rubber soles and heels, blue buttoned down collar shirt, red and yellow striped tie, brown hat with black band. *Right*: Yellow flannel tennis blazer with white binding and school insignia, white flannel trousers, white sneakers, and pale blue terrycloth muffler.

Center: Blue jacket, white flannel trousers, white shoes with black varnished soles and heels, white shirt with semi-starched collar, black tie with spaced light blue stripes, white carnation boutonniere. Appropriate for graduation and for summer "party" wear.

Left: Hound's tooth brown jacket, grey flannels, cable stitch white sweater with club striped border, white buck shoes, white shirt and panama hat. *Right:* Natural linen jacket, Havana brown slacks, suede shoes, yellow shirt and India madras bow tie.

The Fugitive

Continued from page 116

put it on his head as he opened the door.

It was one of the major evenings in Carnegie Hall. Heinrich sat in the first row of the balcony. The seat next to him was still empty. "I wonder whether Jean will come at all?" he thought while he leaned over the railing. Slight nausea gripped him by the throat; the waving sea of humanity below, the orchestral sea of heads, row on row, wave on wave, made him feel ill; he had to lean back and close his eyes.

Knees pressed against his knees. He rose, but it wasn't Jean: a mother and daughter, unmistakable in their likeness; they had seats a few places away. "How strangely alike their foreheads look," Heinrich thought. "How stern and clear their eyes!" He would have liked to move next to them in order to tell them how things were with him. Blood rushed into his face as he realized the inanity of his desire, and he began to burn as if with fever. That was just it, that was what mattered; here, he realized, were two human beings, two real human beings. Why shouldn't he get up and beg them to save him? They would do it, they would nurse him back to health, and then he would once more be permitted to think and to act. Or would they repulse him? Perhaps they had unpleasant voices. Were they, who by their looks awakened trust, really otherwise? "That would be a test, a final test," he thought and rose resolutely; but just then a shroud of quiet descended all around him. The conductor had knocked against his stand. Automatically Heinrich obeyed the outward necessity of the situation and sat down again.

From afar, pianissimo, came the lilting strain of the violins and flutes. Heinrich listened, deeply attentive. His unmusical ear pursued each tone, followed the melody and the counterpoint; his knowledge of mathematics helped him to comprehend the edifice of the symphony. He enjoyed the purity of tonal lines, in their complexity he recognized system, and yet he did not really understand and was sad.

Jean hadn't come. Mother and daughter were completely enwrapped in the music. And he watched the public which abruptly seemed quite changed. It seemed to Heinrich that he bore witness to a miracle. The notes a poor man had dreamed once upon a time now spoke to the people of the entire world. In Vienna and Paris, in Berlin and New York these attentive faces, these gargoyles of vice and egotism suddenly took on an expression which even Heinrich in his hopeless state had to admit was beautiful and almost noble. Couldn't he find here what he was seeking? Wasn't this the voice of creation which he heard, wasn't this really and truly the beginning which humanity had a thousand times dissipated in strife?

Indescribably delicate were these notes. "Perhaps this simply cannot be understood," Heinrich told himself, deeply touched. He bent forward and saw the bows of the violinists as they moved in parallel sweeps; and for a long while he reposed peacefully in a mood of soothing comfort, until it was harshly torn by an ugly memory which nauseated him, a photograph, Mussolini playing the fiddle. And then this other lover of music appeared before him, he who in his gallow's quietude had someone play his beloved Wagner for him. Nausea gripped him and his desperation reached unfathomable depths.

"Destroy your spoiled creation," Heinrich whispered up to heaven; "start anew, unless you prefer to stop altogether." And he was about to add: "I, in any case, will end all this nonsense," when an unimaginable wave of notes swept through his ears and through his entire body, a wave which lifted him above all doubting. Heaviness fell away from him as did his gloomy thoughts; near and clear was happiness and joy. He rose, light as a feather, climbed upon the railing and walked slowly through the air toward the massive chandelier in the center of the ceiling.

The music stopped suddenly, the audience all over the vast hall had leaped to their feet, shrieking and pointing their fingers at him. He understood the excitement only when he became conscious of his own actions. Leaning forward, he addressed the conductor who stared up to him in consternation: "Don't stop playing, maestro." Then he turned to the audience and said: "Please keep your seats, I don't want to disturb you. It's nothing exceptional to walk through the air. Anyone of you can do it too. Man can do anything like that. There are no unconquerable problems of physics and mechanics and technic; all these are merely a question of time, ladies and gentlemen. But the soul is still a mysterious and unsolved riddle. I mean that monster, the soul of the average man, of the decent, orderly, average man. It seems to me that I have come closer to the solution by a fraction of an inch; please let me think quietly, maestro, go on playing, stop your shrieking, this noise is unbearable, sit down, nobody can think in a bedlam like this. Quiet, please, quiet, quiet . . ."

An hour later the newsboys in the street shrieked: "Tragedy in Carnegie Hall—Famous chemist falls to death—The first concert of the season ends in horror." There were columns giving the sequence of events: Dr. Heinrich Krell, not unknown in scientific circles, a German émigré, soon after the beginning of the concert had toppled over the balcony railing into the orchestra and had broken his neck. Fortunately for those below his body had landed in one of the aisles. In the pockets of the dead man they found a revolver but not a scrap of paper which might indicate any intention to commit suicide. An eyewitness claimed to have seen Dr. Krell a short while before his fatal fall quietly bend over the railing. One of the papers came to the conclusion, without knowing how essentially right it was, that Dr. Krell had unintentionally lost his balance.

When Jean read the news she felt a slight ache at first; and then she regretted not having attended the concert.

Memory Green

Continued from page 69

tore down a bust of him one night in one of the parks. I had no news from Luis directly, but I heard he was in hiding. We had a fairly good correspondent in Havana, but after a while he became a little frightened by the President's indiscriminate killings. I was then in Mexico City and received instructions to stand by for orders to Havana if a crisis developed. "Crisis" meant dissension in the Army; it always does in Latin America. As long as the Army was loyal, the President was impregnable except for the remote hazard of an assassin's bullet.

Word of disaffection in the ranks leaked through to our New York office in July 1933, before the Cubans themselves knew of it. I was on my way by airplane in an hour.

Havana swarmed with soldiers. The people had fled the streets and were peering cautiously from doors and windows—machine guns had been turned on a crowd the day before. I could not get near the President's Palace; all the newspapers were closed; most of my friends and acquaintances were not to be found: I have never faced a worse mess for getting the news. I was standing uncertainly on a street a block from the Palace when the President's car roared by, bearing him and de Rosa and several Army officials, and escorted by another car filled with soldiers and machine guns. I took a taxi and followed at a discreet distance. The cars stopped at the military headquarters just outside the town. By afternoon the city knew that the Army had told the President to resign.

I was filing a cable dispatch to New York in the office of the Cuban newspaper, Diario de la Marina, and from the window I could see the crowds celebrating on the street—shouting, jumping up and down, embracing each other, running to the Palace for loot. I pointed out a small grinning negro boy in a pair of underdrawers carrying a bottle of champagne.

My companion smiled grimly. "Joy for an hour," he said. "Then revenge. Wait until they remember their murdered friends."

His time limit was accurate. The mood changed swiftly from relief to hatred. It was the same crowd—the same people; but their tongues were hanging out for blood. Led by the rioting soldiers they roamed the streets in packs all afternoon and night, looking for the government's men, making that dreadful noise of a mob in pursuit; moving here and there, down this street and that one, pausing often; and wherever they paused, they left a body in a dark oily pool on the pavement.

About three in the morning most of them scattered for sleep, and knowing that they would be gathering again later, I went to sleep myself in a chair in the newspaper office. After about two hours I was wakened by Luis. He looked ghastly in the morning light. His shirt was open, his hair in disorder, there was a smear of blood on his cheek and neck; also, he was a little drunk.

"They told me you were here," he accosted me in a hollow tone.

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Memory Green

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"Yes," I said; and then more brightly: "You look only half here."

He sat down on a desk with a bump. "It's been a big party," he muttered, "but it's bad."

"It's very bad. Once an army riots, it's ruined. You'll have trouble."

"Yes." he stood up. "We're going to burn some houses this morning."

"You mean you're going on with the rioting?"

"Yes," Luis repeated mechanically. "We're going to burn de Rosa's house."

"It's a senseless destruction."

"Yes. There's a crowd in the park calling for de Rosa now."

I got up. It didn't make any difference to me. "Well, it makes news," I said. "I'm going out."

There were about two hundred people in the park. Within twenty minutes there were over a thousand. Luis disappeared almost immediately in the confusion. The only calm person seemed to be a news reel photographer with a bandaged hand who was smoking a cigarette on the top of a sedan. On an inverted ash can a Cuban was haranguing the multitude in a shrill, frenzied voice. There were more and more people filling the park and spilling out into the streets. The central section took up de Rosa's name from the speaker's mouth and echoed it and flung it out to the edges where it was caught and re-echoed until it became a mad, indistinguishable screaming; and the crowd broke suddenly and, larger and larger, streamed toward the boulevard which led a long way to de Rosa's house; and people came running to join from the side-streets, ignorant, but eager, and rows of windows were smashed and a smiling taxi driver was overturned in his car for no reason; and a half-naked negress ran at the head of the mass shouting obscene words while a soldier kept firing a gun into the air; and there was always that murmuring noise of a mob in pursuit.

I did not wish to be caught in the stampede. I rode in a car on a parallel street as far as the Cuba Club. From the upper balcony I could see de Rosa's house clearly, particularly the small inverted bowl of the altar. There were a number of people on the balcony, happily excited to watch the show from a safe place. As the crowd drew near, a great many rushed for the club, and they finally closed the gates. Luis pulled my arm.

"Did you lose interest?" I asked.

"Those letters are there,—Esmeralda's letters," he said in a low voice. "I had forgotten about them. I didn't want to go there."

He was quite sober now and, I think, a little ashamed and worried.

"Where's de Rosa?" I inquired.

"He went off in his yacht yesterday. He's safe enough."

There was a man standing in the garden of de Rosa's house. As we watched, we saw another man come running out and speak to him. Then they both ran through the trees and over the wall onto the road.

As a boy I had read about the herds of several thousand buffalo in the old West that would stampede into a valley and cover it black. I thought of that as the people poured through de Rosa's gates. In a minute the place was black with them. Windows began crashing outward, and men were throwing chairs, tapestries, vases, and ornaments of all kinds down to the crowd below. The silver dome wavered above the shrubbery and the heads, and fell. You could hear the shock of it on the marble pavement.

Luis was jerking my elbow and pointing at the harbor. De Rosa's yacht was coming toward the dock.

The balcony was a hub-bub of shouted comment and a confusion of gesticulating arms. De Rosa's slight figure was standing on the bow of the boat. He had a revolver in his hand, and his narrow head was uptilted as if he were stepping to the front of a stage.

"He has come back for her letters," Luis said. "The damn fool has come back."

It is always difficult to recall exactly what happens in moments like that. It seems to me that the scene suddenly became silent; but it may have been only my intense concentration which shut out interrupting sound.

However formed, the shell of silence was fragile, lasting only for the moment during which de Rosa jumped to the dock with the gun in his hand; then a shot from the garden shattered it, and there were several more shots, and a surge of people forward; and he sank very quickly beneath a wild press of figures, adding to the emerald and the altar and the green ink the final absurd gesture of dying.

Rules Are Rules

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for identification, the mistake of the boy with the flag was unfortunate but did not relieve the player from identifying his ball. "Rules are rules," they said.

William sighed. Rules were rules right enough, and the ruling was correct but it was tough luck. It would have been tough luck under any conditions, but for the penalty to be plastered on Johnny Carr then was something worse than tough.

"Never mind, boy," William said, "it was a fine round even so, you're only a stroke back as it is. Forget it, get it off your mind entirely and play your best this afternoon. Maybe you'll win and maybe you won't, you can only do your best." And with that they went to lunch.

While they were at lunch the Committee cancelled the special rule that balls might be cleaned on the putting greens. The sun had come out and the course had dried enough so that, in the Committee's opinion, the special rule was no longer necessary.

The question of mud on a ball was as old as the hills and it had been argued this way and that always. Some said it was as fair for one as another, some said it was luck and had no part in the game, others that there was skill in playing in wet weather so that mud was not so likely to adhere to the ball, that is, run-up shots, or pitch and run shots, would prevent the ball picking up mud whereas high pitches to the green would do just the other thing. But no matter what was right and what wrong, the special rule was off and it was no doubt as fair for one as another.

William McClain was among the last to start the afternoon round. He played well, very well for him; the course was heavy and he had no distance to give away, but he was pretty sure, as he went along, that he was keeping in the money.

Johnny Carr was behind him and he had little chance of finding out how he was going but as he passed the club house he learned that Johnny had been out in thirty-five and that for sixty-three holes he was tied for the lead with three others.

"Man! man!" William exclaimed. "If he'll only keep cool and not let his nerves ruin him. He's young, and not used to playing for such stakes." Then he smiled. "But he'll do it, mark my words, he'll win, he's got the stuff in him." To himself he muttered, "I can see the lad going home to his mother with that check in his pocket and showing it to her and I can see pride in the lass's eye, and a tear, too." And then, to get something out of his system William hit his drive viciously—fortunately it went straight.

He finished and went to the score board. There were only half a dozen pairs behind him and Johnny was the only one of the dozen still in the running and Johnny, going past the club house with four holes to play, led the field by a stroke.

"Man! man!" William muttered. It was his favorite expression.

"Johnny has par on the last four to win," a friend said. William's impulse was to run out on the course and watch the boy do it, but he was too wise for that. "I can do no good and I might well do harm if he saw me." There was a queer feeling in his stomach and there was something blurry in his eyes.

"He got his pars on the fifteenth and sixteenth." The word came from a boy back to see the finish.

"Did he now, did he now?" William grinned and lighted his pipe, which was already burning well. William rocked back and forth on his heels and toes, nervous as a cat.

Johnny got his par on the seventeenth and had a four left to win. A five would put him in a tie with four others; the difference between a four and a five was over a thousand dollars.

This time Johnny's drive was straight down the fairway, no more rough for him. William saw the little white ball strike and run. "That's that," he muttered, "one more good shot and it's in the bag."

Johnny came up to his ball, he had two hundred yards or a bit more to go, with no trouble between him and the green. William would have tried a low shot and let the ball roll a bit, but he knew that was not the practice of youth. He saw, even so far away, that the boy was taking wood, a spoon no

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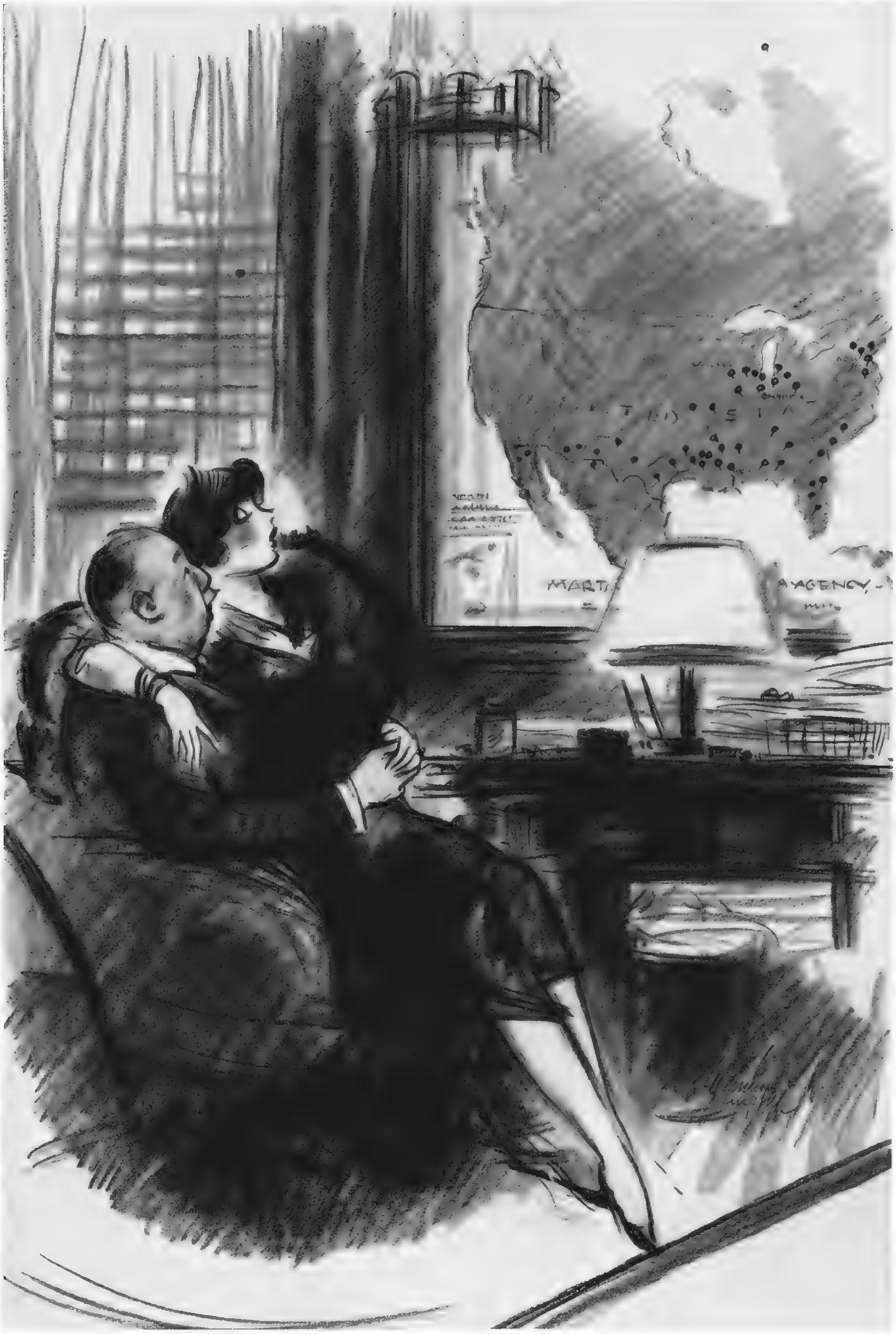

"Gee, Mr. Hodges—what odd territories you give my husband"

Rules Are Rules

Continued from page 120

doubt; he saw him play and saw the ball fly high and straight on the pin, the only question left was its distance.

The ball just reached the green and half buried itself in it, and then it jumped out of the hole it had made, maybe a yard, taking the hole with it. Tommy Archer, with whom Johnny was playing, played into a trap on the left and the crowd closed in around the green.

William went over and looked at Johnny's ball. Hard, wet dirt was stuck fast to it so that it looked more like a very dark egg than a white golf ball. The pin was well back on the green and it would take nice putting to hole out in two with a clean ball, with that mud covered ball anything might happen. What was most likely to happen was three putts, especially as the mud on the ball was on the back of it directly away from the hole and Johnny's putter must strike the mud, not the ball itself.

William stared at the ball, an expression on his face first of regret, then of determination; then he pushed his way through the crowd and went back to meet Johnny.

"Come here, lad," he said, and Johnny stopped. "Listen to me and do exactly what I tell you." Then he told Johnny exactly what to do.

"But I can't—."

"Do as I tell you and I'll be responsible. Trust me, boy, and keep cool."

"I'll do that, Uncle Bill," the boy said, and they went on together.

Tommy Archer was away and played from the trap and then holed out. Johnny spoke to Archer. "Tom, will you come here a minute?"

Tom walked over to him. Then William spoke.

"Is there a member of the Committee present?"

The whole Committee was present and the Chairman came over to him. "Will you kindly note what is about to happen?" William said.

The Chairman, a bit nervous perhaps, said "Yes, certainly," and glanced from William to Johnny.

"I am going to lift this ball for identification," Johnny said, "and I'm doing it in Tom's presence, as required by the rules."

"It's your ball right enough," Tom said.

"It probably is, but under the rules I'm entitled to lift it any time I please to make sure."

He marked with his putter the spot where the ball lay, lifted it, removed most of the mud from it with his fingers and then calmly drew a towel from under his belt and proceeded to polish the ball.

"You can't do that, Carr," the Chairman exclaimed.

"He can indeed," William said. "We'll discuss the matter of penalty, if any, later. I've advised him as to the rules, which is entirely proper, under the rules."

"It's my ball, right enough," Johnny said. Then he replaced the ball, took his stance and putted beautifully, close to the hole and walked to the ball and holed it.

"I'm returning a four for the hole," Johnny said to the Chairman, and with a twinkle in his eye he said "Rules are rules." He and his uncle had points in common.

"Do you want to disqualify yourself?" the Chairman asked.

"He'll take that chance," William broke in. "We'll be glad to discuss the matter with you at your convenience."

Certainly the eighteenth green was no place to argue the point. The Committee knowing all about the two-stroke penalty for cleaning a ball in play, having had one unpleasant job of penalizing to do that day and knowing that William McClain was a canny man, immediately went into executive session. A few minutes later they sent for Johnny and William.

"Carr, you've certainly hung a two-stroke penalty on yourself," the Chairman said. "Your card is held up . . . unofficially . . . to give you a chance to save yourself from disqualification."

"May I speak for the boy?" William said. "Information as to the Rules of Golf is not 'advice' as you know. I gave him information and he acted on it."

"Certainly you may speak for Carr if he wishes you to."

"I'm obliged to you," said William. "Will you show me the rule that says he penalized himself two strokes?"

The Chairman had the little brown book of rules in his hand and read from it: "The Note under Rule 24 says 'Cleaning a ball when in play entails a penalty of two strokes in Stroke Competition' and so on."

"Quite right," William said, "and I've often wondered how a ball in play can be cleaned without moving the ball and stirring up a lot of trouble accordingly. Did you ever think of that?" Apparently no one had; at any rate expressions of surprise spread over two or three faces. "But that's not important," he went on. "You'll admit, won't you, that when Johnny lifted his ball for identification he was entitled to do so under the rules?"

"Of course," the Chairman admitted.

"And you'll admit that when the ball was lifted it was not in play?" Members glanced from one to the other, questioningly. "Maybe I can help you out," William said. "Read Definition 18—I think you'll find it says that when a ball is lifted in accordance with the rules it is not in play. Am I right?"

The Chairman nodded. "That is right," he said.

"Now then," William exclaimed, "find me anything in the rules from one end to the other which says there is any penalty for cleaning a ball not in play. I doubt if you can do it."

A deep and intense silence settled over the meeting.

"I don't know of any," the Chairman said, finally.

"But it's always been understood that a ball could be cleaned only when special local rules permitted it," someone said.

"Are we dealing with rules . . . or with misunderstandings?" William asked.

"But if you're right," someone else said, "it means that a ball can be cleaned any time and any place, all custom and tradition go up in smoke."

"Exactly so," William said, softly, "unless they change the rules and I'm glad it's not me who'll have to change them. There's a nut to crack for the rule makers, bless their hearts. Maybe the answer is that mud on golf balls is out, forever, it's not for me to say, but for myself I always thought there was something a bit unfair about it." He rose from his chair. "And I'm not so sure the rules don't make the direct statement that a ball may be cleaned when the player so desires, though I know well enough that because of the general ignorance of the rules very few players are aware of the fact. I'm referring to the note under Rule 11, you'll find it on page eighteen, if I remember. It says that a ball lifted from ground under repair may be cleaned because when so lifted it is not in play, or words to that effect. You have but to put two and two together—a ball not in play is a ball not in play, no matter what rule takes it out of play." He surveyed the Committee with sparkling eyes. "If anyone wishes to make a small wager on the main point it could be arranged, the rule makers themselves to decide the matter."

William smiled sweetly and left the Committee to its own devices, taking Johnny with him. A while later the Committee emerged from its retreat. Johnny Carr's four on the last hole stood and he had won first money.

William McClain and Johnny Carr, far from prying eyes, faced each other.

William was grinning broadly, Johnny's face was grim.

"Boy, boy, I'm proud of you, today will be the making of you," William said.

"But was it square dealing with the other fellows?" Johnny asked.

"That's a fair question and I'll answer it," William exclaimed. "They've just made the rules over, all the experts here and in the Old Country together, and they changed the old rule which let a man play one stroke with the wrong ball without penalizing him, in medal play, and they put a two-stroke penalty on doing it. In my opinion it's a poor change, the old rule was better. As it is now a man must lift his ball for identification every time it's in rough and he can't see it plainly, and when he lifts it from rough he can never be quite sure he puts it back exactly where it was. I could argue the matter for a week, the point is that new rule, through no fault of yours, cost you two strokes this morning. 'Rules are Rules,' the Committee said. Very well, if rules are rules in the morning so are they in the afternoon and this afternoon rules got you back one of those strokes in all probability or maybe both of them. It's no affair of yours if others don't know the rules."

Johnny shook his head. "It's a brand new one on me."

"It's a brand new one on a lot of people," William chuckled.

"How did you know about it?" Johnny asked.

"I picked it up along the way. I've been keeping it up my sleeve for an emergency—" he put his arm around Johnny's shoulders "—and I suspect the emergency arrived today. Go home to your mother, boy, and give her my love."

Back in the club house a lot of golfers, old and young, were reading the little brown book of rules and laughing. Bill McClain was a wise old boy.

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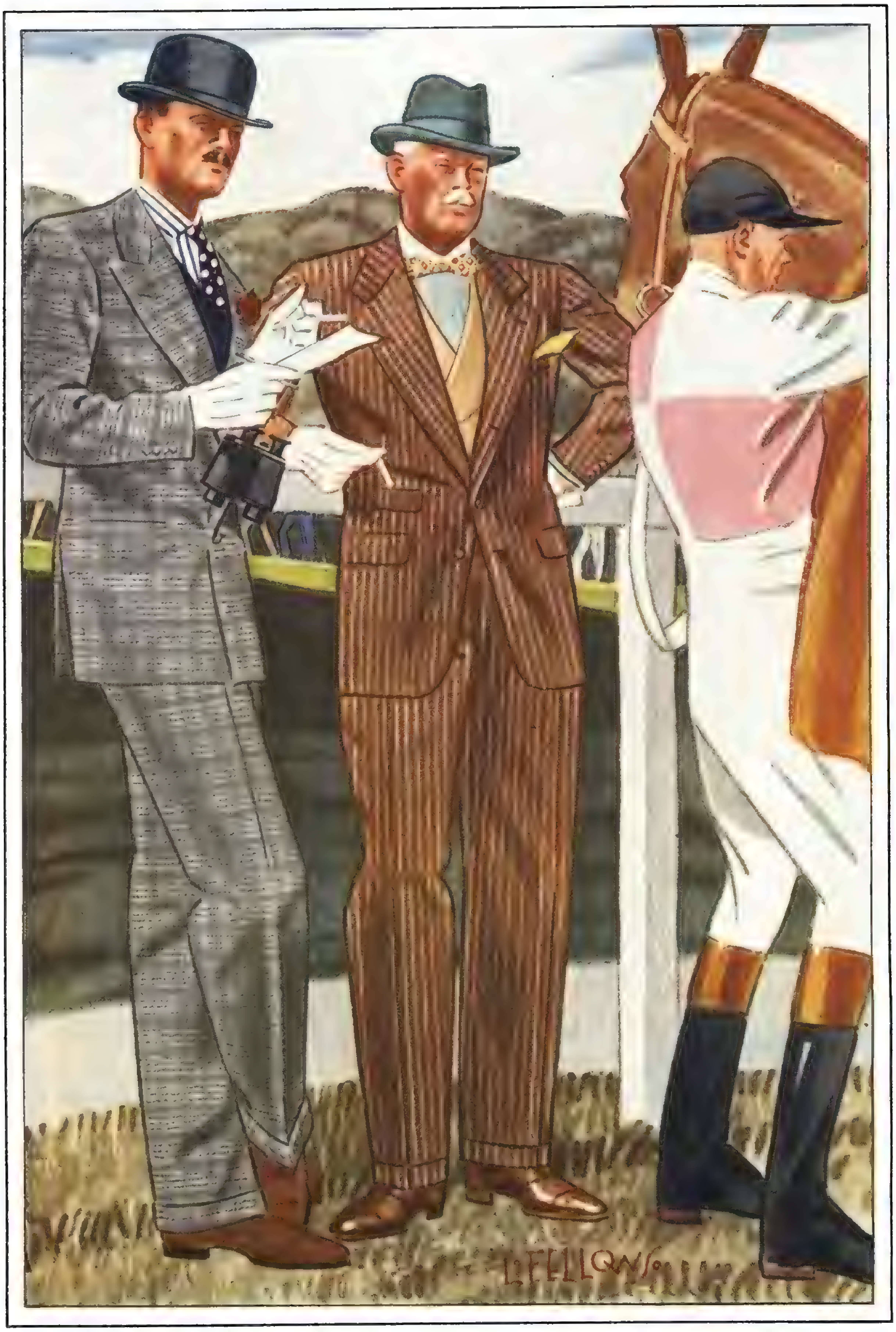


TWO VERSIONS OF THE RACE TRACK SUIT

There was a time when one of the worst things you could say about a solid citizen's appearance was that he "looked like somebody you might see at the races." One of the others was "he drinks." Today, the answer to both these bits of solemn opprobrium is "who doesn't?" The suit on the left has a small Glen pattern. The double-breasted jacket has a long rolled lapel, the pockets are unflapped and the jacket has seven inch side vents. The navy blue sweater is sleeveless, the blue and white striped oxford shirt has the popular wide spread collar attached, and the tie is a blue foulard with white polka dots. Leather soled suede shoes, a rough finish derby and a dark red carnation are the other details. The other outfit consists of a chalk striped flannel suit, fawn colored linen waistcoat, broadcloth shirt with white rounded starched collar, yellow foulard bow tie, rough finish Homburg hat and brown calf shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

They're Off in the Derby

Continued from page 50

to six or possibly seven furlongs is mighty poor basis for judgment of his probable performance as a three-year-old at distances over a mile.

Occasionally a horse campaigned over routes during the previous winter will go in the Derby, or even win it, as did Black Gold, a development of New Orleans winter-racing, but even if several of the field offer a background of winter-racing still there is no real line on the other contenders available, and to attempt to select the winner of the race remains just as hazardous as before.

The best line on Eastern entrants in the Derby is offered by the Chesapeake Stakes run in Maryland shortly before the Kentucky race, but not all Eastern contenders will have gone in it.

Each year the early favorites in the winter-books on the Derby are colts and fillies which have made a conspicuous showing in sprints as two-year-olds, but these horses rarely win the race. Almost invariably the winner turns up in an animal which showed merely sound or even mediocre performance in sprints, rather than striking performance, during his previous year of competition. Gallant Fox, for instance, showed little as a two-year-old over abbreviated distances in terms of victories, but in 1930 the "Fox of Belair" won the Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Wood Memorial, Belmont, Dwyer, Arlington Classic, Saratoga Cup, Lawrence Realization and Jockey Club Gold Cup, and thus amassed total purse-winnings in his third year of $308,275, which was and still is an all-time record for a three-year-old.

In 1934 at one time Sir Thomas was winter-book favorite for the Derby at about 6 to 1 on the strength of his second to Singing Wood in the Belmont Futurity of 1933 although he had not won even a single sprint-race. He ran in the ruck in the Derby and has shown nothing in competition since.

The filly Mata Hari was another early choice in 1934, on the strength of her record in sprints as a two-year-old in 1933, but after cutting out fast early pace with Sergeant Byrne she tired and was far back when the winner Cavalcade went over the line.

The early-foot ability requisite to win in sprints and the staying-power necessary to win over routes in a very real sense are contradictory and mutually exclusive qualities in a horse. Only in a horse really great are combined the power to develop high speed in the early stages of a route-race, if necessary to stay within striking distance of fast pace, and the power to keep going potently in the stretch—which involves running each furlong (one-eighth of a mile, 220 yards) after the initial mile in about twelve seconds.

One can count on the fingers of a single hand each year the number of three-year-olds which develop into solid route-horses in stake-company from among the many lively two-year-old sprinters of the year before.

To attempt to pick the winner of a Derby on the basis of each entrant's two-year-old sprint-record is sheer and mere nonsense, yet the winter-book players do just that, attracted by the prominence of the race and the entrants and the apparently liberal odds offered.

In 1930 the Derby was won by Gallant Fox—a horse truly great in every sense, one of the outstanding three-year-olds of all time.

In 1931 the race was won by Twenty Grand — another horse-of-the-century — in record time of two minutes, one and four-fifths seconds for the mile and a quarter. In 1932 and 1933 Col. E. R. Bradley won with Burgoo King and Broker's Tip respectively —two animals of no great quality. In 1934 Cavalcade took the race, coming from far back off pace to overtake the leaders and win easily.

Later he achieved a most impressive record of victories in other major three-year-old stakes, although his total earnings of something over $100,000 as a three-year-old do not compare well with Gallant Fox's winnings of $308,275 at the same age, due somewhat to smaller individual purse-values.

These are recent Derbys; some of the winners have been horses as good as the country has produced; others have been equine mediocrities which failed to carry on after so auspicious a beginning in the great blue-grass stake. And in its sixty-year history to 1934 good horses have alternated with poor horses as winners. Incidentally only one filly, Regret, ever has won the race, and she cannot well be classed with mares such as Beldame and Firenze.

Now comes the sixty-first Derby, to be run May 4th. Having gone at some length into the difficulties of picking Derby-winners well in advance of the race, I will climb out on a nice solid tree-limb and proceed to saw it off between the trunk and myself by attempting to name the winner of the coming contest. At the end of his three-year-old campaign in 1930 Gallant Fox was retired to the stud, and as one result of his activities there he sent to the races in 1934 a two-year-old called Omaha. Like his Daddy, the Fox of Belair, this youngster is a big 'un. He is big and he has matured slowly, and these facts afford reasonable excuse for whatever failure of performance can be charged against him in sprint-races last year.

Against short-coupled, sprinting-type two-year-olds it is difficult for a rangy, long-striding route-type colt to win in few-furlong dashes. Almost always, however, when Omaha did not win or finish close up he was closing strongly in the stretch, and that often indicates a route-horse. He ran a powerful race in the six-and-a-half furlong Belmont Futurity, in September, 1934, closing fast in the last eighth against an unwieldy field. Omaha is bred both to run fast and to stay, and he hereby is put in nomination to win on May 4th. This selection costs me only a little paper and ink, plus a small wager on him in the futures if he does not go or does not win, and I feel an itch to run true to handicapper's and horse-player's psychology by doing something foolish and not practicing what I preach.

The editor of Esquire informs me that his magazine is not a horse-tipping sheet. That in itself may be a hunch on Omaha for the Derby, for who ever heard of a tip-sheet actually giving a winner? At any rate, if the colt is only half as good as his sire the other horses will know that they have been in a race.

Profession of Pain

Continued from page 46

next day with Dr. Rogers, the Visiting, I mentioned the case to him, after we had passed through the ward. 'A rather pathetic case in there,' I said. 'What case, Doctor?' Rogers said. 'A likeable young chap—one kidney gone and part of the other—and now he's having trouble with the bit that's left—I may be funny, but I can't help feeling sorry for the kid.' Rogers stopped dead in his tracks and looked at me. 'I know that case,' he said, 'name's Wilson? Injured in the war—shrapnel? Knows all the terminology?' 'Yes,' I said, and by God, Rogers turned on his heel and literally ran back to the ward. Naturally, I followed him. Wilson was asleep, and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw Dr. Rogers shake him violently and slap his face! 'What the hell are *you* doing here?' he shouted; 'your name's Phillips, isn't it?' 'No,' Wilson said in a faint voice, 'Wils—' 'Dont lie to *me!*' Rogers screamed, 'weren't you in Roosevelt Hospital last week? Got kidney trouble have you? You're a hophead, aren't you?' He shook Wilson again, and suddenly Wilson started to cry and admitted it all—"

"What!" I said.

"Can you beat it," my brother said—"a dope-malingerer—he'd cooked up all the story himself. I mean, about the war and the disease—he'd actually had the operations, of course, but it was the craving for dope that lead him to have them, and then when he couldn't have any more, he went from hospital to hospital for over three years in various cities, doubled up with pain, and got them to give him the stuff. He'd read it all up in the books, and so he knew what he was talking about—imagine it! He was so badly addicted to the dope that he had one complete kidney removed and a portion of the other . . ."

"But what about the operations?" I said, exulting in the thought that I'd finally caught my brother in one of his medical whoppers; "surely the doctors could see there was nothing the matter with the man's kidney when they opened him up—"

"Of course they could," my brother smiled, "of course they could—but what were they to do? When a man comes in and gives you a beautiful clinical picture of acute nephritis, and is obviously in excruciating agony, you open him up, and even if there doesn't *appear* to be anything the matter with his kidney, you take it out anyhow."

"Oh," I said.

Murder Trial

Continued from page 64

De young De Strick Attorney, what he name Mist' Herz, he de first one to do de talkin' and he tell about de li'l boy what was struck down in de Spring of de year. He say he struck down lik it was wid de lightnin's of de Lawd Gawd, and de lady kin-folks of de dead boy start to cry and take on, and dey mens dey put de arms around dem to bring dem comfort in de co't room.

Grey-hair lawyer Mist' Frank Rhodes talk about de po'k chops and de chocklit ice cream what dey buyin' fo' Doo-Doom breakfus' and he say it pussuasion, yessuh, he say dat, he say dey pussuadin' dis po' boy which he name ought to be Dum-Dum, not Doo-Doom, account he haven't got good knowledge.

Mist' Mahoney say plenty too, say dey harassin' dis po' unfawchnit niggro boy day an' night to make him confess in de Spring of de year. Mist' Eddie Mahoney say to de twelve jurymens how some day dey gwine stand befo' a pow'ful jedge dey ownself and got to answer, and den dey'll know how it feel to be jedged. And he say Doo-Doom smoke plenty muggles cig'rettes, and di'n know what he do in de Spring of de year, and dey mustn' hang a po' unfawchnit niggro boy and he so full of muggles at de time he di'n know what he do.

And den it was De Strick Attorney Stanley turn to talk to de jurymens and he sholy done so. He say dey got to make de city safe, make it safe on Rampa't street and P'dido street and by de river and by de lake, make it safe on de Gentilly Road in de Spring of de year, yessuh. He say Doo-Doom crouchin' outside de grocery sto' in de Spring of de year, watchin' de people till he sho' de coas' is clear, crouchin' and watchin' like a jungle beas', da's what he say to de jurymens. He say everybody got de right to live, and Doo-Doom took away dat right fum de li'l boy, so de li'l boy couldn' grow up and couldn' have no sweetheart, and couldn't marry and have no children of he ownself. He say it all right to talk about pity fo' unfawchnit Doo-Doom, but what about pity fo' de li'l boy Doo-Doom kill, and when he talk like dat de lady kin-folks of de li'l boy took to weepin' and moanin' once mo'.

And den de silver-hair jedge wid de black-black crinkle silk robe, what he name is Jedge Echezabal, he talk to de jurymens while de sun gwine down on Friday de thutteenth day of de month, while de sun gwine down fas'. He read dem all about de law, and Doo-Doom listen too.

De jurymens walks out de co't room, each one carryin' he hat in he right hand, walk on de plum-color cyarpet single file, but dey don't go home, not yet. Dey gwine home to dey famblies later, yessuh, gwine home to dey famblies on Friday de thuttenth day of de month. When de sun was jes' on de set dey comes back in de co't, and de big juryman he say:

"Guilty."

And den he wait a while, and say:

"As."

And den he wait a pow'ful long time and say:

"Charged."

Yessuh, he say like dis: "Guilty . . . as . . . charged!"

Dat mean:

"Doo-Doom got to hang!"

Up and down on Rampa't street, all de mens and all de ladies sayin' it. Dryades street, Lib'ty street, Gravier street, P'dido street, Friday de thutteenth day of the month.

Doo-Doom got to hang.

On'y he name ain't Doo-Doom, nossuh, he name Junius Robaire, and when he's li'l brown baby nussin' at he mammy breas', she don' call him Junius, neither Robaire, she call him Doo-Doom 'cause she fondlin' him. It de love-name what he mammy give him, and now everybody sayin' it.

De jurymens say it, de silver-hair jedge say it, up and down on Rampa't street all de mens and ladies sayin' it on Friday the thutteenth day of the month.

Doo-Doom got to hang! Doo-Doom got to hang!

The Gold Watch

Continued from page 63

even feel very badly. All that he wanted was the bench . . . to rest his weakening legs. When his legs were well he could think, and he wanted to think. Oh, especially today he wanted to think. His gold watch was gone. It was gone, like Pierre Gesell, his father, like his job, like the daguerreotype of his mother he had dropped and lost, like all the strong feelings that had somehow disappeared out of him. All the people about him seemed chilled by the cold singing wind. He didn't feel it, hardly, at all. Age had its compensations. Indeed!

His name was Peter Gissell, though it should have been Pierre Gesell, for that had been his father's name. His father, he remembered, had been a man with a tiny white beard. He owned a wine shop with bottles of straw and engraved labels. In school they called him Pete Gissell. That was how his name had got changed, probably. It was a long time ago. Strange how one got old. There he had been only yesterday, really, looking at the gold watch in Rosenfeld's Gem Shop, the coppy hoofs of milk and brewery stallions clacking on the cobbles behind him.

He remembered a tree with droopy willow leaves growing up out of a circle of cement. There was a drinking trough of concrete for animals, designed to look like a hollowed log under the willow, and men with horses would tie them at noon and eat sandwiches of French bread cut lengthwise while the draught beasts jerked oats out of their feed bags. The grain strewed on the ground, and the boy almost wept at this maddening waste. He stroked their coarse flanks gingerly, dreaming meanwhile of the watch.

Of course it had been nice to have a watch to dream of. It had given the swift years purpose. After that day on which Mr. Katz had made his extraordinary promise he had settled down in earnest in the amassing of a life's fortune. School had to go. He found a job as a dipper in a gas appliance factory, requiring the carrying of forty pails of water a day up the four flights. He didn't mind. At the end of each week there would be a whole solid dollar to add . . . then the machine shop, where he made filings into metal blocks in a horrible little hot furnace . . . the pleasant outdoor conductor's job. And, finally, his first hundred dollars. . . .

It was an immense amount of money. People thought him strange. His only luxury was an apple. Each Sunday he set out on a long walk to dream of a love which no one would ever understand, this thing of loveliness more beautiful than any girl in the world. He munched his apple happily. The little man now sat in the city's green park and played over again, as though it were music, the opera of the gold watch. The water buckets: he remembered them. And the kindling factory, after school. He ran the wood chopper and helped deliver the bundled wood.

And coming home, his slight legs aching, hands pricked deeply with hidden splinters, thinking happily of the dollar on Saturday of which twenty cents would be all his, he paused before the bright window of pretty things, rings and pins and gems and watches displayed for him as though in a museum. But this evening a new jewel had come into being, like the fancy of a living woman risen from blue ocean depths. It was a gold watch.

Other gold watches kept time, no doubt, and were to be loved. But this, to him alone, was inexplicably soul-stirring. Hounds were baying at a fox before a dashing rider on its open cover. It was thick and prodigal with yellow metal. The numbers on its face were friendly people gathered together, smiling, bowing, intellectual, a group of wise and kindly folk—gentlemen all. This was an aristocrat, in that word's happiest sense. It lay on a pillow of gleaming virgin satin, justly. And all the other sparkling gems and shiny metals in the window seemed a precious frame for this one perfect thing. His heart melted. A well back of his eyes loosened.

Papa Gesell said, "How will you grow as a man eef the tears is come when you are a little tired, pitchou? Tell me that!"

"I am not crying because I am tired. I am not crying at all."

"Then you have fight? You let someone beat you, eh?"

"No."

"For why, then, please to tell?"

"I seen a good watch—in . . . in Rosenfeld's," it seemed necessary to confess.

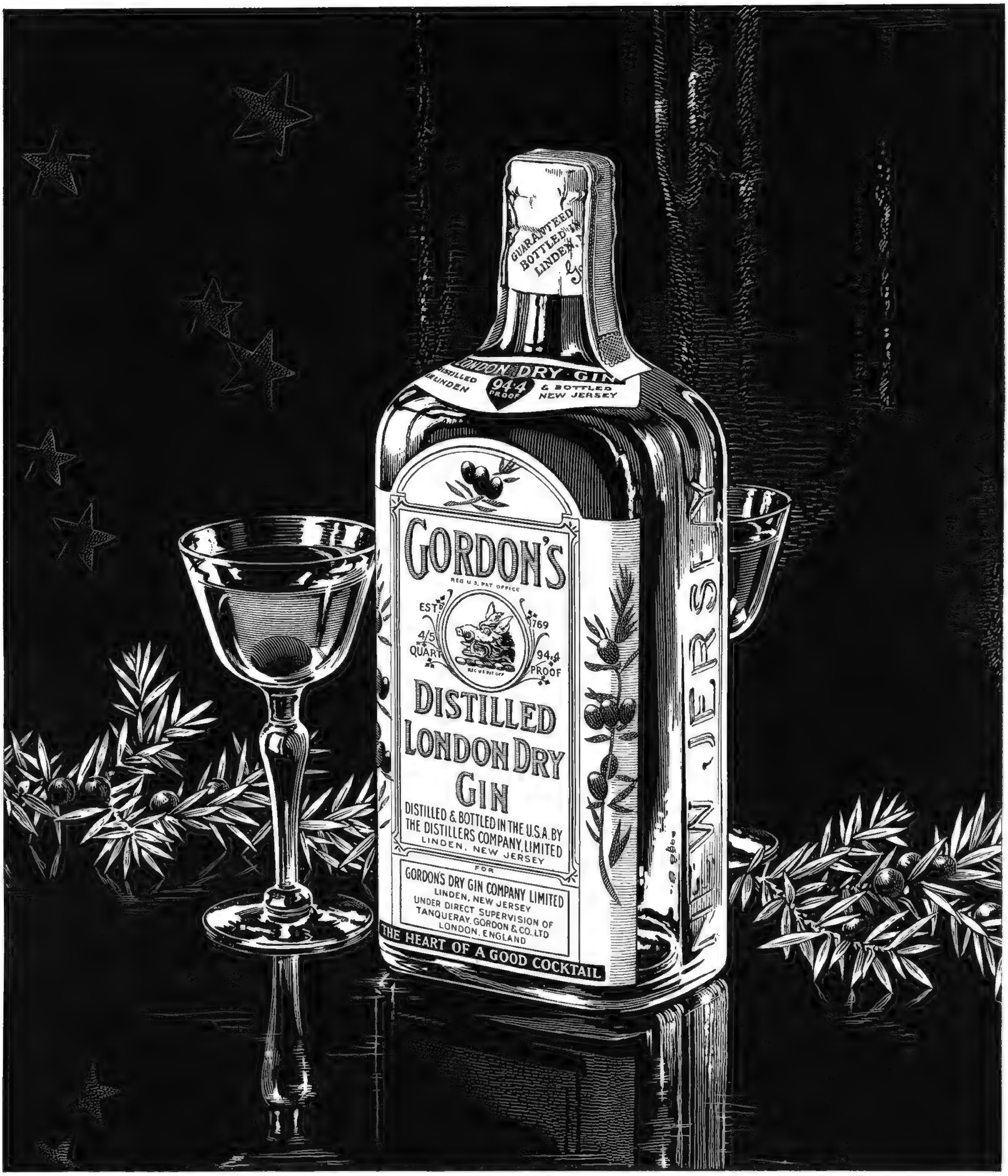
"And you cry because you cannot buy these watch in Rosenfeld's?" the old man asked in amazement.

"No sir. It is so good, that is all."

"Mon Dieu! I am crazy! It is well your beautiful mamma did not leeve to listen at such as that. Get to the supper which Suzanne cooks of fine onion soup. Un garçon d'une raison," he murmured with irony. "J'ai mal à la tête. Allons!"

The boy cried only once more—the following night—and then he loved the watch. Like an unattainable woman who will marry and be seen no more, he realized that a rich man would some day come to buy

Continued at top of page 128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The Gold Watch

Continued from page 126

the watch. As with the terrible thought of strange hands caressing one's bride, he envisioned crude fingers jerking at his precious jewel, and a sea of despairing anger rode in curdling waves through his being.

It must not be! If, indeed, he could be assured that it would lie unsullied and untouched in its pristine perfection there behind the polished glass of Rosenfeld's Gem Shop, he would have asked for no more. But someone would see it, marvelously, as he had seen it, and take it away. It must cost at least a thousand or a million dollars. His soul was torn with anguish. His body trembled as, each morning and each evening, he peered at its accustomed place, fearing to see it gone . . . gone forever. Oh dear Lord!

A mad decision overwhelmed him. He went into the shop. A man with waxed mustaches stood behind the counter. "Well, my little man?" said the man genially.

"I—In the winder!" he stammered.

"The window? Something you wanted to see, my little man?" The dapper jewelry gentleman, smiling, seemed insistently cheery about something. "A wedding ring, perhaps—something in eighteen carat? Or a solitaire?"

"N-no, Mister Rosenfeld. I jist—"

"Katz, my little man. Katz is the name. Rosenfeld is the proprietor, and a scholar to boot."

"Oh," said the boy, bewildered. He wanted to run away, but he could not. His feet, in frayed shoes, were rooted. This man had power of life and death over his gold watch. He must say something.

"The Hunter? Ah, a connoisseur of rare workmanship, I perceive. A splendid piece, my little man. And valuable. Hand worked. It's a pleasure to meet appreciation, where-ever 'tis found. Allow me to show it to you."

The dapper mustached man continued to grin genially, his eyes twinkling gayly, as he slid back the panelled show-case door. Peter Gissell was conscious of his tattered britches in this luxurious environment. Alabaster bases stood on pedestals. Bronze figures of naked men with spears threatened one another from opposite sides of the room. Jeweled pendants bedecked black velvet cases. This was the house of the powerful and the rich. Why, he wondered, did the mustached man smile so?

The man had the satin-ensconced timepiece. He spread a black mat over the glass, and there it lay beneath the boy's eyes. The jewelry man winked an appreciative lid at Peter Gissell. "A magnificent thing, sir," he declared.

"Yes," the boy agreed, hypnotized, his stare fixed, caught eternally in the web of beauty. "Macnisifent. Yes, sir. A most beauty watch, ain't it?"

"Fourteen carat. Five ounces, that case. Hand-enameled face. Swiss movement, seventeen ruby jewels. Assay a hundred and ten dollars of sheer metal."

"Could—" Somehow a cold hand strangled the word in his windpipe.

"Speak up, my little man. Could what?"

"Could—could a boy like me buy that there beauty watch for, like, twenty cents a week? —Oh, mister, I don't mean to take it home nor nothin'. I love it, mister. I could pay every week, and more, I guess, when I growed up, too. Then if it's all paid some day, I could have it? Or, I mean, anyway, I could come in and touch it sometimes, and it wouldn't be sold to nobody else?" He looked up at the man a little tearily.

Strangely the dapper salesman had stopped smiling. He swallowed, as though he, too, had been fearful of someone's taking the watch away. The boy's larynx pained.

"I've seen you look at that watch every day for months," the man said at last. "Why?"

"Well, mister—" He couldn't put his emotions into words. "I seen that there watch. It's a beauty watch. I love it like—like my mother, she's dead, or something. Maybe that watch is good luck, probably," he ended lamely. He wished the man would let him go now. The salesman shook his head helplessly.

"Do you see this tag? It says $200. More money than your little brain can think of."

"Yes, mister. How long is that at twenty cents a week, please?"

The man made a figure on paper. "About seventeen years," he said, now smiling again. "Now, here's a dollar watch that—"

"I ain't want no other watch, mister, sir. I love only that beauty watch."

Mr. Katz, still smiling, made a sudden decision inside his brain. It was a strange decision, much unlike the decisions that Mr. Katz usually made. "What is your name, my little man?"

The boy wished he wouldn't keep calling him his little man. "My name is Peter Gissell, and I am from down there where my papa sells wine in his wine shop. I work in the kindling factory after school, and Saturdays, please. I would like to go home now."

"Oh, Old Pierre?" And now the man leaned down near his ear and spoke in a serious confidential whisper. "If," he said, "you will swear that you will not breathe a word of this to the proprietor of this establishment, Mr. Simon Rosenfeld, I will promise to you that no matter who wishes to buy this watch I will not sell it. Then, some day, if you save your money, and work hard, you can come in, and have it. Now—is it a bargain between two gentlemen who understand each other?"

"You will really and true do this for me, that I may some day buy the beauty watch?" he asked in astonishment. "And not sell it to nobody even if they is richer than cream, mister?"

"Yes, that I promise," said Mr. Katz. "I will say that this watch has already been purchased by a gentleman named Gissell. I will say that he is a very great connoisseur of watches, and I will be only half a liar."

"Oh," said the boy. And he walked out of the shop.

His brain sailed amongst the stars.

Southern Storm

Continued from page 57

Very soon after that the roof over the whole front part of the house blew away. The wind got under it somehow and with a loud straining twist it lifted up from the rest of the house a few feet then with one strong swish it disappeared much as an old newspaper behaves on a windy day. The two mothers screamed and called to us in the darkness. The candle had blown out when the roof first lifted from the house. Marguerite held onto my hand even squeezing it tightly as if to tell me something in the dark. The rain poured into the pretty bedroom and we followed our mothers through the roofless hall to the rear of the house into a bedroom which still had a roof over it. As Marguerite and I huddled into a corner, Marguerite looked at me and smiled. I even laughed back at her. She put her arm around my shoulder and pulled my head over onto her breast and held it there. I was beginning to feel very sleepy so I closed my eyes and went to sleep. Before long I heard singing and I wondered whether I was asleep or awake. But I could hear the wind screaming at the house so I knew I must be awake. So I just stayed there and thought about the singing and where it might be coming from. Then I realized that our two mothers were praying. They were asking God to save them, asking God to have mercy on their souls. I lifted my head to watch them. They were both on the floor on their hands and knees and swaying back and forth like I had seen my colored nurse do when I was a baby. But it frightened me to see my mother acting like a colored mammy. They never stopped swaying and they never stopped praying. And now that I was fully awake I knew that the singing was coming from the next room. There were at least a dozen people, mostly men, singing and it was very beautiful. Occasionally the lead would be taken by a woman with a very high soprano voice. She screamed her lines and she sounded even more shrill than the wind. The men would mumble the choruses. For long periods I would listen to them and I could not hear the wind. They sounded more powerful, more important. But I didn't like my mother acting like a negro mammy. This frightened me. Uncle Will came into the room and moving over close to Marguerite's father told him there were over thirty people in the next room, mostly blacks and he hoped to God the roof held over this part of the house. The two men paid no attention to the two mothers carrying on the way they were. This took some of the fright out of the scene. Perhaps our mothers hadn't gone crazy after all, or the men would have talked about that. Marguerite's father then broke the legs off an old table and with some small bent nails used an empty beer bottle instead of a hammer to fasten the top of the table over the only window in the small room. The door to the hallway was left open and I got up quietly and crossed the hall to look into the other room where the singing was coming from. The candle was on the floor in one corner of the room and the thirty wet people

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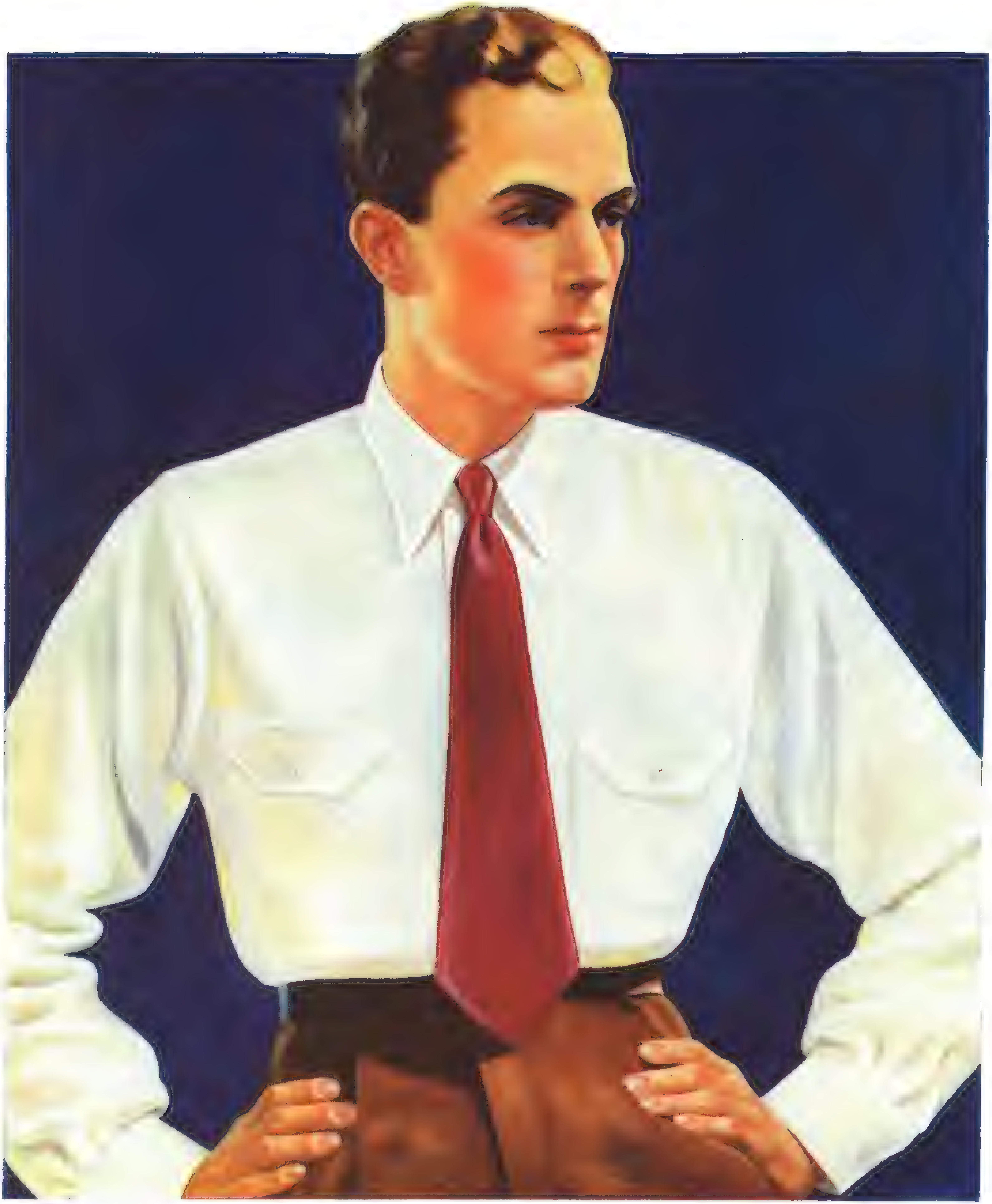

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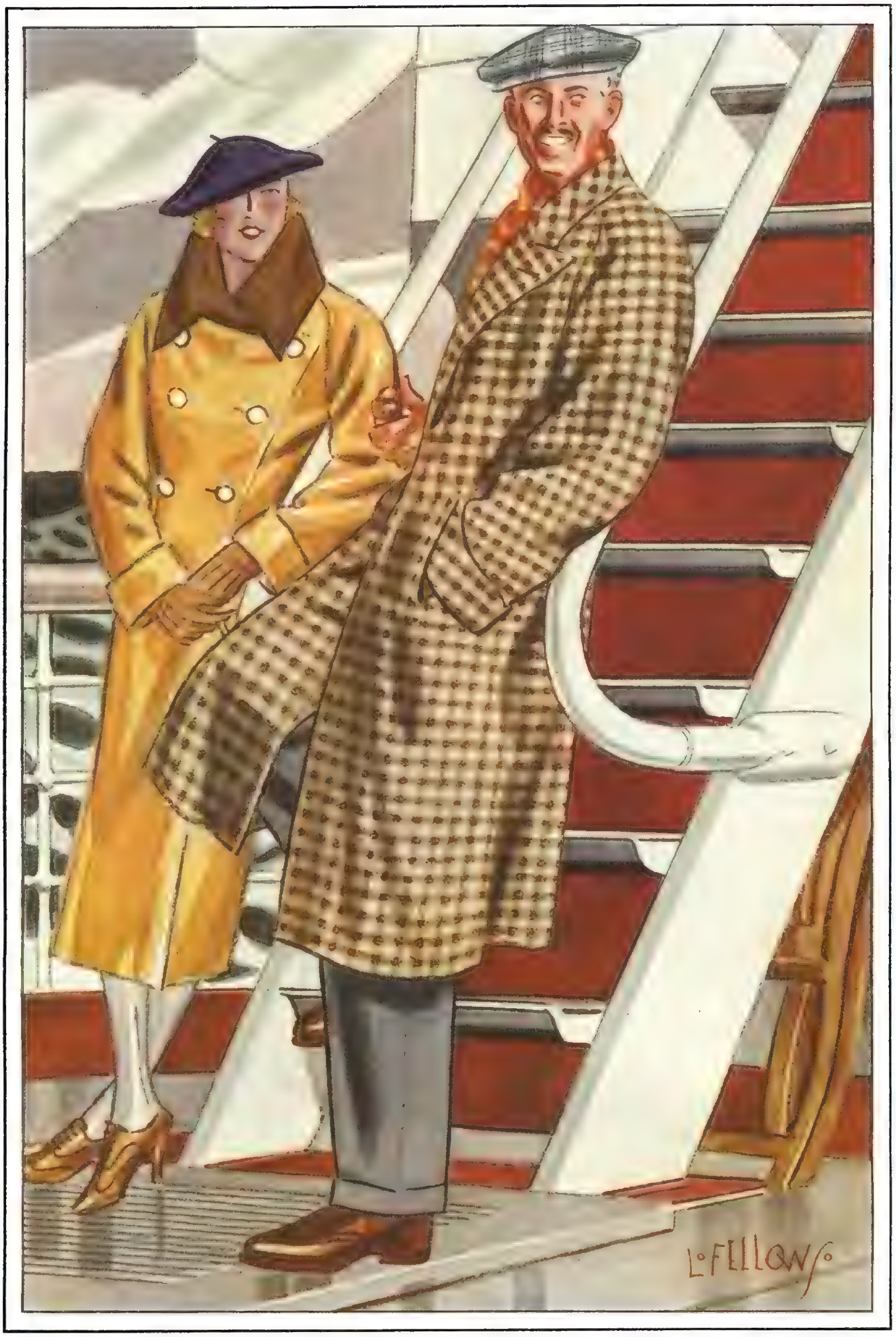

WHEREVER YOU GO YOU'LL MEET THIS COAT

We talked about this raglan sleeved tweed topcoat last month and we'll probably have to come back to it again more than once in the future, because as a fashion item it's going, and growing, like a snowball down hill. The P. of W. started it (we hope you can't penetrate that incognito because every month we swear off mentioning his name in these pages again) and you can recognize it by its fly front and peaked lapels, as well as by its slash pockets and bold checked pattern. The rest of the outfit, in this instance, consists of a brown shetland sports jacket and grey flannel slacks, shoes of brown calf, with red rubber soles and heels, in a wing tipped model, a red madder foulard muffler with a yellow Paisley design, which obviates the necessity for collar and tie, and a grey Glen Urquhart cap. Note, we beg of you, that the cap shouldn't match the coat, either in color or in pattern.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Southern Storm

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nearly filled the room. A mattress had been fastened over one of the windows but nothing covered the other where the glass was not broken. Most of the people were negroes and they were all singing. The white people didn't know the words of the song as well as the blacks. I felt a hand on my shoulder and Uncle Will led me back to the other bedroom. My mother didn't stop praying as I walked close to her so I went back and again and sat beside Marguerite who put her arm around me again and pulled my head over on her shoulder. I closed my eyes and almost went to sleep but I sat up when I felt Marguerite moving, then her father stood us both up and led us to a bed in the dark corner of the room. We both crawled onto the bed without taking our shoes off and Marguerite's father put some blankets over us. Under the cover Marguerite put her arm around me and pulled me over close to her.

The next morning when I awoke I laid still for a long time but I couldn't hear the wind howling. There was a little beam of light coming into the room between the edge of the table and the side of the window. Marguerite was still asleep. Everyone else had left the room. I got up from the bed as quietly as possible, went to the window and looked out through the small crack. There was about three feet of water still in the yard and streets. Everything I could see was a complete wreck. Everything in the world floated by. Three men were wading in the water where the street had been and as each piece of wreckage floated by they held it and examined it; when they found nothing they let it go and it drifted on. From one pile of lumber one man pulled out a dead dog but he just dropped it in the water and it sank. The lumber drifted away and the other men laughed. I went back to the bed and laid down beside Marguerite. Marguerite's mother came into the room and told us to get up. She was in a very good humor and didn't seem to care that everything was wrecked. Marguerite pushed my hair back with her fingers and we got up. We went out into the hall and the whole family were sitting on the stairway drinking hot coffee. Marguerite and I looked downstairs which still had about a foot of water covering the floor and the whole place seemed ruined. My father was there sitting next to my mother with his arm around her. Everybody was laughing and very happy. My father saw me and smiled as he said, "Hello, sonny, you all right?" I smiled back at him and nodded my head.

At lunch time the water had all left the house but everything was wet and muddy. We had lunch again on the kitchen table; but it was a very funny lunch, cheese, crackers, coffee and a can of cherries. Uncle Will had been gone over an hour to get the can of cherries. When he came in he said he believed over ten thousand people had drowned. He said that was more than one out of every three because the population of the town was not over twenty-eight thousand. The family was not so happy now. My father didn't go back to the mill. He said he had spent the night in the rafters and he had cut his hand and shoulder which were both wrapped in pieces of torn sheets. I didn't know what "rafter" meant until a long time after.

That afternoon we put on our hats and coats and left the house. It was very hard walking along where the streets had been. At some places we had to climb over piles of lumber 10 and 20 feet high. I saw an open Patrol Wagon piled as high as they could get it with dead people and they were carrying dead people in all directions. I didn't like to watch this so I looked down at the ground as I walked along. We walked along the wharf for two or three blocks and came to a tug-boat belonging to Uncle Will's company. When we started to get onto the tug some other people tried to get on too but my father and Uncle Will had to push them back and hit one of the men in the jaw before we could get by. When the boat pulled away from the dock Marguerite and I went up to the bow to watch the front of the boat cut the water but the bay was so full of drowned cows, drowned sheep, drowned dogs and chickens and people that we went back and looked in the engine room and watched the fireman shovel coal.

As the sun was going down behind the horizon the tug pulled up to a rickety river dock. We got off and walked across an open field where we climbed into the caboose of a freight train. The trainmen brought us some bread and sardines and a long time after dark the train started.

The next day we arrived at a town where one of my aunts lived. Then my mother and I went to my aunt's house and my mother went to bed. Marguerite and her mother got on a passenger train and continued farther north. The men had not come with us on the boat.

They wouldn't let me go outside for three days. A lot of people and many newspaper reporters kept coming to the house and trying to talk to my mother but she wouldn't talk to them and my aunt kept telling them to go away.

I noticed that my mother's hair was gray and I was sure it had never been before.

How to Be Cruel to Your Wife

Continued from page 76

story with such headlines as "Wife arrested for attempt to poison husband." And on that clipping he would write "And that's just what you'd like to do to me."

Q—Was there anything else?

A—There was more of the same kind.

Q—Will you please tell the court?

A—Well, he would clip the comic strips, especially the one about Maggie and Jiggs in "Bringing Up Father." And whenever he'd find one in which Jiggs ended up with a black eye or a bump on his head while Maggie stood over him with a rolling pin, he would write on it: "And that's what I get around this house."

Let men of higher station resort to liquor, license, and lefts to the feminine jaw, this lowly truck driver knew his artistry. He had remained a bachelor into his early forties and then had married a woman a year his senior. The marital rift began near the end of the first year of married life. The separation came in the middle of the third. As his wife outlined it to the court:

Q—You say your husband was cruel to you. Just what did he do?

A—Well, he was always nagging at me that if it hadn't been for him I'd still be an old maid.

Q—Anything else?

A—Yes—(hesitating).

Q—Please tell the court. We have no secrets here.

A—Well, often after I'd fall asleep he would sneak out of bed and go to sleep underneath it on a blanket, and snore. And when I'd wake him up he'd tell me he was just doing it to remind me that he'd saved me from being an old maid who looks under her bed every night before going to sleep.

There was the druggist who had married a widow. She was unable to erase her first husband from her mind and apparently offered frequent comparisons between No. 1 and No. 2. Her testimony disclosed No. 2 as a worthy entry in the Divorce Hall of Fame. The re-married widow's testimony:

Q—Your husband's conduct, you allege in your complaint, made you ill and nervous. Tell the court of his conduct.

A—Well, he fitted up a target range in our basement and then he used to take the pictures down there and shoot at them.

Q—What pictures do you refer to?

A—Pictures of Arthur—my first husband.

Q—He did that often?

A—It got so it was almost every night he was home. He took the original photograph out of my trunk and had copies made, and kept shooting holes in one after another. He got me into such a nervous condition I couldn't sleep.

Q—You remonstrated with him, and he refused to desist?

A—Yes. He said he didn't know why he should deprive himself of the best indoor sport he had ever tried. And then—

Q—Go right ahead.

A—Then he took the original itself, frame and glass and all. I counted seven holes in it.

That short, thick bald-headed instructor in mathematics at the midwestern university will long be remembered in court annals. On the slightest provocation he would quote the Bible, Shakespeare, Plato, Thomas Aquinas. He could draw Chopin music from the piano with the skill of a master. And his vocabulary of profanity was second to none. He was in best profane form when describing to his wife the attributes of her mother. He was attorney *per se* in filing answer to his wife's divorce complaint, and incorporated into that answer a series of admissions that he did swear at her mother and only regretted he did not know more languages from which to draw the words that scorch. He was always ready and willing to tell his friends—or anyone else willing to listen, and there were many willing—that if only he were supreme dictator of the universe "for one day, one hour, one minute, yea, even one second!" he would "suspend the law of gravity and send that wife of mine and that

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How to Be Cruel to Your Wife

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mother of hers flying off into infinite space!"

He also was somewhat of a gentleman farmer. His farm was a small tract within easy reach just outside the city. Its only livestock was hogs.

But let his wife tell the story as she told it to the court:

Q—Your complaint alleges your husband humiliated you—

A—Terribly.

Q—Please explain to the court.

A—He used to name his hogs after my friends.

(There was an interruption here—the court was afflicted with a sudden spasm of coughing. The defendant-husband once had named a hog after one of the jurist's colleagues and subsequently had introduced a party of faculty men to the "judge" wallowing in the mud.)

Q—You allege that he was very abusive with respect to your mother.

A—Well, he named the largest hog after mother, and then he had a large photograph made of the animal, put her name on it, and hung it in his study. And every time friends would drop in he would introduce the photograph to them as his mother-in-law.

Q—Anything more?

A—One day he invited me to the farm for a pork dinner. He also invited some of his own circle of friends. When we sat down to eat he said, "My dear, I had mother butchered this morning. I'm afraid she may be tough eating." I left him then and there.

There was the telephone company auditor who deserves commemoration. The plaintiff-wife's testimony:

Q—Just describe his conduct to the court, please.

A—He kept telling me that I was getting fat. He was always saying that he married *one* Psyche and she had grown into *three* Venuses. Then I began to receive literature from all over the country on how to reduce. It got to be a regular flood of mail, literature, and packages of samples. One day I got twenty separate pieces of mail. It got so I was ashamed to look the mail man in the face. I accused my husband of having had them sent to me. All he said was that I ought to be glad I was getting so much good advice; maybe I ought to take some of it.

Q—Anything else?

A—Well, after a while he began telling me I had no more life in me, that I was a dead one and didn't know it.

Q—Did you ask him to mend his ways?

A—I did, time after time, but it did not do any good. The very next night after I first pleaded with him he went out to a poker party and sent an undertaker to our home looking for the body of Mrs. ——. I nearly died of chagrin. He denied he had had anything to do with it. But it kept right on happening. One week a different undertaker came to the house every night asking for my body.

Q—And how did you find out it was your husband who sent the undertakers?

A—He finally admitted it. He said he really should have ordered them to bring steam derricks along, only he didn't think of it.

But perhaps the most direct bit of ingeniousness in the realm of domestic cruelty was manifested by a young theater manager whose job kept him from home until midnight. The attractive young wife's testimony:

Q—You allege in your complaint he falsely accused you of running about and consorting with other men?

A—Oh, he certainly did. He was always saying things that weren't so. He kept calling me a hot mamma. I felt so miserable.

Q—Anything else?

A—Well, he told me I was the kind of hot mamma who needed cooling off. So one day he picked me up and put me in the sink and turned on the cold water. I got so wet!

So there, husbands! Take a leaf out of these citations and make divorce more interesting. There's nary an item in the entire list that's bound by copyright restrictions.

And does my criticism of male mentality seem to imply that women are more imaginative in the fine art of domestic cruelty?

Perish the ludicrous thought! The female of the species in this respect—if all the nice ladies will pardon me—is duller than the male. Even if they do not pardon me, the allegation still stands.

That's all—except that I hope my wife doesn't catch sight of this.

The Least Distressful Country

Continued from page 81

to talk to. No true Irishman could exist upon such limited conversational fodder. Consequently, the Irish farm families live in little villages. Mostly about twenty-five thatched roof cottages huddled together—so families won't have to walk far to visit and get the gossip so vital to their very existence.

There is none of the sedateness nor standoffishness so prevalent in the average American farming community. I spent some time last summer up in a remote village in County Donegal. There were about thirty farm families in this particular village. And did they have a time! Every day and every night. Nobody ever got out of bed before 9:30 a. m. even in August and that was the big farming month. I could always find plenty of company in the local pub any hour of the day. There were dances regularly. None of these stiff yokel affairs either, starting at 8 p. m. and with "Good Night Ladies" at 11 p. m. That might go in Kansas but not in Donegal.

The first night I heard about the dance, I strolled over about 10:30 believing that I would see the finale. Well, even the fiddler had not arrived yet. A few lads, hanging about nonchalantly stated that the regular lorry, laden with colleens and boys from the town, was not due for another hour yet. The lorry finally rolled in and the dance was on. One fiddler was relieved at three a. m. A fresh fiddler took up the chore and kept at it till about five-thirty in the morning. Then tea was served. Every blessed soul waited around for that daybreak tea serving. Most of the boys needed it badly, for they had been making frequent trips down to the village pub which had obligingly kept open to accommodate the dancers.

Occasionally, when there was not a dance scheduled, the "bhoys" of the town would meet at the turf pile and organize what is known as a "Pub Crawl." A laddie on a motorbike would be sent ahead to notify the pubs in the adjoining towns that the "crawl" was on and request that they keep open until our "crawling party" arrived. After visiting all the pubs in the home village, we would pile in a lorry and make the rounds of the pubs in the surrounding towns. By daybreak, this pilgrimage did really live up to its name. Most of the pilgrims were literally "crawling" from pub to pub. Making the rounds of pubs in the average Irish town is no small feat. There are, proportionately, as many taverns along the road in Ireland as there are gas stations on an American highway.

Such is farm life in Ireland. Since the country is overwhelmingly agricultural, you can readily understand the leisurely, devil-may-care tempo of the nation as a whole. Kind mother nature supplies the Irish with food aplenty. Nobody ever starves. Besides, there is no need for keen competition to get ahead. For Erin is not a large country. The population of the entire island is little over four million. There seems to be plenty of work to be done for those who go in for that sort of thing. Regardless of what happens, there is always the old age pension—ten shillings a week—that you are sure to get when you are sixty. Maybe, before, because if "you are respectable and have lived a dacent life, they will take your word that you're sixty when you may be only in your early fifties."

That haunting financial responsibility which has such terrors for the folks of most nations, namely, money for doctor's and hospital bills, holds little terror for the Irish. Thanks to the millions of pounds gathered in from the four corners of the earth thrice yearly by the highly successful Irish Sweepstakes, the comparatively small Irish Free State now has some fifty-three heavily endowed and modernly equipped hospitals. These hospitals are thus enabled to give the Irish the best medical attention gratis.

Besides the assurance of the old age pension and free medical aid, there is always the "letter from America." Millions of Michaels, Tims, Noras and Bridgets have "come out" here and done well, too. They rarely fail to enclose something tangible with their frequent home letters.

Even in the cities, this Irish attitude of live-in-the-present and why-worry-about-future predominates. Dublin, for instance, is not awake before 10 o'clock. In fact, if you saunter down O'Connell or Grafton Streets around that hour, you will see business folks breakfasting; shopkeepers just taking down the shutters from their show windows; the traffic very light. Lunch periods beat Manhattan's alleged two hour affairs by almost another hour. Time out for tea in the late afternoon is a daily ritual. And the nights are just as long and as exciting as down on the Irish farms.

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McKESSON

Going Through the Rye

Continued from page 70

heaviness of old rye is pretty heady!—superior as hell, but watch your step going down the stairs.

A wary attitude toward the more doughty-bodied whiskeys is especially to be found as one travels north to Canada. The Dominioners, British at heart and in tastes, favor whiskey with the svelte consistency of Scotch but with a rye bouquet. Accordingly, it is not customary up there to allow liquor to remain in wood more than eight years without a change of barrel, and what you meet in bottles is, by comparison with our wares, light and rarefied: not weak alcoholically, yet not characterized by unabashed Yankee whango.

In fact, Canadians would have us believe that, with climate and what not, their corn and rye—both of which go into Canadian whiskeys along with smaller cereals—are subtler than ours and give a "softer" result. Well, maybe so. I'll grant that some transborder beverages I've partaken of packed not a little poetry in their appeal. And now that our cordial neighbors have moved in and brought their pots along, we can go as light-bodied as the spirit moves us to.

Specifically these whiskeys are geared for highball use, as is the British, and hence the Canadian, custom—citizens of the Empire being essentially tall-glassmen and siphon-squeezers, with a partiality for the bubble-work of mineral springs. To their notion good liquor is a complete drink: it may be iced and fizzed, but not intruded upon by mere mixings. Perhaps that is one reason why dispensers seldom fool them as to quality.

We in the States may get gypped at times, as when unscrupulous bartenders insert misborn booze into the concoctions we order. But, just the same, we cling to our recipe drinks, feeling that life would be a mere imitation existence without them. Manhattans, for instance—the elder J. P. Morgan's favorite. No highball has such ping to it.

Prescriptions for the Manhattan vary, both as to the proportion of whiskey and as to what goes with it. At the old Waldorf (and thanks be to Albert S. Crockett for salvaging the Bar Book in memoriam of that establishment) the recipe called for whiskey and Italian vermouth on a fifty-fifty basis, plus a dash of orange bitters. A Manhattan Junior was also a fifty-fifty proposition, with a piece of orange peel in place of the bitters. Esteemed contemporaries, on the other hand, used a twist of lemon peel and bitters as well, favoring Boker's bitters. For a sweet tooth they added dashes of gum syrup; where dryness was the desideratum they withheld the gum and, for plenitude of pucker, used French vermouth instead of the Italian. The Waldorf equivalent of the latter was called a Brown Cocktail; made with orange bitters and French vermouth, but no peel.

Nor were these all the changes that were rung, and are still ringing. As a gesture toward Honolulu, somebody had the mild but pleasant idea of splitting things three ways by using rye and French and Italian vermouths in equal parts, with no bitters. For greater excitement there was evolved a whistle's-worth composed of thirds of whiskey, Italian vermouth, and absinthe, dashed with Manhattan bitters. For sheer complication some devil-may-care dropped this pretty bomb upon a thirsty world: fourths of dry gin, rye, Italian vermouth, and brandy, sauced with orange bitters.

Bewildered by such variations of combinations, I sought the advice of Charlie, my favorite bartender, whose mixings date back to the time when bang went the *Maine* and McKinley campaigners fortified themselves with a little something consisting of 1 dash absinthe, plus 2 of cherry brandy, covered o'er with ⅔ rye and ⅓ Italian vermouth. "Charlie," I wheedled, "what is the true formula for the best of all possible Manhattans? I mean, the kind *you* make."

He concocted one for me, instructively, on the mahogany itself, instead of on his metal work-counter behind him. Into a tall mixing glass I watched him plop a good-sized cube of ice, shake 3 dashes of orange bitters and pour ⅓ Italian vermouth, and finally ⅔ rye.

"I use blended whiskey," he explained. "It works out better than straight bonded in mixtures like these; gives the rye taste without crowding out the other flavors."

He stirred clockwise, chucked in a square piece of lemon rind, and stirred some more. Then poured. I assimilated the lesson, and had him do it over a few times to drum it in.

Let me say, though, that if taken in rapid series, Manhattans are apt to behave like express elevators. Two-thirds whiskey disguised as a cocktail is still two-thirds whiskey. I could name a club in this fair city where a special sofa is reserved for the emergency repose of persons who have underestimated their Manhattans.

Less snareful, yet possessed of a zim-bang bouquet, is that species of man-tickler known as an Old-Fashioned, also made in sundry manners. The sage Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, of Paducah, Kentucky, and other good drinking places, would have us shatter the sanctity of our Old-Fashioned with a couple of dashes of Curaçao and an arrant millstone of pineapple. Coming from him this is disturbing. Even so, I, as a person of simple tastes, content with the austere things of life, still brew my Old-Fashioneds in what seems to me the one and only manner: viz., into a small, stocky tumbler, of the size especially designated as an Old-Fashioned Glass, I dissolve half a lump of sugar in 2 teaspoonfuls of water (this is accomplished more easily if you do it *before* introducing ice into the situation); then I add 1 small berg and baptize it thrice with Angostura and stir merrily. Then in goes a drink of rye, on top of which I squeeze a partly pulped piece of lemon peel, and drop it in. And give a final stir. If this be wrong, I'd rather be wrong than be president.

And yet there are drinkers who wilfully choose instead a Whiskey Sour. This is simply a species of fortified lemonade in concentrated form. And if one *must* drink lemonade, why, a Whiskey Sour, made with ½ lemon, a demi-teaspoon of powdered sugar, and one hooker of rye—strained into a Sour glass, and with perhaps a color touch of claret and fruit floating on top—is not to be sneered at. Bostonians pink it with a teaspoonful of grenadine (that stuff from pomegranates) and call it a Ward 8.

As for the special claims advanced in behalf of punches, fizzes, toddies, slings, and the Thomas Collins à la whiskey, and the rye rickey, and the treasured sugar candy creation known as Rock and Rye, mere words are weak. It takes glasses. And absorptive experimentation—pursuing the quintessence of rye in all its guises and minglings: that bouquet which bobs up with an "Ah there!" in whatever liquid setting it be placed.

For my part, being something of a Nature-lover, I like my rye to have a botanic touch in the form of mint (*mentha viridis*), an herb which somehow seems to affect drinkers the way catnip does cats. Originally juleps occurred only in the case of burbon, but the idea escaped north from Kentucky, and now mint and rye seem meant for each other almost as much as I feel they are meant for me.

The mere appearance—so fragrantly leafy—magnetizes. Excites covetousness. For example, I know a consistent julepist who was sitting on the veranda one evening with a temptingly sprigged glass beside him, when his staid Cousin Emma came to call.

"What's that you're drinking?" she asked, inquisitively. "It looks good."

"Oh, just a mint-ade, Southern style," he said innocently. And, to the consternation of his wife who had been frantically wigwagging warnings, he added, "Won't you have one?"

He mixed it stiff and brought it to her The old gal hooked her lip over it.

"My! this *is* good," was her comment. "I like mint sauce, but I believe I like the flavor of this even better." In a moment she set down an empty glass, with something of a sigh.

"Have another?" he suggested.

She didn't mind if she did. Likewise a third.

"But this time," she stipulated, "less ice, please." And, thanks to the reduced refrigeration, she loosened up and gigglingly told all about Deacon Meiggs and the choir sopranner, getting a bit sopranner herself. Her good-night remark as she retired toward the proffered guest room was, "Whee!"—convincing my friend that he had never realized the possibilities of his Cousin Emma. Those few sprigs of mint had put Spring in her heart.

In contrast to such chivalry I am reminded of the skirt-hating truculence of a certain old ripsnorter. This old snifter blames the tender sex not only for Prohibition, but for everything that resulted from it.

"Women!" he storms, when in one of his moods. "By gad, sir, they've ruined drinking. There was a time when bars were places for men; a man could march up to the mahogany and have his highball without fuss or nonsense. No high-chairs. No pink fingernails at your elbow. No female perfumery mixing with the taste of your whiskey.

"And *now* what are we up against? Instead of Mike's place or the Last Chance it's the ladies' cocktail klatsch, with junior leggers French-heeling the rail and drinks being dispensed that, in the name of liquor, are a cross between a fruit salad and a marshmallow sundae. I wince to think of them. Why, even home life isn't the same any more. The women have got possession of the shaker, and, instead of wielding bitters into it, they're ransacking the ice-box for cream and raspberry pop and blanc-mange."

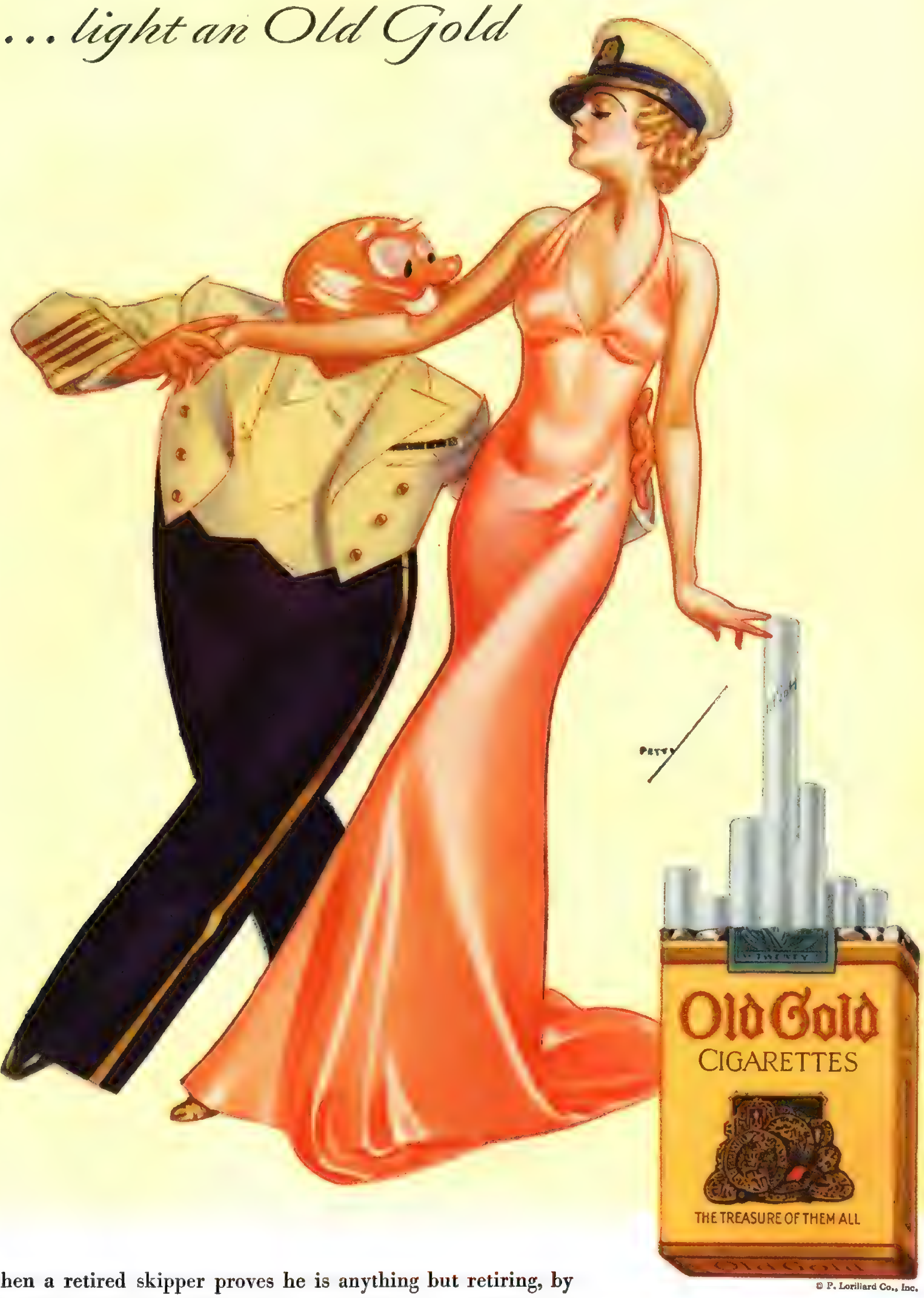
I asked him what he proposed to do about it.

"Do?" he snorted, banging the table with his clenched fist. "By gad, sir, I've declared war on them. I'll maintain my whiskey independence or perish in the attempt."

The poor fellow is still trying.

Shanghaied by a Silly Salt?

. . . light an Old Gold


PETTY
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

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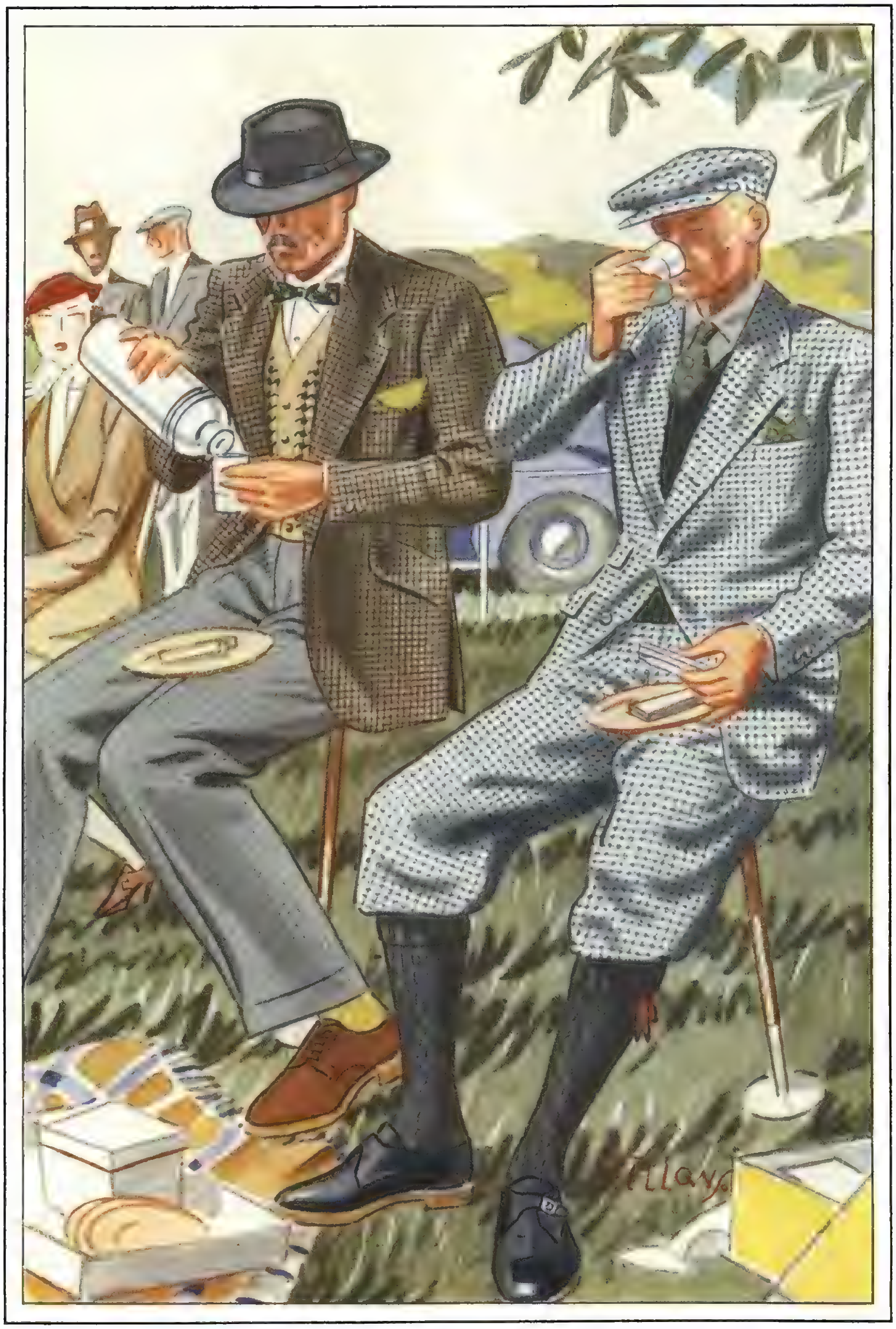
When a retired skipper proves he is anything but retiring, by dropping anchor alongside of you . . . don't let him scuttle your whole evening. Offer him an Old Gold . . . he'll welcome it like a breeze in the doldrums . . . while you breeze gracefully away.

AT TRYING TIMES. . . .TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD



THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO PICNIC

Mr. Fellows can draw people on picnics as often as he likes. The only thing we resent is when he draws men looking happy on picnics. Nor will we refuse to pass along the word, furnished by our fashion scouts, that picnicking is on the increase as a social pastime. We do reserve the right to report it with the exact degree of enthusiasm with which we should report an increase in cholera. Anyway, this is supposed to be about the clothes. The man on the left wears a cheviot tweed jacket with slanting pockets and side vents, in a small checked pattern that is popular now in unusual colorings. The Saxony flannel trousers match the color combination, but not the pattern, of the jacket. A knitted cardigan, a flannel shirt, bow tie, blucher suede shoes and a pork pie hat complete the outfit. On the right is a tweed knicker suit worn with a cable stitch sweater, monk front shoes and a shepherd check cap.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

This Puzzling World

Continued from page 86

haps due to the terrific impetus given it by Sam Lloyd in the 'nineties, numbers its followers by the hundreds of thousands, though these are nearly all men; the great majority come from the professions, the arts, and the clergy. Railroad engineers are mathematical puzzlers, if my mail is any guide. It may be that running a train develops what somebody called the low cunning that distinguishes the mathematician. Scientists don't make good puzzlers. I have had communications from several mathematicians concerning what they call "puzzles," but these have usually turned out to be such problems as these: proposed, to find three equal rational right-angled triangles; proposed, having given two spheres of one foot and two feet in circumference respectively, to find two other spheres of different dimensions whose combined volume shall be the same as the first two. Such matters belong in the stratosphere of calculation. The answer to that business of the spheres involves fractions with twelve figures in both numerators and denominators.

The story of the Royal Society and the fly on the bicycle wheel demonstrates the weakness of the scientific mind when dealing with puzzles. A youthful member of the Society enlivened their proceedings by introducing the following problem: two cyclists start at the same instant from opposite ends of a twenty-mile road, and ride toward each other at a constant speed of ten miles per hour until their front wheels meet. At the instant they start, a fly leaves the front wheel of one of them and flies straight toward the other at a constant speed of fifteen miles per hour till he touches the other wheel; he at once flies back till he touches the first wheel, and so on, his journeys naturally getting shorter and shorter as the cyclists approach each other, till he is crushed between the wheels. How far did the fly fly?

The Society was first contemptuous, then amused, then interested, then stumped. After several profane hours one member came up for air, triumphant. By an intricate series of calculations, involving least squares, he showed that the fly flew a distance of 14.9999999+ miles. Whereupon the youthful member pointed out—but surely you see it? It is easy to see that the cyclists rode for exactly one hour. The fly was flying between them at a constant speed of fifteen miles per hour, then, for one hour. Consequently, he flew just 15 miles . . . So was the Royal Society member. Of course, it was Charles II, who founded the Society, who threw it into disruption by asking it to determine why the water in a bowl did not rise when you put a fish into it. Long and acrimonious was the discussion, until a member quietly sneaked outside, procured a bucket of water, put a fish into it—and found that the water *did* rise! Anyway, the Einsteins and the Steinmetzes of this world have never been great puzzlers.

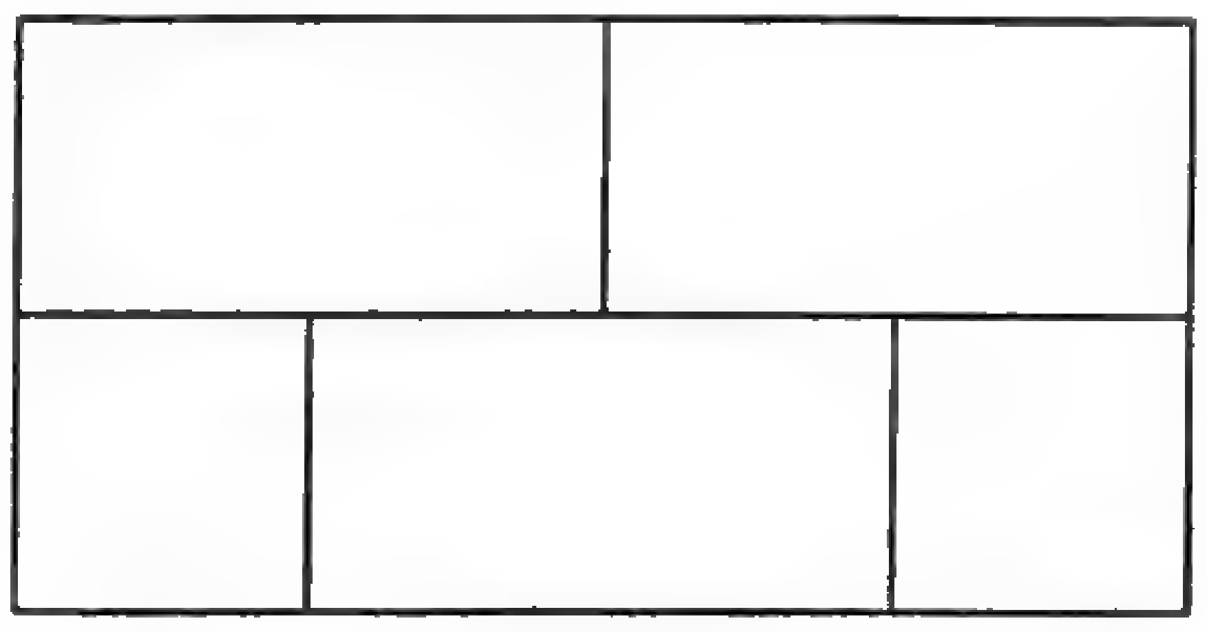
Sam Lloyd, that curious puzzle-genius and chess-problem bug, who flourished in Grandfather's day, kept the whole world guessing, and propounded many deep and intricate brain-twisters; but he is remembered by only one puzzle—the immortal query, referred to above, of How Old Is Ann?

"The combined ages of Mary and Ann (offered Mr. Lloyd) equal 44 years. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann. How old is Ann?"

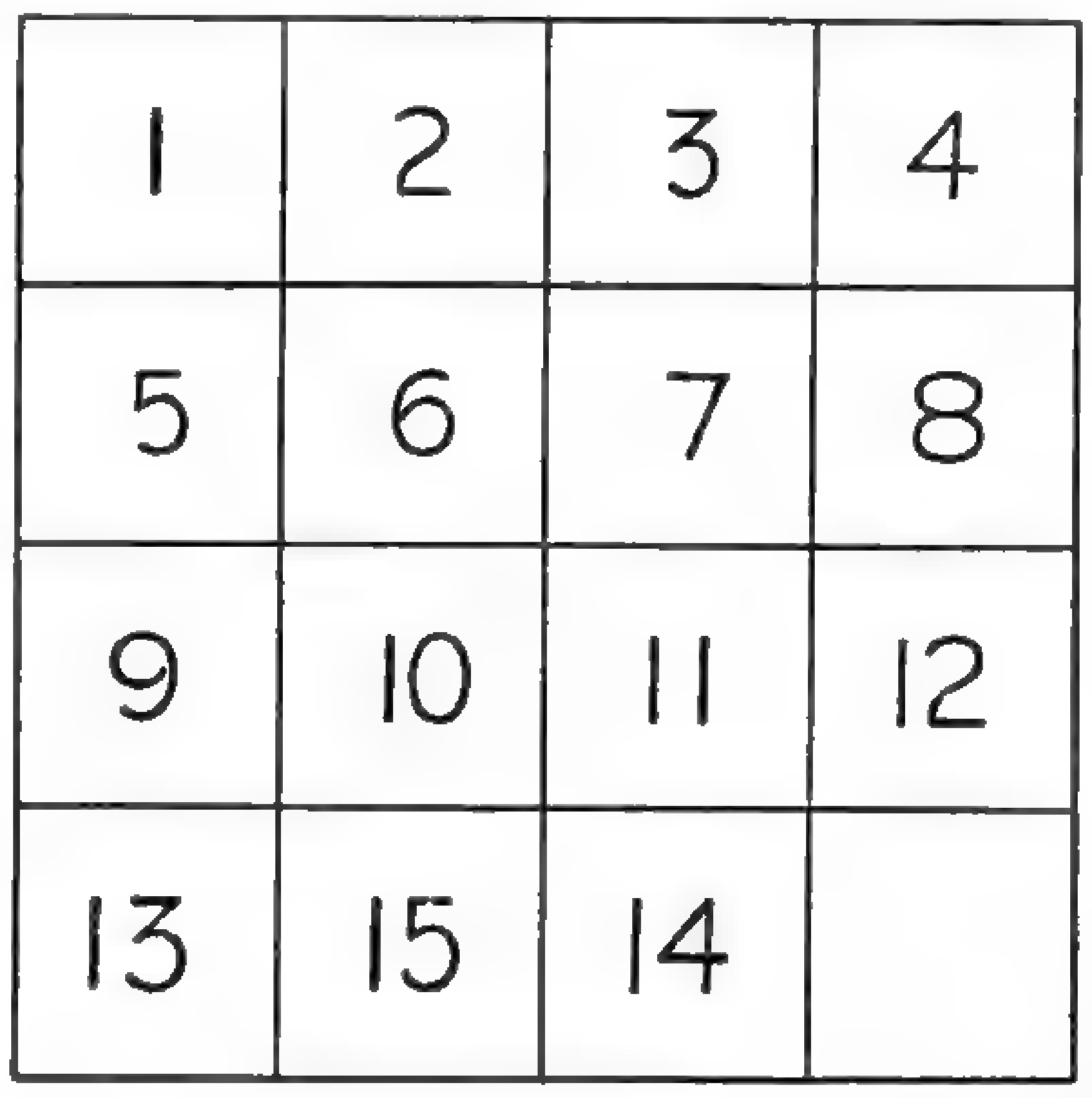
The United States rocked to the repercussions of that question all through the Mauve Decade, and even today there are flashes and sputterings on the subject. I have had in the last six months four requests for a solution—one from the sanctum of a New York City editor, the other three from private citizens in Maine, Ohio, and Utah.

Hardly a week goes by without my receiving a frantic request for a solution of what I have called the Three Unsolvables. These are three puzzles that have driven strong men to the verge of frenzy time out of mind. I have published the answers time and again, but still the inquiries appear. To those readers who know them and their solutions I offer my apologies: here are The Three:

1. *From three stations, supplying water, gas, and electricity respectively, draw lines to three houses, so that each house shall be connected with each station, and yet none of the lines shall cross.*
2. *Draw a continuous line through every wall in the subjoined plan, passing through each wall once and only once.*



3. *The diagram below represents a box containing 15 square blocks, numbered as shown. The vacant space is large enough to allow one block to be slid into it. By sliding the blocks about, rearrange them so that they read in the correct order from 1 to 15. No block may be lifted from its place and moved to the vacant space.*



1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	15	14	

The Swiss physicist Euler, who flourished under Frederick the Great, devoted considerable time and attention to the second of these puzzles, and produced a solution which is entirely satisfactory. Incidentally, Euler is almost the only mathematical genius who took puzzling seriously.

The late Houdini was a great puzzler. His interest, as might be expected, lay with the mechanical variety of puzzle; his pockets, when he dropped into the office, generally yielded two or three gadgets of the sort sold by corner-pitch hawkers or in the small novelty shops: nails twisted together, rings or little horseshoes inextricably locked, and so on. Such puzzles, he explained once to me, embodied many of the principles he used in his amazing escapes.

"The audience—everybody—thinks that a certain object cannot pass through a certain space because the object is larger than the largest dimension of the space. Like passing a five-cent piece through a hole in a piece of paper, the hole being the size of a dime. That is old—everybody knows how you fold the paper and bend up the fold, so that the hole becomes long and narrow instead of short and round. Well! I used to let them lock a pair of ice-tongs around my neck, so that the points were only an inch or so apart. My neck is very thick" (it was; much of Houdini's great strength was concentrated in his chest and shoulders), "and the opening between the points is very small. Pretty soon I come out carrying the ice-tongs in my hand. Everybody says 'Wonderful!' Everybody forgets, or maybe everybody does not know, that a man's neck is very thin in places. I put one point of the tongs under my jawbone, near the ear, and I can push it very far in without hurting myself. The points are dull, of course. So without too much scratching I can slide the other point around the other side of my neck, and the ice-tongs are off."

Clergymen, as a rule, are good puzzlers. Very few requests for solutions come from the cloth. Their greatest concern seems to be to get correct solutions in before the commonality. Sometimes they create new puzzles, or rather construct new variants of old principles. One such, though little known, is recognized throughout puzzledom as a tour de force of high degree. Everyone recalls the classic problem of arranging nine points—generally called "planting nine trees"—in such a manner as to form ten straight rows with three trees in each row. Puzzlers time out of mind have attempted to improve on this record. But it remained for the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, an English clergyman, to arrange eleven points so as to form *sixteen* lines of three each. He accomplished this feat some time around 1870. Unfortunately, nothing survives of him except his name and rank, hidden in the "Answers" department of a few musty puzzle books. Some day I should like to discover his quiet tomb in whatever rustic spot it may lie, and plant on it sixteen straight lines of three roses each, using only eleven in the process.

There is a type of puzzle that springs up no one knows how or where, enjoys its little hour, and goes its way. This is usually the sort of puzzle that can be solved by pure reason, requiring neither mathematical ability nor skill with words. Of such is the one about the engineer, fireman, and conductor, named Smith, Jones, and Brown, and the three passengers whose names are also Smith, Jones, and Brown. This one has been the rounds so long and so thoroughly

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This Puzzling World

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that I shall not risk giving it completely. Here are two others of the same sort, however:

"Three men enter a hotel washroom simultaneously. Of the three, two have smudges of soot on their faces; the face of the third is clean. All three simultaneously burst out laughing. One of the two smudged ones realizes that his own face is dirty, and at once takes steps to clean it. How did he know it?" No, he didn't look in the mirror; it's a simple enough logical process.

Here's the other: "Two planes leave San Francisco and New York at the same time, one bound on a non-stop flight for New York, the other on a non-stop flight to San Francisco. The distance each must travel is 2500 miles. Each can fly ten miles to a gallon of gasoline, and each carries 250 gallons. Which plane crashed, and why?"

Such puzzles rarely appear in correspondence. They travel rather by word of mouth, helped along by occasional publication.

It's a puzzling world, as Mr. Tulliver used to remark.

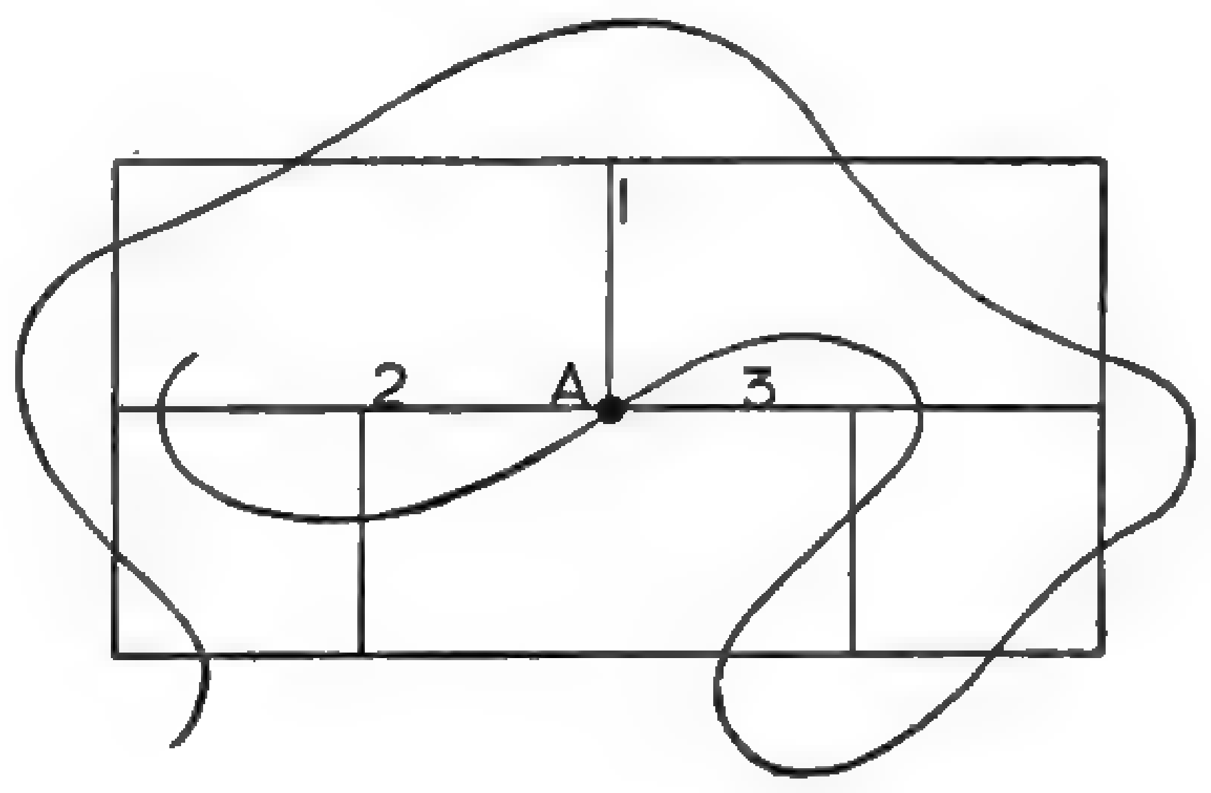
Answers to Puzzles

Cryptogram—*Halfbred archduke upthrows empty punchbowl, frights adscript gamphrel; curbstone watchmen unstrap backsword, inthral lordship.*

How Old Is Ann?—*Ann, 16½; Mary 27½.*

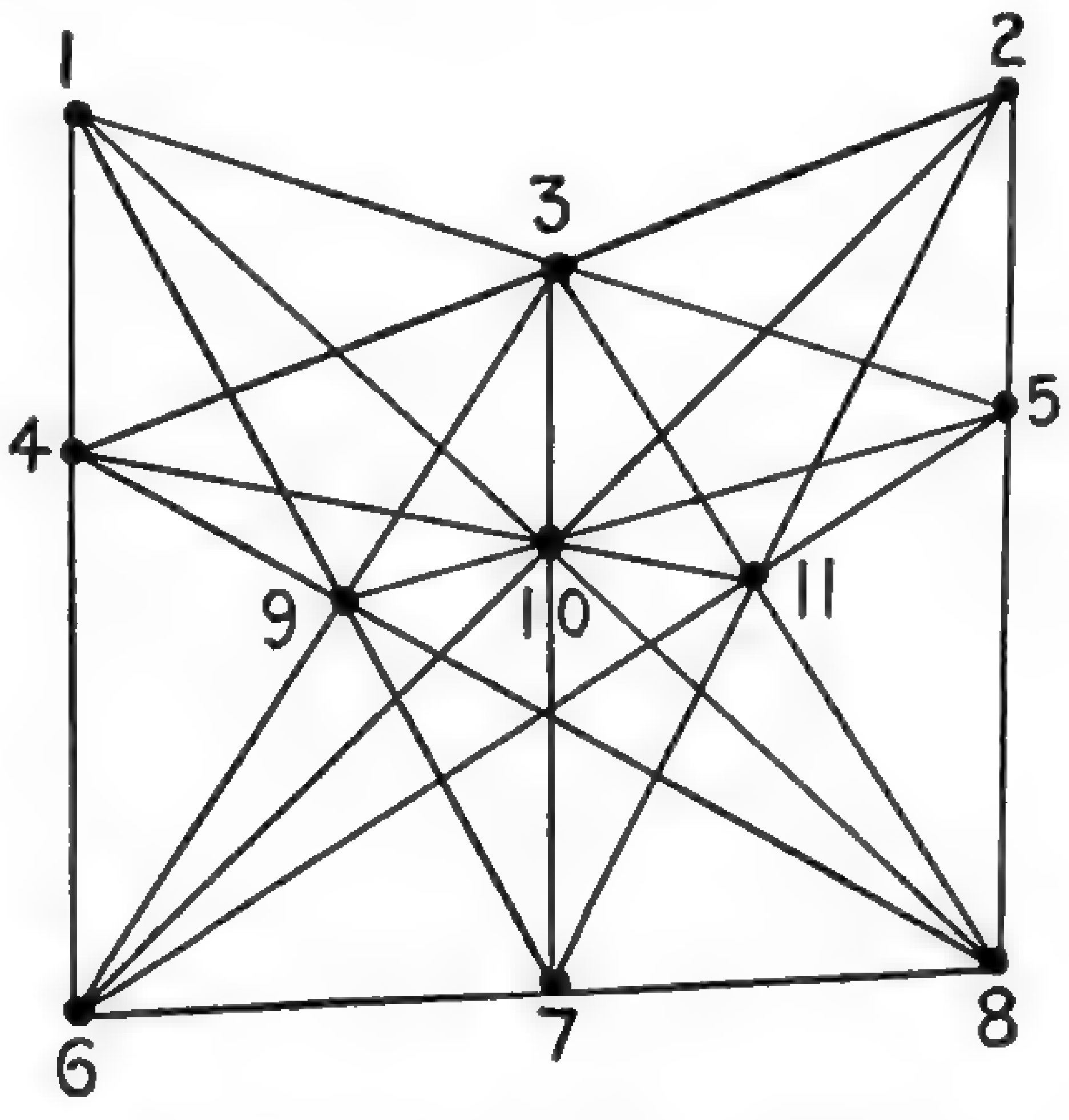
Water, Gas, and Electricity—*Run one of the lines under one of the houses.*

Continuous line—*Draw the line as shown below. In passing through the point A it passes through walls 1, 2, and 3. This is Euler's solution, and depends, of course, upon what is meant by "through." Geometrically, a line passes through another line when it cuts it at any point, even the extreme end.*



The 14-15 puzzle—*Lift out the blocks numbered 6 and 9, give each of them a half-turn, thus converting the 6 into a 9 and the 9 into 6. You thus comply with the condition that no block may be lifted and placed in the vacant space. The blocks turned are returned to their original places, and the puzzle can now be solved comparatively simply.*

Eleven points forming 16 rows of three points each—*See diagram below.*



Three men in washroom—*Suppose A and B had smudged faces, and C's face was clean. A sees both B and C burst out laughing; he reasons that C may be laughing at B, but that B must be laughing at him (A) because C's face is clean. Therefore his own face must be dirty.*

Which plane crashed?—*The plane leaving San Francisco would crash. The earth rotates from west to east, and this rotation would add miles to the journey of the eastbound plane, while shortening the westbound plane's trip.*

Held for Ransom

Continued from page 85

in them. Her ankles and wrists and fingers and toes are sparkling with jewelry. Evidently I have arrived just before some enforced nuptials. The other women have dressed her. Much against their wills. . .

She does not even glance at me, but stoops over the Ouled Naïl girl, soothes, whispers. Then she turns to the amenocal.

"It is not fair, my lord," she tells him as if she owned him. "Many of these things are Nahla's. I will not have them sold for me. Let the chest be brought within, so that she may take out that which is hers. . . Also you are giving the merchant too much," she says with indignation.

"What is there left for me?"

"Have no fear, little gazelle from the gardens of paradise! There is plenty of finery." The amenocal signs indulgently to the *harratines*. "Is it agreed, O merchant? Some trifles that these women treasure. The rest is thine, in fair trade."

I begin to get Jess's drift. "Let be!" I gesture gravely. It is a matter of no moment. "I seek here the tomb of Sidi Zazour, O amenocal," I say in the tones of discussing men's affairs. "Knowest thou of a marabout in this country?"

Not that I care about that now. But two things are going to happen, presently. Jess will trade herself to Nahla for that finery, and be in the chest herself when the *harratines* bring it out again; we will be pursued and captured within five miles. It is important to throw this chap off our route.

"Aiwa. To the left of the trail, one camel-march under the foothills, you will find it. What seek you there, Ya Sidi?"

"Writings. The books of the Ten Poets. Sidi Zazour, too, was a poet."

"Aiwa! Do I not know? 'Lo, on a sudden I loved her, though I had slain her kin.' Antara wrote that, Ya Sidi." He glances toward the curtains, meaning Jess.

I smile. "A great man in my country wrote a whole play on that line, O amenocal. Verily, love is a madness."

"Aiwa . . ." He is impatient for me to begone. "Our women are fine poets too, Ya Sidi." He shows me an inscription in the Tuareg alphabet, which is all crosses and dots.

" 'I, Dassine, do long for a man. Warrior, meet me in the cave on the night when it rains,' " he reads out. "Thus is a warrior begotten, and no weakling by a tame snake of a husband."

There is poetry in the idea, I tell him. God in heaven, we are becoming friends, this treacherous devil who has no intention of letting me escape, and I who am planning to outwit him! It's not bad. Even if captured, I can make a show of learning their women's songs and watch for another chance.

The *harratines* come out and hoist the chest on their shoulders. My camels are called and the box is roped on Jess's mehari. I depart, through a circle of watchful warriors, silent and motionless as before.

"May God salute you, O Sidi ag Immidir!" I call back.

"May Allah lengthen thine age, O merchant!" The chief laughs in his mask, and I know that I will not get far.

Two questions: How long before Jess's absence is discovered? And how long can she endure the heat in that chest? Five minutes will cover both of them. I pace my camels swiftly down the gorge, and, at that point where the brook plunges into the lava cave, turn off into the unknown. . .

No, there was no fight, no gun-play, as in books. This is an explorer's story. I will not bore you with how we got through the Tassillis. Once off that trail, we were in a stony, cactus valley that leaves no tracks. I found Jess half suffocated in the chest, and heard them go by not three hundred yards off, in full cry for the tomb of Sidi Zazour. She had not forgot to throw in her campaign togs. We were eleven days in those mountains. It was the worst going I ever came across. Blind valleys. Ledges that shaved off to nothing on a thousand-foot slope, after we had made the turn. Routes that looked good, only to be stopped by a precipice. We back-tracked a good deal.

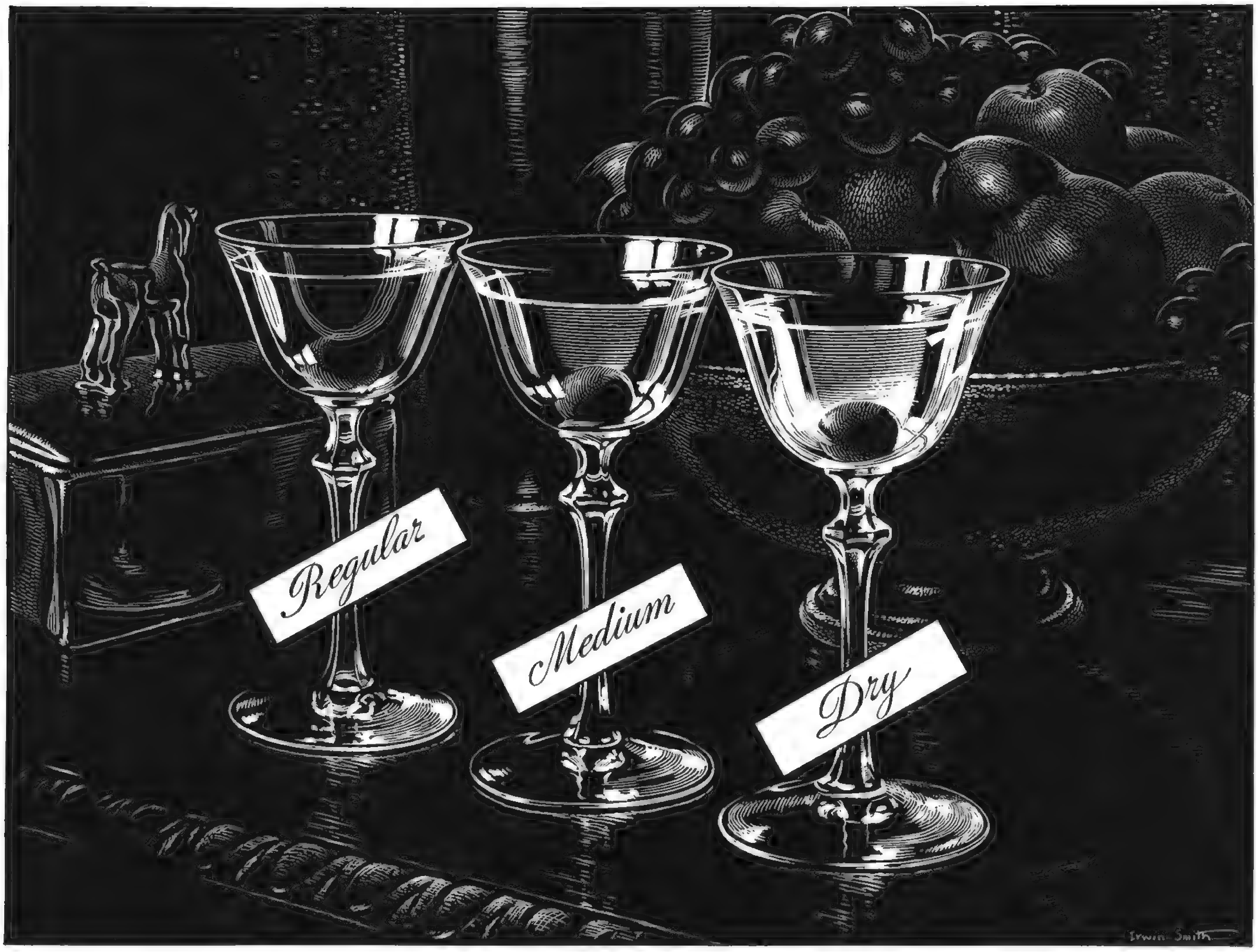
Occasionally we saw a Tuareg warrior on his mehari pacing down some trail. Any such luxury was not for us. They always led somewhere unpleasant. I should say that our groping through the Tassillis was far worse than handling Sidi ag Immidir. We were the first white people ever to have done it. There was plenty of small game, and you can live on meat.

At last the wide desert of the Tenera. Our mehara make it in four hours. The wireless tower of Djanet appears over the horizon; then the fort on its hill. Jess turns to me and smiles.

"Well, we're still alive, Jimmy!"

An explorer often says that. It's a kind of wonder, when you look back on all you went through. By rights, you ought to have been dead long ago. That's why I admire the manly fatalism of those old fellows before Mahomet. We need more of their lines in these days of silly fear.

"Aiwa! Death is no chooser!" That's from Kureit ibn Unief.

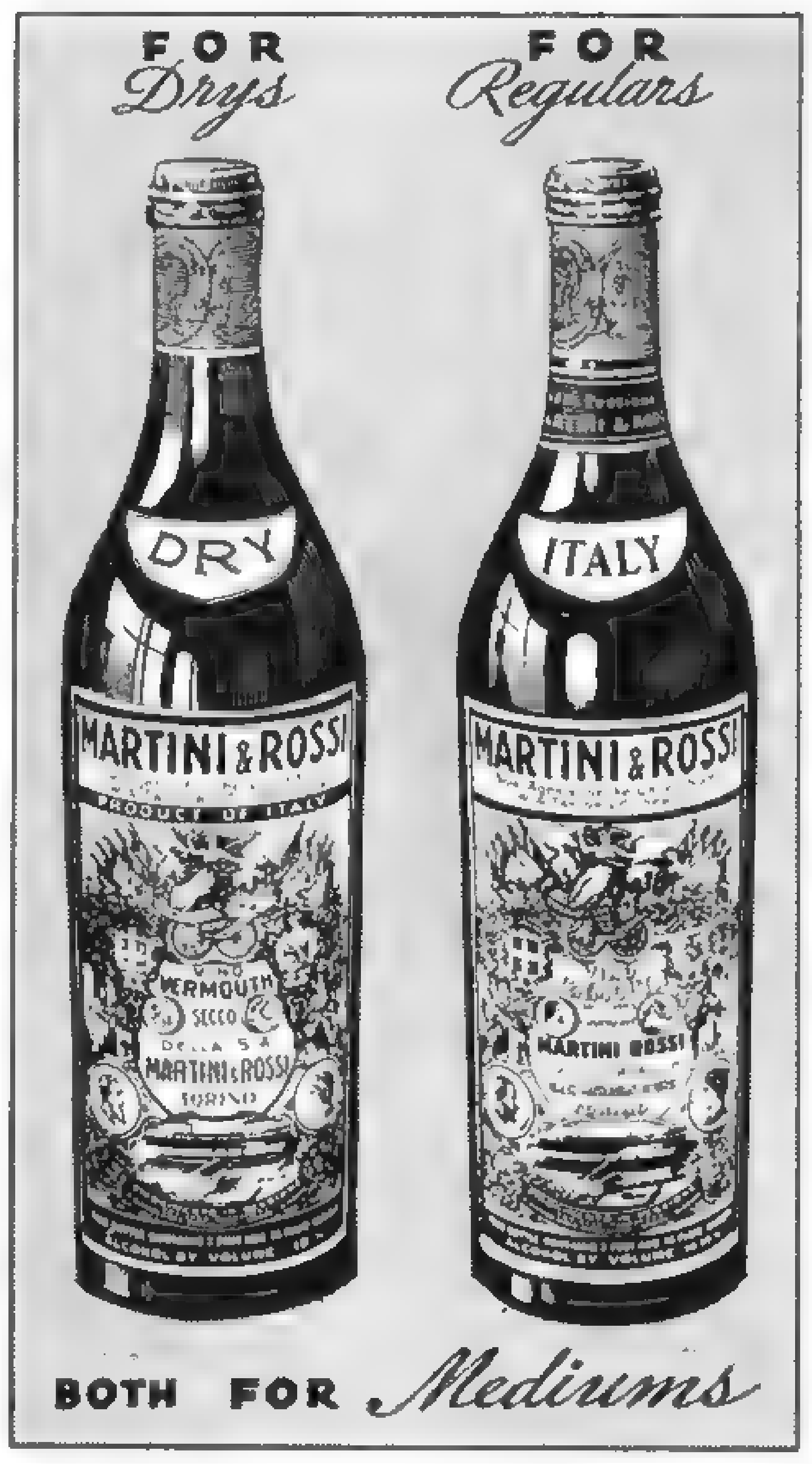


There are three different Martinis

Pick your winning Color

THERE is no reason why gamblers shouldn't ask the waiter to bring *"some meat"* or *"a Martini."* There is an outside chance they will get what they want. But not for an old close buyer like ourself—we like to get the most fun we can out of what we pay for. There are *three* Martinis –Regular, Medium, Dry—and they're different! We have seen waiters, asked for "a Martini," bring a Dry Martini to someone who really wanted a Medium. We have heard people complain about Drys when they really would have enjoyed Regulars. Now is the time for all good men to find out which Martini they *really* prefer—and specify it.

We have no prejudices about them—the best Martini is the one you like best. Line up all three some evening and take a taste of each. As you know, they are made this way (starting with 2 parts gin): **Regular Martini:** 1 part "Italy" Vermouth. **Medium Martini:** ½ part "Italy," ½ part "Dry" Vermouth. **Dry Martini:** 1 part "Dry" Vermouth.



Specify Ingredients, Too

In your own home you use a gin you have selected carefully. You probably use Martini & Rossi because it is the standard vermouth and has been for generations. But in bars or restaurants you should specify not only the kind of Martini but the ingredients as well. If you suspect substitution, *ask to see the bottles.* Vermouths differ like everything else and poor vermouth will spoil Martinis as surely as poor gin. If your palate is sensitive, there is no substitute for Martini & Rossi.

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MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

Gold Is Still Where You Find It

Continued from page 55

surface-covering from a very rich vein! Philosophically, he covered the exposed vein with mud and completed his season as a teamster. Wealth, as such, had lost its appeal; to him, gold in the ground was as money in the bank. He permitted twenty years to pass before he secured a lease on the area—and then he and his partner, Judge Wiley, took well over a million dollars from the ledge that became famous as the Little Annie mine.

When the rich fields of Leadville were nothing but a favorable prospect a man named Tabor grubstaked two old prospectors, loaded up their burros and sent them away with his blessing. Among their supplies was a gallon demijohn of whiskey to be used in case of snake bite. The snakes must have been both frenzied and voracious, for the whiskey was soon gone. The prospectors grew fatigued or something and became disinclined to travel very far their first day out.

"Hell, might just as well dig here as anywhere else!" one of them suggested, an idea that met with voluble and enthusiastic accord. Before they had dug ten feet they had discovered both gold and silver! That hole became the Little Pittsburg mine, the first and destined to be the largest in the Leadville field.

Naturally, such a miraculous event practically invited accounts of similar finds. A prospector who was more of a crooked gambler than he was a miner, picturesquely named Chicken Bill, dug himself a ten foot hole in the same area. He "salted" it cunningly with gold and promptly sold the prospect, on the strength of his assays, to the same Tabor who had grubstaked the prospectors who had made theoriginal find.

Tabor soon heard about Chicken Bill's general reputation and verified his suspicions that the mine had been salted. Nevertheless, with the indestructible optimism of all mining men he had the shaft sunk deeper—and twenty feet further down he discovered another ore deposit practically as rich as the Little Pittsburg!

The terrific irony of the whole situation, from Chicken Bill's viewpoint, was that he had salted the claim with gold taken from the Little Pittsburg mine!

Absurdly fantastic as that incident was, it was no more so than the original gold strike in Colorado, which was as uniquely accidental as any dramatist would desire. George Jackson, a seasoned and experienced prospector, was out hunting for meat, rather than gold, and had been camping wherever night found him. One morning, when he was cleaning a big iron cooking spoon that had become rusty, by the simple expedient of rubbing it back and forth in the soil, he rubbed the slight surface-covering from a rich surface vein of the precious yellow metal. Thereafter Mr. Jackson hired someone else to hunt his venison for him.

In direct contrast to such phenomenal "accidents" can be cited as many cases of blind, stubborn persistency being rewarded. Shortly after the news of the Colorado gold strike had filtered East, a tenderfoot from Missouri, who admitted that he had never done anything but run a small farm, started sinking a shaft in an apparently hopeless place near Hull City—or what was to become Hull City because of his stubbornness.

Straight down through a hundred feet of "wash," which is nothing but geological débris, he labored persistently in the face of both ribald jeers and honest, sympathetic attempts to discourage him. He hit, almost Providentially, an off-shoot of the Vindicator diggings, and "that damn' fool Missouri tenderfoot" took out $600,000 in gold his first year.

John Campion dug in a very similar location near the Leadville claims, even after he had been assured that there were poor indications of either gold or silver present in the locality he had selected. He eventually developed one of the largest and most profitable mines in the entire Leadville district, which at one time (during the late war) produced nine different metals, all profitably!

In Nevada, a man named O'Brien (liberally endowed with Celtic tenacity) followed a "knife edge" streak of gold through two thousand feet of solid rock, refused to be discouraged or dissuaded. What he eventually found was the Comstock Lode, which thus far has yielded more than six hundred million dollars!

There may be something in this apparently aimless prospecting, at that. If ordinary, commonplace men could make such phenomenal strikes—and they did—why not anyone else? Well, it may happen. In fact, it just did!

Only a few days ago a great silver strike in the Mojave desert of California came to light because of the shipment of many cars of high grade ore from a remote mountain spur that had been long unused. The discoverer of the mine not only developed it from the proceeds of his manual labor, but he has brought it to such profitable production that he has refused an offer of three millions for the property!

There are local (and unverified) trimmings to the story of the strike to the effect that the prospector was originally annoyed because he had been unable to find gold, and first learned that he had a rich silver deposit only when he casually had some of his rock assayed "on speck."

Similar annoyance that amounted to violent disgust resulted in the finding of the rich Silver King mine in Utah. A quick tempered Swede prospector, suddenly determined to quit his futile quest, flung his prospector's pick to the ground with baffled and profane rage—only to have the hurtling tool chip off a piece of projecting rock and disclose a broad vein of almost pure metal! (One cannot help wondering if anyone ever tried to persuade that squarehead that it paid to control violent temper.)

The history of Camp Bird is not essentially dissimilar. Dozens of poverty stricken and grubstaked prospectors, excited by the silver discoveries, were looking for silver, and they couldn't find it. Eventually they abandoned the camp, convinced that silver was not there, nor was it; but one old grizzled veteran stayed on hopefully and finally went into the little camp of Telluride with a burro load of odd looking rock. Having no money, he asked the boarding house master of the camp to have it assayed for him—and it showed that the ore ran high in gold!

The boarding house master bought the property and stopped keeping a boarding house simultaneously. You may have heard of him later. His name was Tom Walsh.

Three partners were looking for gold on Aspen Mountain. They were having lots of luck, all bad; and they were running the usual prospector's bill at the general store of one Cowenhoven, not far away. Eventually they quit, completely discouraged, and offered their claim to the storekeeper in payment of their bill, which amounted to about three hundred dollars.

He declined, feeling that the claim was valueless and knowing full well that the bill would be paid if and when the prospectors ever did strike pay dirt.

However, Cowenhoven's clerk, who was also his son-in-law, (and as canny a Scot as ever was) offered to take care of half the bill if his father-in-law would carry the other half—and the deal was made. He had miners dig the shaft deeper and just ten feet additional were necessary to disclose the first vein of silver in the Aspen field. That abandoned claim eventually yielded twelve million dollars.

It was not strange that the young Scot employed miners to sink his shaft a little deeper for him, for drilling through rock—inevitably necessary in lode prospecting—was no more possible for a clerk then than it is now. I have had an old prospector tell me that when he had dulled his drill by an hours steady work, and turned his back to get a new drill, it was necessary for his partner to hold his finger on the spot, so he could find it again! But, as I said, prospectors are prone to exaggerate slightly.

Contrary to general belief, gold need no longer be found in high concentrations to make mining profitable. The great Alaska-Juneau mine property has yielded millions, yet it is reliably reported that most of the profit came from rock that assayed about ninety cents in gold to the cubic yard!

Ironically enough, there are approximately a million tons of fine tailings, easy to work, on the dumps of the Golden Cycle Mill, in Colorado, all of which will yield about as much gold as the Juneau rock—yet it is worthless, as there is at present no known method of extracting the metal.

Such dumps are not always worthless, though. The late United States Senator S. D. Nicholdson made millions from rock that had been dumped as worthless by both gold and silver miners. It was worthless to them, as it contained neither mineral they were seeking. Nicholdson, however, extracted zinc and bismuth from that worthless stuff and grew wealthy.

And, if the serious assertions of both state and national geologists are to be considered, there are many other men going to make their pile as a result of prospecting, for both groups of scientists claim that there is a lot of mineral land waiting to be prospected intelligently that has never been touched. What's more, they'll furnish you with maps and plans—and even a word of encouragement, for all I know.

One man's chances are as good as another's, but they won't guarantee anything. In the back of their minds they no doubt vaguely recall that, after all, gold is where you find it.

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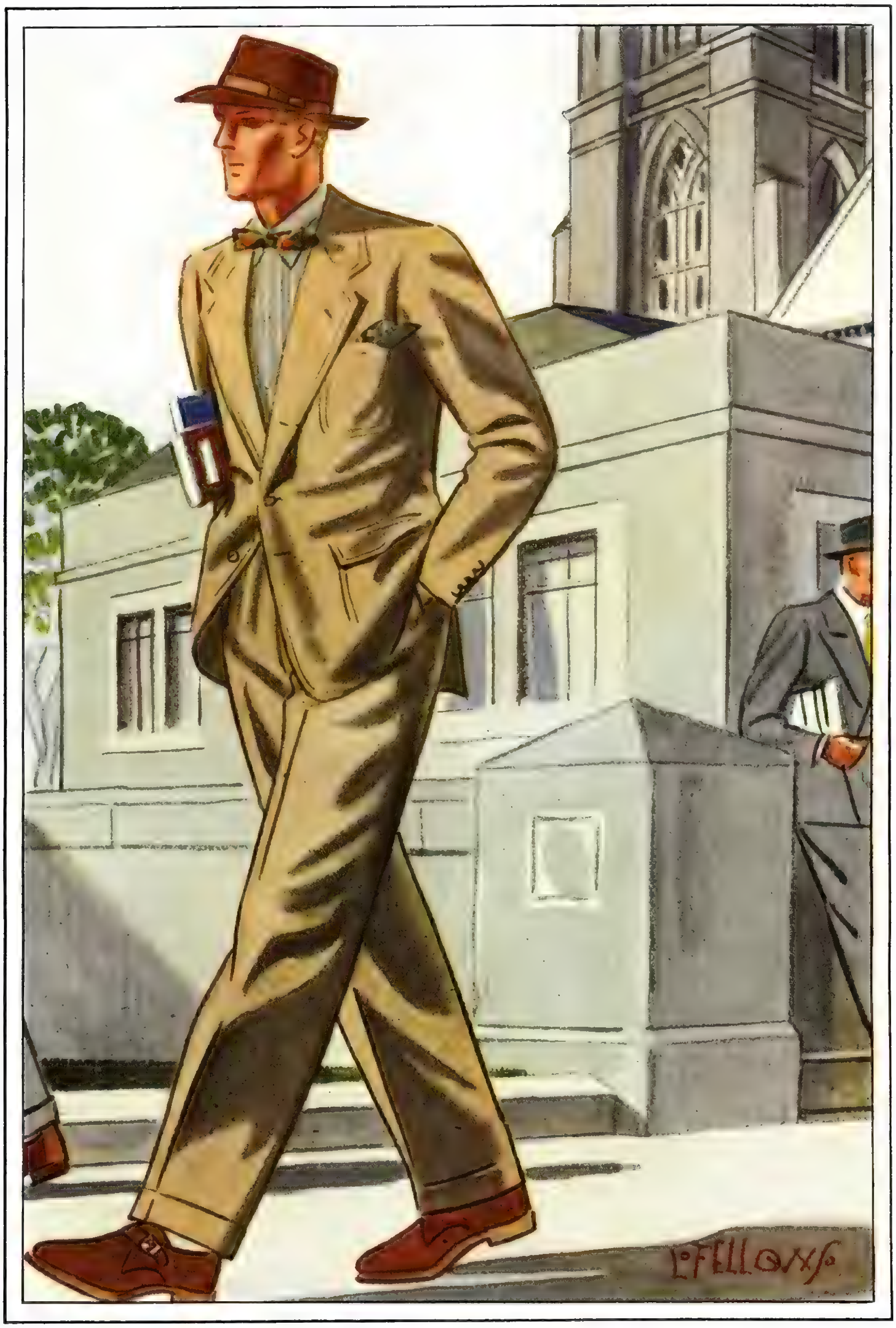


A CAMPUS UNIFORM FOR THE LATE SPRING

One of the most popular items among undergraduates today is the natural color gabardine suit. For that matter, they are by no means alone in their liking for this staple of the well dressed man's wardrobe. The outfit shown here can be worn, with equal propriety, by undergraduates and by alumni, for the late spring and early summer season. The suit is a three button notch lapel model with patch pockets and side vents. Note, also, that it has stitched edges on the lapels, collar, front and pockets. A shirt that combines very well with this suit is a grey oxford with a spaced yellow stripe in a medium pointed buttoned down collar model, worn with a bow tie of India madras in bright native colorings. The hat is the popular pork pie, the pocket handkerchief is a green silk foulard. Note that the brown suede shoes are the monk front type with a buckle instead of laces. Crepe rubber soles.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Observes Enthusiasm Month by nominating the Group Theatre as a rival to the Theatre Guild

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

Glimpse List

MUSTS!

"Anything Goes." Victor Moore, Ethel Merman, Cole Porter's top tunes, funny book.

"Awake and Sing." Tragic buffoonery in the Bronx. Great cast, fine play.

"Escape Me Never." Elisabeth Bergner, the white-hot daffodil of drama. Play doesn't matter.

"Life Begins at 8:40." Bert Lahr and others. A screech.

"Noah." Pierre Fresnay wonderful as the henpecked salt of Ararat. Tender and amusing modern twist on the Biblical tale.

"Personal Appearance." Gladys George demonstrates what movie stars apparently like to do between rushes. Hilarious spoofing.

"Rain." Tallulah Bankhead splendid as Sadie Thompson in that grand melodrama.

"The Children's Hour." Dangerous subject tastefully handled. Best play of this or last few seasons.

"The Green Pastures." The masterpiece of simple religious pageantry.

"The Petrified Forest." Leslie Howard in an excellent melodrama by Robert E. Sherwood.

"Three Men on a Horse." Cuckoo farce about following the ponies. You needn't know a thing about racing to enjoy it.

"Tobacco Road." Everything is peaches down in Georgia.

AND VERY NICE, TOO

"Accent on Youth." Love after forty, deftly kidded by Samson Raphaelson. Well played.

"Fly Away Home." An old-fashioned father's tribulations with ultra-modern children.

"Laburnum Grove." Edmund Gwenn in a pleasant English mystery-comedy.

"Petticoat Fever." Crazy doings, laughter-evoking.

"Post Road." Kidnapping kidded.

"Rain from Heaven." Jane Cowl, John Halliday in S. N. Behrman's good conversation.

"Revenge with Music." Mild but beautiful operetta.

"The Old Maid." Judith Anderson outstanding in a drama about old New York.

"Thumbs Up." A fairly good revue, especially in regard to Ray Dooley's work.

AT YOUR OWN RISK

"De Luxe." Fumbling indictment of ex-champagne expatriates.

"Katharine Cornell." As Katharine Cornell in various plays.

"The Bishop Misbehaves." Pre-war roguishness and roguery. However, Walter Connolly and Jane Wyatt are in it, which helps.

"The Great Waltz." Strauss Waltzes and lots and lots and lots and lots of scenery.

"The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles." Bernard Shaw's latest sermon. I like his talk. You probably will not. Nazimova, Romney Brent, McKay Morris especially excellent.

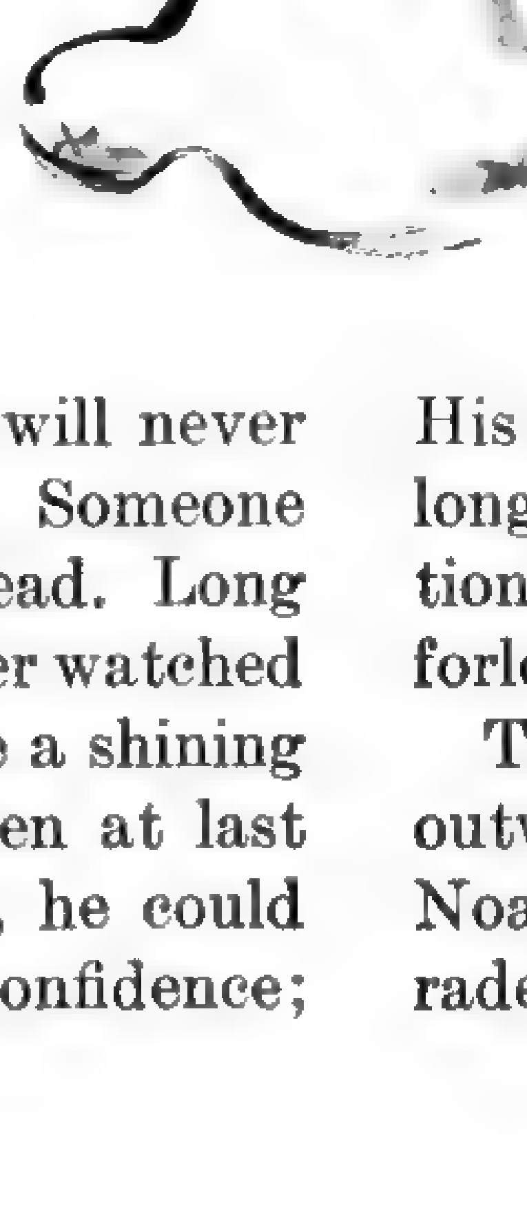
"Times Have Changed." You said it.

* * *

On a certain evening recently, "De Lawd" came down from his office and walked the earth again with the same sad kindliness, the same mellow, despairing love with which he spread magic over a choked, delighted audience five years ago. 1653 times, without missing a performance, before the eyes and ears of several million onlookers, in 39 states, he had incarnated the Deity progressing, through His own suffering as well as that of His wayward children, from a God of Wrath to a God of Love and Forgiveness. And yet Richard B. Harrison's performance was not the same. Fine as it was on that opening night in 1930, now there was true greatness, a colossal simplicity, a growth into something strangely beyond a theater and shouting, singing actors. All those other negroes were playing parts, playing them with energy and effectiveness. He was living a quality, an essence.

Even while I glowed from the strength, the candid sweetness of that fine old man, I felt an uneasiness, a vague presentiment of misfortune. For all about the star was a sort of aura of weariness.

A few days later I read that a tired heart had forced Harrison into "temporary" retirement. *The Green Pastures* is finishing its present run quietly, laying off during the hot weather, readying itself for next season's—its sixth—tour. Out it will go and reassert to a raucous, harassed world the message that erring, mischievous mankind may yet win a land of Canaan. I trust it will continue to go out for many years to come.



But this grand actor, this intelligent man of gentle dignity will never lead another season's caravan. Someone else must carry on; De Lawd is dead. Long live De Lawd! But no one who ever watched Harrison will forget him; he made a shining mark upon these times. And when at last he was called to the big fish-fry, he could step forth with quiet, smiling confidence; for surely he had earned his place, if any there be, beside the still waters.

Just before *The Green Pastures* re-opened, along came another play deriving its theme from the Old Testament—a play not so broad in its sweep nor so breath-taking in its pageantry—who, for instance, can remember that tremendous trek of Israel's children into the Promised Land without pounding pulses?—but in its own way gripping, amusing and eye-moistening. *Noah*, which has been successful in Paris and London, tells the comic tragedy of the Nourmahal's skipper in terms of French peasants; it is redolent of the soil and of humanity. While it has its thin spots, it has moments deeper and more significant than its colored predecessor. Practically all of these high spots derive from the abilities of Pierre Fresnay who, as the curly-bearded, baggy-trousered and barge-shod patriarch, combines exquisite diction of English with sincerity, understanding and wistful power. In short, he is a joy, orally and visually.

Where *Noah* suffers most in comparison with *The Green Pastures* is in its rather *chi-chi* stylization and its lack of adequate background-music. If only, instead of some dull pipings, the great boom of spirituals could have been paralleled with adaptations of Gallic chorales or plain-chant, the effect would have been greatly enlarged. But even as it is, make no mistake, *Noah* takes hold of you.

The poor old boy, badgered and bewildered by his carping family, goes straight ahead with his appointed task; he saves them and the animals on his funny ark; and throughout the long, desperate voyage he never loses faith in the God who, although "not quite sportsmanlike" has promised salvation in reward for strict fidelity. When the human passengers approach the point of mutiny, he handles them as best he can, finding consolation in the company of the beasts, particularly of his pal, the bear. When at last the waters recede, and his offspring rush off to found the new races, he stands deserted on the empty mountain-top. His wife seems to have cracked under the long strain. He can't get into communication with the Lord. He is alone, forsaken, forlorn.

Then old Bruin returns, holding arms outward for a pleasant dance of celebration. Noah gladly goes to embrace his old comrade. But alas—it is a dance of death his

Continued in center of page 172

The Listening Post

Astonished to find good music in Fort Wayne, Chicago, Omaha, Oakland County and points west

by SIGMUND SPAETH

• MUSIC •

WHENEVER you get the idea that New York is the only place to hear good music in America, all you need is a little trip through the country to remind you how wrong you are. A short lecture tour through the middle west, with fun and camaraderie, was quite enough to convince me, in case I needed it.

Among other things, I discovered that Omaha has a Town Hall where you can hear the songs of the gay nineties and kid them to your heart's content, without ever disturbing the placidity of the singers; that Fort Wayne has an active music club, forty-five years old, a first-class critic in Walter Hansen, a real amateur in Ross McCulloch, who heads the Community Concert Association, and the blond Mrs. Claire Briggs, who is putting on a Passion Play; that the teachers of Oakland County, Michigan, get a swell series of programs through the activity of Commissioner E. J. Lederle; that Dr. Sachar and Prof. Stiven of the University of Illinois can assemble audiences of over two thousand to listen to anything they recommend; and that the Power and Light Company of Kansas City arranges concerts for its employees in one of the finest auditoriums you ever dropped a pin in.

But it was Chicago that gave me the biggest kick, and not where you would have expected, either. Of course we have all known for years that Chicago has one of the great orchestras of the world, conducted by Frederick Stock. (Why does Marcia Davenport insist that no symphony orchestra can pay its own way? Chicago did it for years, and New York could have done it if the prima donna system had not become so firmly imbedded in the public hide.) We have known about the excellent music schools, and the extravagant opera, and the Cliff Dwellers and the Piano Club, and the hard-working young artists. But we did not know that Chicago takes all this as a matter of course.

I was lucky enough to catch an afternoon concert at Orchestra Hall, just ahead of a grand evening with the Book and Play Club, and still more luckily Mr. Stock was playing my favorite symphony, the third of Brahms. A magnificent performance, too, although I like the tempo of the third movement a trifle faster. But the audience (a big one) seemed unaware that anything unusual was going on. After such orchestral playing, New Yorkers would applaud their heads off, but the Chicagoans remained calm and collected.

They warmed up more to Josef Hofmann's perfect performance of the Schumann piano concerto, and they were politely amused at Deems Taylor's *Circus Day*, which the composer conducted, needing only a pot and a quivering leg to look like Paul Whiteman. But you should have let the orchestra take a bow, Deems. Those brass players made the supreme sacrifice when they blew all that wah-wah stuff. And were their faces red?

TALKS ON OPERA. So far as opera is concerned, Chicago hangs on with grim determination, in spite of all the punishment absorbed in the past. An encouraging feature of this season was a series of analytical talks given in advance of each performance by that experienced singing actress, Anna Fitziu, and her niece, Edna Kellogg, both formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in addition to their musical Chicago background. Large and attentive audiences heard these preliminary talks, and consequently enjoyed the operas themselves far more. With Frederick Persson at the piano, Miss Fitziu and Miss Kellogg alternated in giving the complete story and most of the dialogue and action of each opera, playing all the characters, but speaking the words over a well synchronized musical accompaniment. It was a unique experiment, and it worked, with the promise of a repetition next season, and other cities already asking for similar help.

HOLD 'EM KUBELIK. There are excitements and braveries on the concert stage as well as the football field. That great violinist, Jan Kubelik, returning to America after many years, made his reappearance in recital before a friendly Chicago crowd, but was obviously unnerved by the importance of the occasion. He played his first number badly, with shaking hands and complete lack of control. But several hundred Bohemians in the audience gave a demonstration of loyal enthusiasm that must have warmed his heart and steadied his nerves. It was like the good old college spirit calling on the team to "hold that line." Kubelik came back to score not only once but repeatedly, and since then he has been winning sensational success at every appearance.

There is an addition to the Kubelik family on this tour, a gigantic and handsome son, who both plays the piano and conducts orchestras with temperamental talent. How about risking a prophecy that the son will in time go further even than the father?

THE AMERICAN BALLET. Here was a surprise for musical New York, and another object lesson in the value of enthusiastic co-operation, as the old story has it. After some rather precious experimental performances at Hartford, Mr. E. M. M. Warburg allowed the Musical Art Management Corporation (skip it) to bring his School of American Ballet to Broadway (well, the Adelphi Theatre is just around the corner, like Love and Prosperity).

Every dancer in town came to see the show, including the gleamingly bald Kreutzberg, the highly independent Agnes de Mille, the studious Felicia Sorel, and the sardonic Alexis Rothov. And they all got up on their hind legs, or the equivalent, and cheered themselves hoarse. For these youngsters under the direction of George Balanchine not only displayed a thorough technique in all the classic posturings and toe-twiddlings, but did some really interesting things with imagination and style and dramatic effectiveness. My own curiosity centered in the *Alma Mater* of Mr. Warburg and Kay Swift, with John Held costumes, a Eugene Dunkel set, and musical arrangements by Morton Gould. The kidding of football heroes, college widows and the whole rah rah rendezvous was accomplished with humorous dispatch and an occasional twist of the satirical rapier in wounds already dripping and defenceless.

I liked the dream wedding, in which a Yale gridiron hero finds himself marrying a modern bride in shorts (the blue stripe evidently fooled him), with children immediately springing up like Dionnes, and all turning out to be Princetonians. And I liked the college janitor, proudly displaying his Phi Beta Kappa letters on his chest, and sweeping up to a Till Eulen spiegel motif.

Miss Swift's music is not going to compete seriously with her *Fine and Dandy* score, but it moves along at a lively pace, with occasional echoes of *Petrouschka*, deliberate quotations from *Boolah, Boolah* and *Hail, Hail*, and a lovely pantomimic burlesque of the typical college anthem. My one disappointment was that the Salvation Army lass didn't go through with the strip tease that was promised by Mr. Held's pictures in the lobby. (He is the only artist, by the way, who can make a girl purse her lips with her mouth open.)

I share in the approval that most of the onlookers gave to Tamara Geva, Paul

Continued on page 149

Lost Chronicle *of an Heiress*—

SHE is really an important person. Not just because of her name or money, either. Her parents are not greatly impressed by these, and for years she has fascinated them.

The charming way she used to "entertain" her dolls. The smile she bestowed so impartially. Strange that no one thought to make a movie record. How much childish grace and lovableness the movies would show! How certain episodes, already dim in memory, would stand out. Lost chronicle: it would be worth a million.

★

Nowadays, making a movie record really should be a routine family activity. Ciné-Kodak "K" gives you clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a button. No skill is required. Of course, if you want to develop special proficiency, the "K" will help you. It "does everything"... Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Price, including case, is now $125; without case, $112.50.

Your dealer will gladly show you the "K" and sample movies. See them—there's something here you don't want to miss. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . Only Eastman makes the Kodak.

CINÉ-KODAK "K"

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HOME MOVIE CAMERA

EXTRA EQUIPMENT for the "K" includes four telephoto lenses, for close-ups of distant action; the wide-angle lens, giving breadth of view in close quarters; and filters for cloud effects and scenics.

The Candid Cameraman

What cops the prize is a nice clean picture about people who go to bed with their clothes on

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Man of Aran: This is a tardy recommendation, but outside of a few big cities you'll probably have to ask your exhibitor to show Flaherty's beautiful sketch of life among the Irish fisher-folk, with its overpowering scenes of grandeur of sea and rocky land. Fascinating natural use of speech. Sometimes you hardly catch the words, but they don't matter. The human voice, repetitious, communicative, or a mere accompaniment to necessary action, is given here in its true relation to all other sounds of nature, and to the whole rhythmic movement of life.

The Whole Town's Talking: Edw. G. Robinson comes through with a top performance in a dual role. Pictures are giving you double double for your trouble this month, with several films based on the identity theme, but this one works all the psychological implications, as well as the physical situations. Given two people who look alike, it sets out to show how different they can be. One is a mild, inferiority-infested clerk, the other a Dillinger. They get mixed up a-plenty; in a fast thrills-and-laughter drama that nevertheless allows the characterizations to remain solid. All around best picture of the month.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Folies Bergere: Straw hat Chevalier in a dual role. The actor who impersonates the banker and does he or doesn't he go to bed with the banker's wife (Merle Oberon)? Smooth, sensuous, sexy, and silly.

Life Begins at Forty: They bought the best-seller title for another Will Rogers small-town philosopher picture. Along with the usual romance-of-youngsters-over-strawberry-preserves, this one has an unusually high amount of farce laughter. A duelling scene between Will and the town banker is a riot. So is the hog-calling contest.

The Little Colonel: Shirley Temple better than ever as the little minx who softens the heart of her estranged grandpap, an adamant old Suthern Cunnel. Swell tap-dance scene in which Bill Robinson teaches Shirley how to climb the stairs.

Mississippi: W. C. Fields at his best as the owner of a show-boat. Bing Crosby sings and fights in this Booth Tarkington musical comedy romance.

Roberta: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have only one sizable duet-dance, but what they do with that will start all your limbs snapping. It's walking and talking poetry. The rest of the picture is passable.

Vanessa: Helen Hayes, Robt. Montgomery in a scotch-misty love story. Life hurls one obstacle after another between the staunch lovers. But after he has lost an arm and she has lost a crazy husband, they walk under the trees and sing.

GO ALONG (with misgivings)

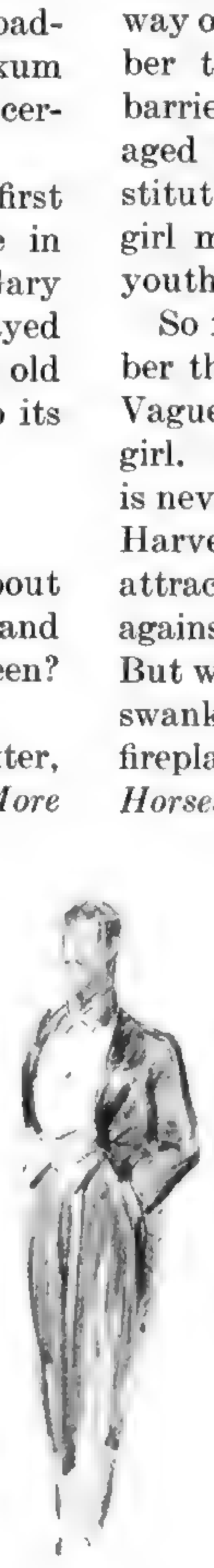
Times Square Lady: The blonde and sophisticatedly sweet Virginia Bruce has been appearing in small parts in good pictures and in leading parts in lousy pictures. Here is another of the latter. Heiress inherits a chain of dog-tracks, hockey teams, cabarets, and the crooked managers try to do her out of her properties. A lot of Broadway sporting world stuff, hokum variety. But that girl is certainly lovely to look at.

The Wedding Night: Anna Sten's first American role as a Polish farmerette in Connecticut who falls in love with Gary Cooper, an author (of the variety portrayed in Films) who is trying to winter on the old family homestead. It doesn't live up to its pretentious promises, but gets by.

WASTE

All the King's Horses: Musical about a movie actor who impersonates a king, and does he or doesn't he sleep with the queen? Carl Brisson plays the double role.

Alibi: It seems I called Warner Baxter, Warren William in my revue of *One More Spring*. I always thought they were the same guy, like Cary Grant and Gary Cooper.



* * *

THE PICTURE I FORGOT

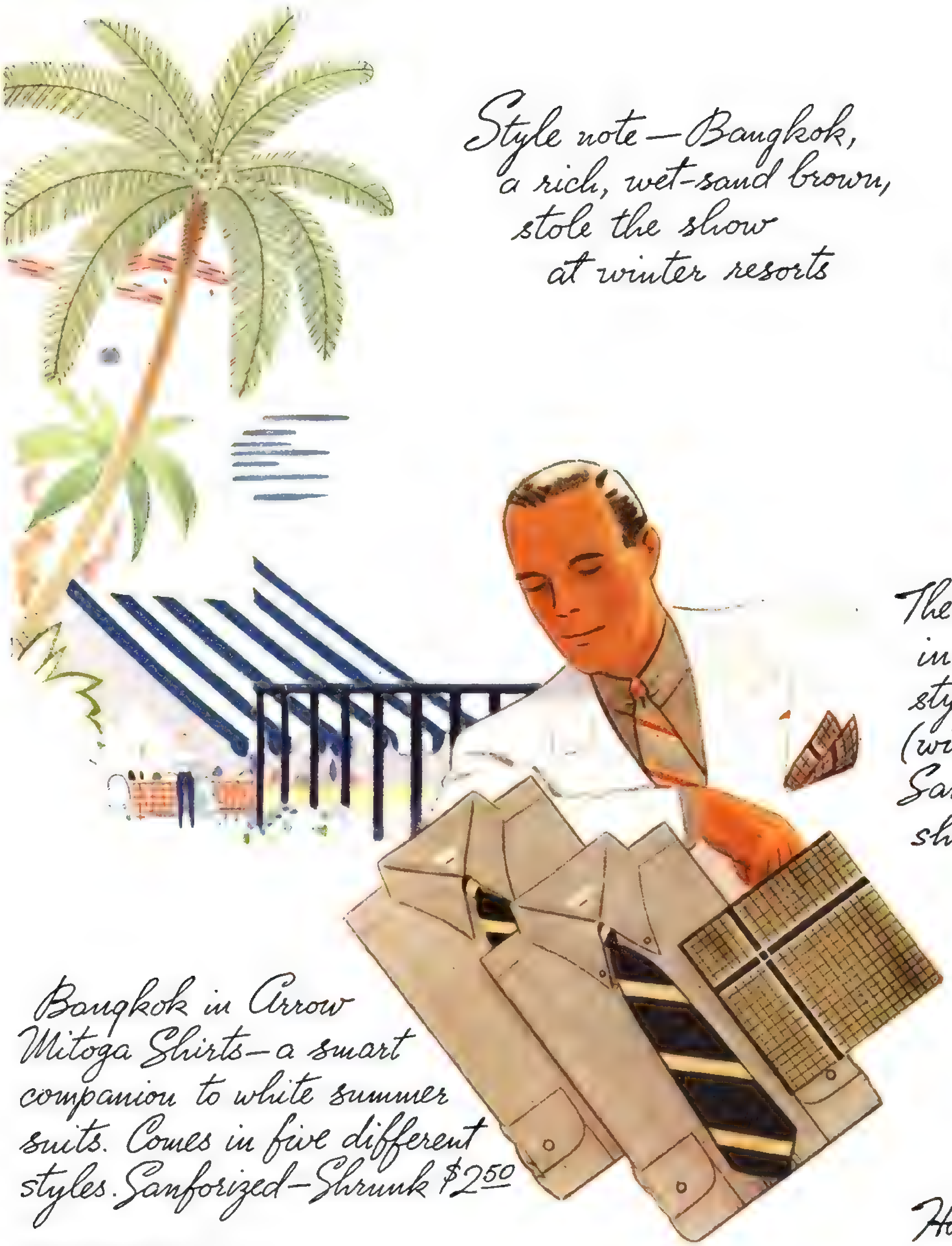
Each day as I leave the screening room I fish a scrap of paper out of my pocket and scribble down the name of the picture I have just seen. The day after the monthly deadline, when Gus has peppered my desk with missives saying "How's about your dept.?" I drag all the crumpled envelopes, cash receipts, and paper bags out of my pockets and sort out the notes on pictures. The title, or the name of a star, is usually enough to bring back my impression of the movie. A sloppy method; but it has the merit of submitting pictures to the memory test. If something is good enough to stick in the mind, it's good. Same goes for bad.

But here is a scrap of paper bearing the title *Let's Live Tonight*. I read the title over and over; my mind is an absolute blank. Wasn't there a Tonight We Live? Or was it Love Me Tonight? Or could it have been anything like We Live Again? Life, Love—no, that was the Pursuit of Happiness.

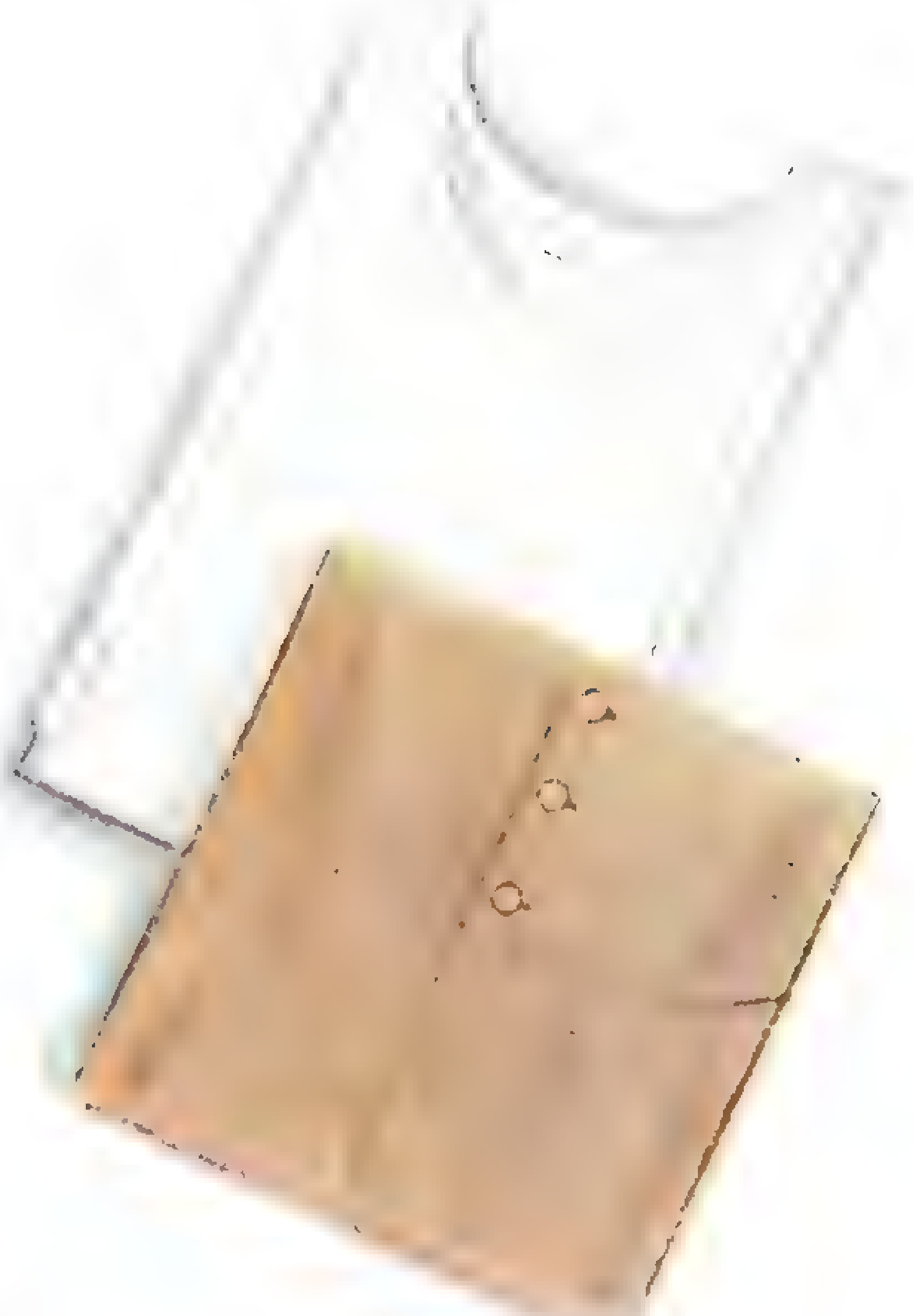
No use. I have to look up the picture. So I look it up in a list of current releases. Aha! There it is under Columbia's schedule. *Let's Live Tonight*. With Tullio Carminati, Lillian Harvey. That ought to remind me. Tullio Carminati. That's the middle-aged lover with the squeezy mouth and the urbane leer. The guy whose personality indicates a complete uselessness, sadly associated with the arts. I always think of him as a smooth dealer in modernist pictures. The ultra-smart fakey kind. Maybe he reminds me of some picture dealer I once knew. Some guy with that sibilantly modulated way of speaking. Of course I couldn't remember the movie because I have a mental barrier in my dislike of Tullio. The middle-aged sport who preserves an athletic constitution and still can give an adolescent girl more of a thrill than she gets from a youthful lover.

So it was Tullio. But I still can't remember the picture. I try to call up one scene. Vaguely, it comes, it comes. A slim wispy girl. One of those frail skinny figures that is nevertheless alluring. That must be Lillian Harvey—the record says she was the femme attraction. This wispy creature is leaning against a sturdy chest. But whose? Tullio's! But where? Ah, an interior. White and gray, swanky. Plaster modernistic reliefs over the fireplace. Or was that in *All the King's Horses?* (Sculpture in the settings is getting so fashionable. This must indicate an extensive use of sculpture in modern homes by interior decorators. And yet my sculptor friends are broke.) Let's get back to Tullio. I remember now. Champagne. That comical butler, what's his name, the one who is always swallowing his astonishment at his master's extraordinary behavior? Anyway in this picture, I remember now, Tullio had a parrot and this butler was driven into speechless frenzy every time he got near the parrot. He gritted his teeth, sputtered, and rushed out of the room, because he hated that bird. Oh now I know, it was on a boat. A millionaire's yacht. It all comes back to me. This Tullio was a millionaire Russian floating around on this yacht, with a yachting party. And he got bored. And this lovely girl. Only she didn't know who he was.

Continued on page 176



Style note—Bangkok,
a rich, wet-sand brown,
stole the show
at winter resorts



The Bangkok color in underwear. Adds a deft style touch to Arrow Shorts (with the Seamless Crotch). Sanforized-Shrunk. Undershirts 50¢ up. Shorts 65¢ up

Bangkok in Arrow Mitoga Shirts—a smart companion to white summer suits. Comes in five different styles. Sanforized-Shrunk $\$2^{50}$

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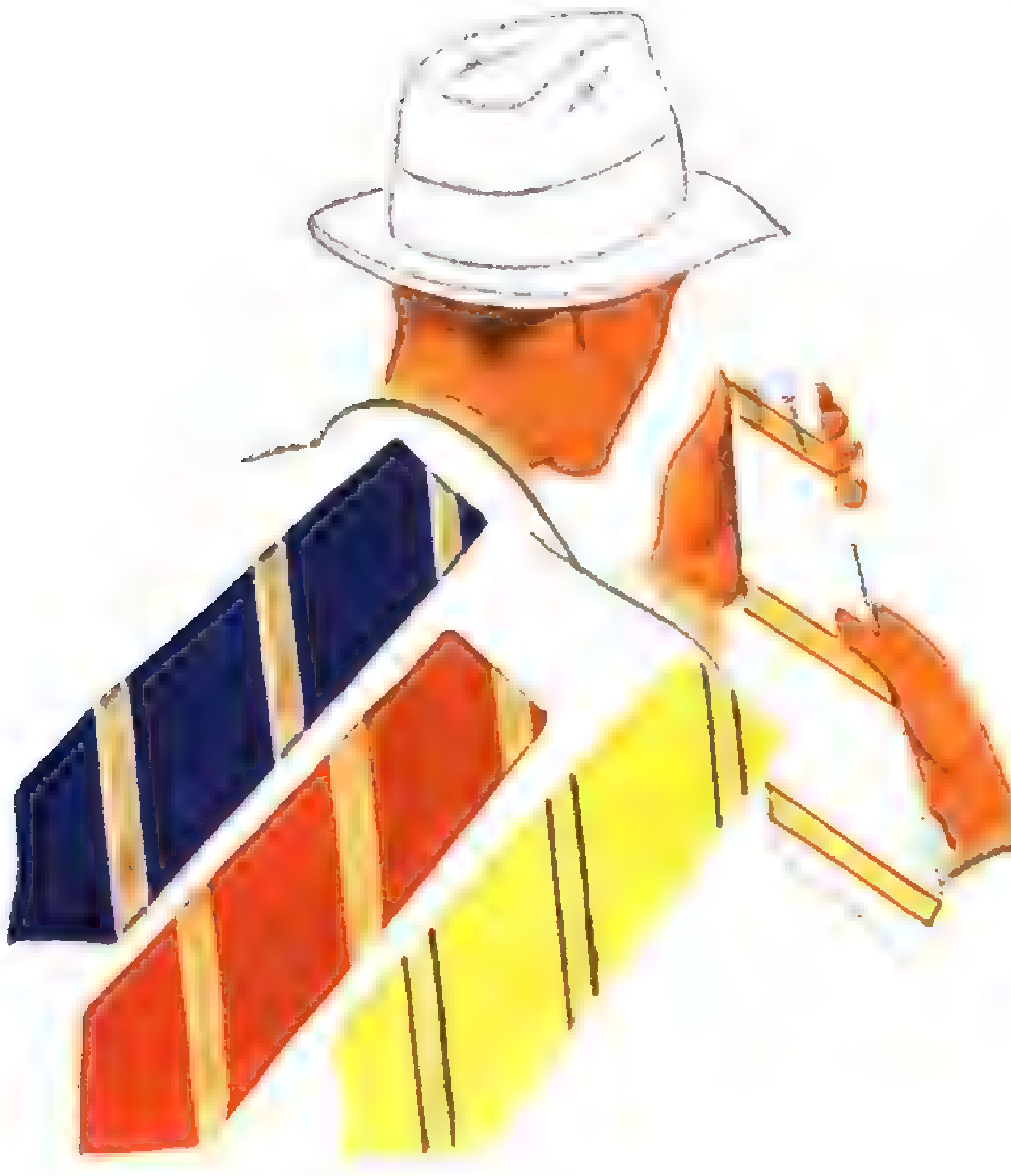
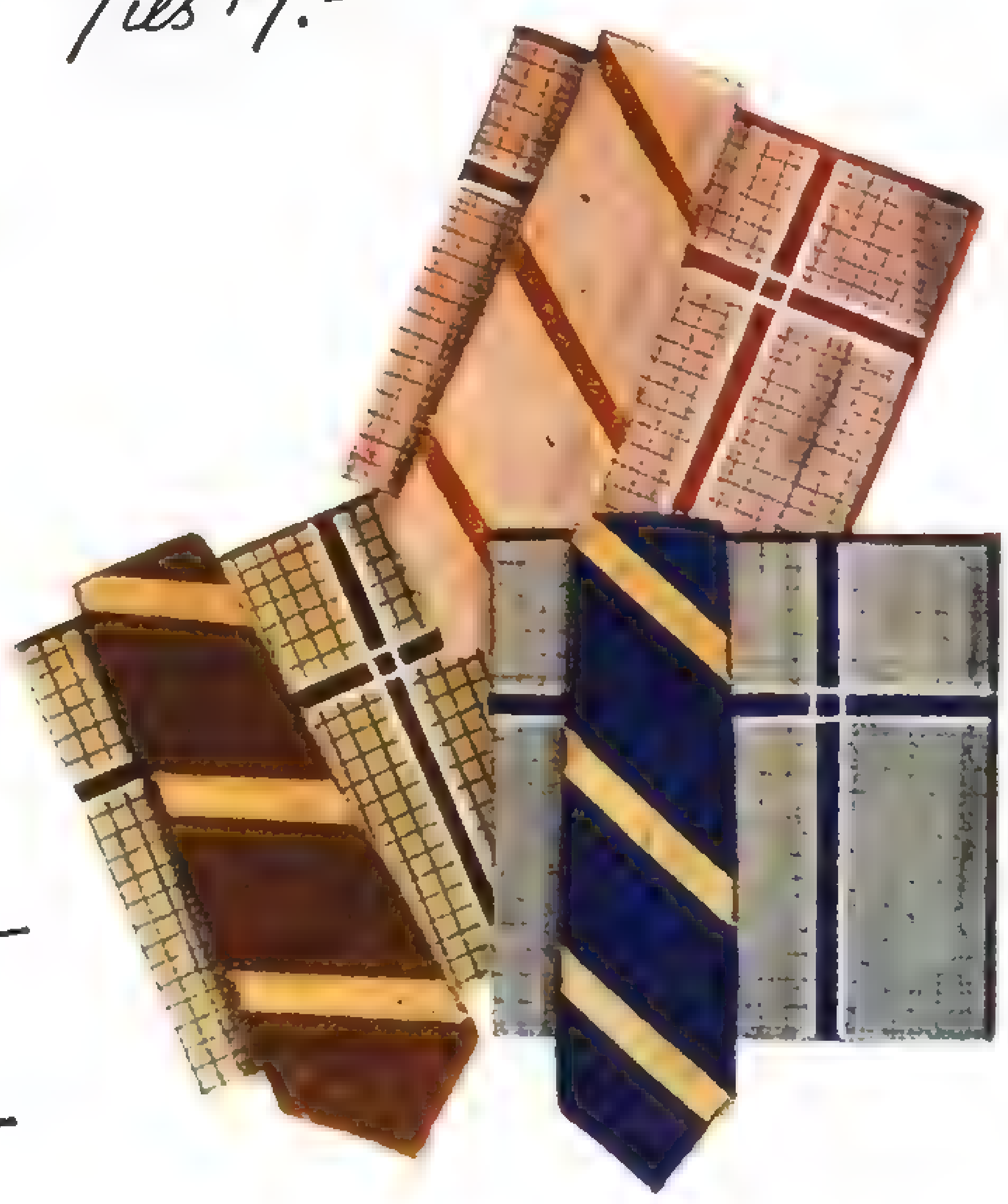
SHIRT
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

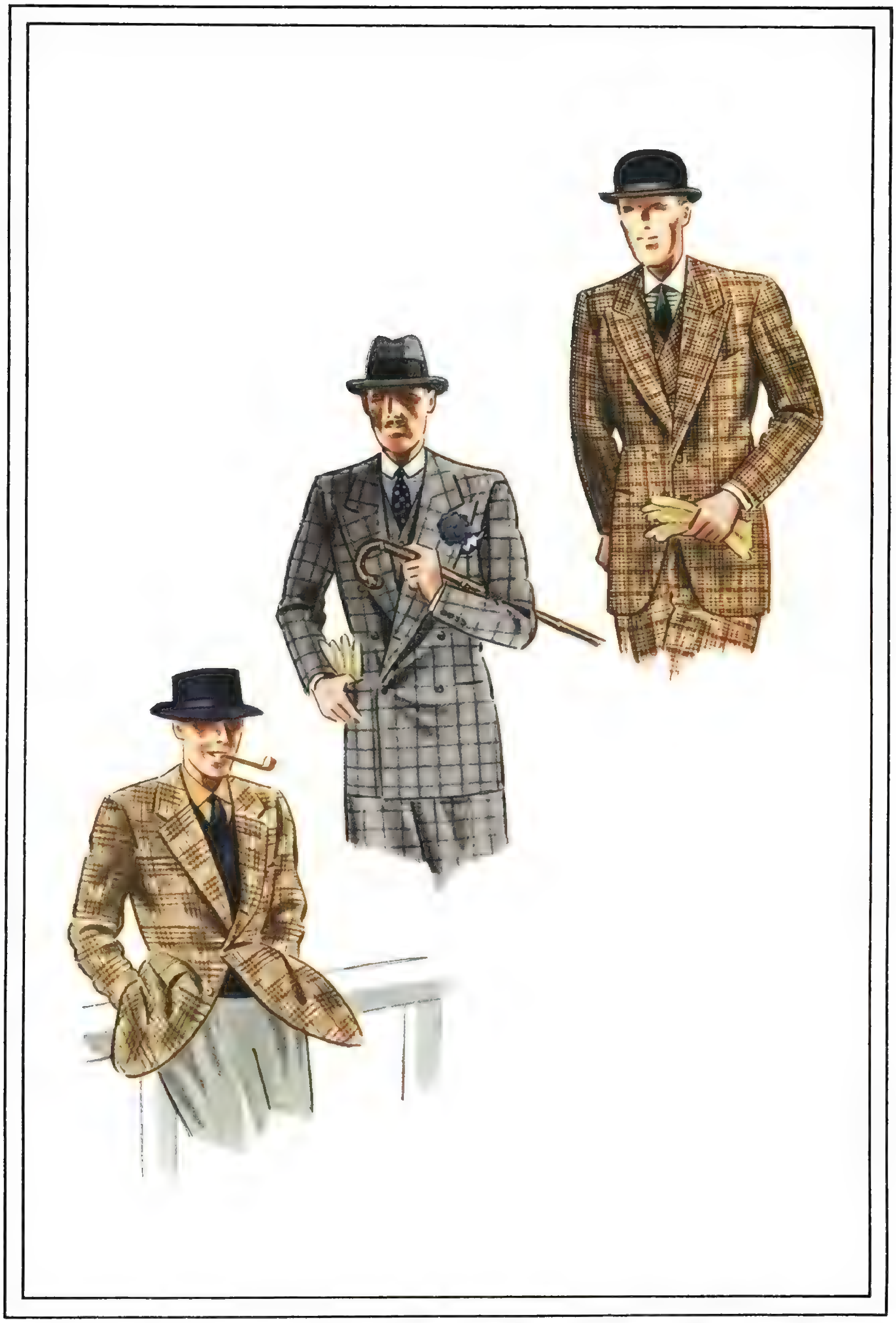
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow—



The Bangkok blend in Arrow Striped Repp Ties—an original note in summer neckwear-$1.—

How will a Bangkok tie complement a handkerchief? Have a look! Both Arrow. The handkerchiefs—50¢ Ties $1.—





THREE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE THIN MAN

WE'VE made such a to do over the stubs and chubs of late that the long-drink-of-water tribe has begun to feel neglected. Here, then, are three outfits for the angular. In fact, only the angular can get away with them. The obese, for their own good, will abhor them as nature abhors a vacuum. The center figure shows a flannel suit with a definite blue overplaid, in a double-breasted model with a wide flaring effect given by the long sweep of the lapels. Note the short collar which also emphasizes width. On the right is an ideal version of the single-breasted suit for the same man. The broad peaked lapel suggests width through the chest and shoulders, an illusion that is helped by the double-breasted waistcoast and the horizontal stripings of the demi-bosom shirt. The third outfit, on the left, with the bold check of the jacket and the flat crown of the pork pie hat, tends to shorten and widen.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Listening Post

Continued from page 144

Haakon and William Dollar, and I have a growing respect for the music of George Antheil and the conducting of Sandor Harmati.

Butting in on Mr. Levin. Several of the recent motion pictures have had musical angles that simply can't be overlooked by any Listening Post. In *One More Spring*, for instance, there is a beautiful satire of the old-fashioned music-teaching that explains just why music is having such a tough time today. The never-weary white wing, Mr. Sweeney, wants to play *Macushla* on the fiddle, and Rosenberg, who once played in the Oswego Symphony Orchestra, consents to teach him.

He brings out the music of the Brahms violin concerto and begins to point out the notes represented by the different lines and spaces. "But I only want to play *Macushla*," wails the street-sweeper, uttering the eternal protest of all the snubbed millions who would like to know something about music but can't penetrate the crust of the mystic deep-dish circle.

Incidentally, am I wrong in thinking that the gentleman who does such a good job in the part of the violinist is really our friend of the baritone voice, Walter Woolf? His fiddling looks all right, except for the position of the left hand. Keep the wrist out, Walter, and don't allow it to sag.

A more successful music lesson is that which Roland Young gets on the drums in that amazing film, *Ruggles of Red Gap*. The composition is *Pretty Baby*, and he arrives eventually at two successive booms, in strict rhythm, although the second one breaks the bass-drum. Arthur Hornblow has also managed to find a crowd of extras that can sing *He's a Jolly Good Fellow* as if they really meant it.

The outstanding musical picture of the moment, of course, is *Roberta*, for which Jerome Kern has written two new tunes, and with Fred Astaire doing the most satisfactory dancing of his career. I'm surprised at the excellent singing of Irene Dunne, who puts over the still popular *Smoke* song, but I wish they would do their dubbing a little more convincingly.

Shirley Temple's tap routine with Bill Robinson in *The Little Colonel* is another musical high spot of the current films. As for *Sweet Music*, it lives up to both words of its title, with new honors for Rudy Vallee, who even allows himself to be tripped up by an orchestra boy without ever losing his engaging good-humor. The climax of the picture, to me, is the informal presentation of *There is a Tavern in the Town*, and I hereby pin a medal on the nameless gentleman who stands next to Rudy and echoes him in close harmony, with just the right expression of almost reverential joy that such participation should be possible.

Ditto on Stage-Door Johnny. Eddie Dowling's presentation of *Thumbs Up* seems to have joined the ranks of New York's musical successes of the lighter sort.

With due admiration for the stagecraft of John Murray Anderson, the dancing of Paul Draper and Hal Le Roy, the singing of George Houston, and the Pickens Sisters, the comedy of Bobby Clark, and the impersonations of Sheila Barrett, I wish the revue were musically a little more interesting. I can't seem to remember a good tune in it, except one that started like *Sometimes I'm Happy, Sometimes I'm Blue*. I miss Rose King's old partner, Yorke, and I don't like Ray Dooley's material, funny as she is by nature.

But I would go anywhere to see Paul Draper tap-dance on small surfaces. He is better as a dancer than his father was as a singer of German Lieder, and artistically a worthy nephew of his Aunt Ruth.

Personal and Confidential. Congratulations to Erno Rapee for the way he used his glee club as part of the orchestra at Radio City.

Also on his interpretation of the Ravel *Bolero*. . . . Cecil Leeson, saxophone virtuoso, and Mischa Hofmann, pianist, in a Mozart sonata at the Barbizon-Plaza. Worth hearing. . . . Gizi Szanto playing her brother's tango pieces at the Dan Foster party in Detroit and Adaline Foster singing about the murals of Diego Rivera. Not to her own babies. . . . Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt and Amelia Earhart getting some honest laughs out of the singing satires of Vandy Cape at the White House. I vas dere, Sharlie. . . . The thrill of finding some really good amateurs in radio auditions, and presenting them over station WEVD, New York, without insults or patronizing. . . . The earnest intelligence of the audience of the Sinai Forum in Chicago, and the vociferous response of that at the Civic Repertory Theatre benefits in New York. . . . Pacific Coast next, if possible.

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ODD JACKETS AND TROUSERS

One of the most interesting features of the odd jacket-odd trousers combination is the surprising variety of individual outfits possible with even a few garments. Four jackets and pairs of trousers, for instance, will make 16 different combinations...Two more pairs of trousers give a choice of 24. With a latitude of choice so wide, it is extremely important that each and every material should be selected with the utmost care. There are no better materials, so far as we know, being used in ready-made trousers and jackets than Brooks Brothers' imported Flannels, Tweeds and Shetlands.

Odd jackets $38 *to* $50
Odd trousers $12 *to* $22

ESTABLISHED 1818

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CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
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REIS Scandals
SHIRTS ★ SHORTS

NEWS from the UNDERwear WORLD

for MEN-ABOUT-TOWN . . . for SPORTSMEN

The Newest in Comfort . . .
The Newest in Smartness!
No Buttons . . .

MEN will sprint right to their favorite shops for REIS SCANDALS,— because,—

SCANDALS are faultlessly cut, and shaped to the body.

SCANDALS give athletic support.

SCANDALS cannot ride up or curl or bind.

SCANDALS, of closely knitted cotton mesh, are feather weight and absorbent.

SCANDALS will not wrinkle or crease under the lightest tweeds or flannels.

SCANDALS are "comfort" seamed and having no buttons, their "skin fit" is flawless.

SCANDALS are a REIS creation! . . . a national sensation! . . . you'll hear REIS SCANDALS in your club . . . in the locker rooms . . . why not have a SCANDAL in your wardrobe?

REIS SCANDALS — (Shirts and Shorts) individually, cellophane packaged, are now available in all fine Men's Shops and Department Stores . . . . . 75¢ the garment.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL WHEN YOU BUY

If your favorite shop does not already carry REIS SCANDALS order directly from —
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Indicate Quantity and Size
Shirts ....(Chest Measure)
Shorts ....(Waist Measure)
For proper fit, please measure accurately.

ENCLOSE MONEY ORDER OR CHECK FOR 75c EACH
Name________
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All for Love, and Love for All

Continued from page 38

sunshine and climate of California. And by the time I got to the lunchroom, I was thinking to myself that I had, without knowing it, signed the devil's slate with an electric pencil, and now he was in full possession of my soul. But if only I could get two more reels of picture material out of him, all would be well. It was a bad moment, and I ate my lunch absorbed in thought.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Oliver Kane.

He was passing my table on his way out. He was going to that unknown mysterious place where he always went after lunch.

I looked up and smiled and said, "I guess you would lose money buying my thoughts at this moment."

"I limited my losses."

"Well," I replied, "if you must know, I was thinking just now that I have signed the devil's slate with an electric pencil. And he has full possession. He and Mr. Drummond." I forgot to tell you that Carl Drummond was the director who was assigned to make *All for Love, and Love for All.*

"Well, hurry up and finish your coffee and come with me. I want to tell you something."

As we were walking out he said to me, "Where did you get that idea of the electric pencil?"

I told him I had seen it in a vaudeville show many years ago. In this act a colored comedian sold his soul to the devil for five dollars, and then of course the devil produced a slate and made him sign his name on the dotted line. As he did so, electric sparks spit from the pencil. The sparks made it all very impressive. Of course, the devil promises to come to the aid of the colored boy any time he needs him. All he has to do is to snap his fingers and call out, "Come on, Red!" But when the time came and the unfortunate colored man was in jail, then the devil never showed up.

Kane thought it was very funny. He told me a story about some of the natives in Africa, where he'd been a long time ago. And these savages really believed in the devil.

By this time we had walked through four or five of the streets on the lot. Now and then we paused to look into the open doorway of one of the large stages, and see what the carpenters had been building that morning. And then we walked on.

After talking about devils in Africa, I asked Kane if he knew how they were able to translate the Bible into some of the Eskimo dialects, and if he knew about the strange substitutions that had to be made. Of course, as no Eskimo had ever seen a lamb, and as they had no word for this tender animal, the translators were required to substitute a baby seal every time a lamb was mentioned. This is a fact.

"Now, really," he said, "this is most interesting. I never knew it before. And if you ever saw a baby seal sporting in the water, you would just drop your gun."

Then he took me by the arm, and he said confidentially, "Come along with me. But don't tell anyone where we go. They wouldn't understand it."

We walked on until we came to the back fence of the lot, and here is where the storage houses are. Here is where two thousand pairs of Roman sandals hang on long racks, ready for the next Ben Hur picture. And here also are the hats of Napoleon, and the costumes of all the emperors, and the mailbags and post-office fixtures that they will soon dust off for my big scene in *All for Love, and Love for All.*

We walked through a little alley and opened the door of one of the warehouses. We passed through long corridors of draperies and lace curtains, all folded away neatly and carefully numbered. And after the lace curtains and draperies, we went through a hall that was filled with chandeliers and wall fixtures that could light up anything from a miserable hall-bedroom scene in a suicide act to the ballroom of an imperial palace. And after the electric fixtures came an alley of flags. Here were the flags of all nations, all steamship companies, all railroad lines, all code and signal flags, college flags, flags for conventions in Atlantic City, and flags to signal the S.O.S. from a raft in a shipwreck scene.

Turning out of this alley of flags, we suddenly came to a small area that was rather dark. Here, in the corner of the warehouse, an odd little forest scene had been constructed. Of course, the trees were made of pasteboard and painted in raw greens and yellows, and there was a flank of reeds that resembled something that grew in a tropical swamp. And there were some bushes made of artificial twigs and branches with old cattails stuck into them, and there were some great big badly worn rocks. And here and there were bundles of artificial grass matting. A faint light came in from a top window and showed the red brick wall of the warehouse that served as a background for this secluded forest retreat.

And from behind one of the great papier-mâché rocks Oliver Kane unfolded a leather hunting coat, and he also drew out a Canadian mackinaw which he handed me, and he said in a whisper, "Let's put them on."

I got into the mackinaw and he put on his leather hunting jacket. It was soiled and worn and had seen many years of forest service, but you could tell the way it clung to his shoulders that his leather jacket was an old friend and companion. And then from another place secluded under a rug he got out two rifles, and handing me one he said, "Now, we can make ourselves comfortable." With these words he stretched himself out on the artificial grass mat, and I sat down on one of the rocks made of plaster and cardboard and held the rifle across my knee.

"You know, I've got a little cabin up in the mountains," said Kane, "all made of logs and a good stone fireplace inside. Maybe sometime we can go up there. What do you say? I don't get much time off these days. A year ago I bought myself a dandy rifle. It's a real beauty with a telescope sight, as keen and as fine as anything you have ever seen. But, you know, I've never had a shot out of it. Not one. I keep it oiled up and in good condition. That's the gun I should have had with me for those wild mountain sheep. You need one of those long range affairs for mountain sheep. Gee, you know, it sometimes makes you mad to go into one of these swell Hollywood homes and find that the gentleman of the house has built himself a smoking den, and the walls are hung with trophies—big moose heads and heads of elk—and one fellow I know has some heads of African gazelles.

Continued on page 152

Why do men in the tropics look old at 40?

The artist has misled you. It's the hot sun (not the daughters) of the tropics that dries up the natural oils of the skin, leaving the face like parchment, inviting premature wrinkles. Alkali-bearing shaving soaps have much the same effect. That's why gentlemen interested in not looking as old as they feel, shave with Barbasol. Here is a soothing, healing cream that gives you the smoothest, easiest shave you've ever had. No messy brushing, lathering or rub-in either. You simply wet the jowls, spread it on and each individual whisker, held upright by Barbasol's firm body, is snipped neatly off at the base.

Tune in Edwin C. Hill every Wednesday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System Coast-to-Coast, and Singin' Sam—The Barbasol Man—every Friday evening over WOR, WLW and WGN. (See your newspaper for local time.)

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Fishing Tackle for Every Kind of Fishing..

All for Love, and Love for All

Continued from page 151

But he never even shot a rabbit. What do these fellows know about hunting? They don't know anything about the woods or Africa or the North . . . Come to think of it, a baby seal is very much like a lamb. You would hesitate a long time before you took a shot at it. If you ever saw them, as I did so many times, playing in the water, they are just like happy kids."

I sat there with the gun across my knees, and somehow or other the air seemed fresh and cool and fragrant. And while I knew the grass was made of painted straw and the rocks were only papier-mache and the trees were built of cardboard, still we were out somewhere in the great world. It was quiet and it was beautiful. I looked up overhead expecting to see a few ducks go by.

Kane told me how he happened to get in with the Eskimos and how he lived with them, and how you had to be careful and save your cartridges, for up North it is not easy to get cartridges that would fit your gun. And the Eskimos never wasted a shot unless they were certain to make a dead hit, for sometimes the pelt would not be worth the bullet. "And these sports around California, going up into the Sierras, all dressed up fancy, with wonderful equipment from English sporting goods houses and a pack mule loaded down with cartridges that they don't know how to shoot . . . Gee, what do they know?"

He told me how in the Malay Straits you had to watch your native boys after you shot a tiger, for the one thing that they love to steal are the hairs of the white whiskers. These are very stiff and quite long, and the natives roll them up into a finger ring or braid them into some other kind of ornament that they wear as a charm. I never knew this before. And he told me about the great leaves that they have in the tropics that are so thick and full of water and break off so easily. And any game that you kill the native boys will immediately cover with these leaves to keep the sun from drying up the fresh meat. And he told me about a black panther that they once trapped, and it was all worn out and seemed glad to be taken out of the trap. It seemed to consent to everything except one thing. It absolutely refused to get into the cage. It was the most ferocious battle that he had ever encountered. And it took an hour to get this wild panther tied up and dragged through the opening of the cage. And then, when the cat was untied, it went mad again and just dashed itself to pieces against the sides of the cage. In the morning it was dead. It had wonderful green eyes as bright as brilliant emeralds.

And we spoke of ponies and pack-horses; and we spoke of mules, camels and litters, and other means of conveyance in various lands of the great world around us. We spoke of all these beautiful things while we sat in the dark corner of the warehouse—in a secluded little forest retreat in the heart of the celluloid industry, where pictures are made to show the world what it should be like. And I thought of this wonderful post-office scene that I wrote where the old faithful postman opens the mailbag and discovers his own daughter gagged and bound. This picture was scheduled to play in Canada, in Italy, in China, and even in the Malay Straits. And the Eskimos who love the little baby seal and the forest natives of Malay who believe that a white hair of a tiger's whisker will assure them safety in the jungle, they too may by chance some day see *All for Love, and Love for All.*

Then I put down the rifle and I stretched out on the artificial grass and rested my head against the cardboard rock. We did not talk any more, for there was really nothing to say. Every once in a while I would look up and I noticed that Kane would do the same, for this is the rule of the forest: Always keep your eyes open and scan the ground and look up into the trees. Perhaps there might be a woodcock in the bushes, or perhaps a polecat is close by.

And when I looked up there seemed to be a mist in the air, a kind of pale dusty mist that outlined the trees and bushes with a soft woolly gray. Or was this only the dust that hung in the still air of an old warehouse? It seemed very quiet and quite dark. And I thought that soon we should be building our little fire and making camp for the night. And if you have never eaten game, roasted in the forest over an open flame, if you have never tasted that sweet nutty smoky flavor, then your life has indeed been a poor one.

But soon, only too soon, it was time to go. We put the guns away carefully, and we folded up our hunting coats and hid them in the inside of one of the cardboard rocks, and we started back through the corridor of flags of all nations until we finally reached the door of the warehouse. We sneaked out carefully into the street as though we were a little ashamed of where we had been. We were ashamed like boys are ashamed when they have been playing hooky from school.

Now we found ourselves in the bright cheerful California sun, back in the world of reality—or rather, the celluloid world of reality. We walked toward our offices with hardly a word to say. Finally, to break the silence, Kane asked, "What did you say you are working on this afternoon?"

"We need four more scenes for *All for Love, and Love for All.* But not the kind of love that makes you drop your gun when you see a baby seal. We need something more stirring."

He smiled. There was still a minute more and he told me how in the old days nobody paid much attention to nature or travel pictures and how he was the first to have the idea of dramatizing nature and making a full-length picture out of it. But he did not seem very proud of this accomplishment.

Kane's pictures were famous, and now he was a busy executive and one of the managing heads of a big company. He was a great success. And it was his company that would soon be bringing out my story, *All for Love, and Love for All.*

When we reached the door of his office, his feet hesitated. He wanted to delay the evil moment as long as possible, for you could see that his heart was far, far away. He had a nice office with paneled walls and Turkish rugs, but it was like that cage for the black panther. He just didn't want to get in there. As he put his hand on the knob of the door, he seemed to swallow hard. "So long," he said, "see you tomorrow."

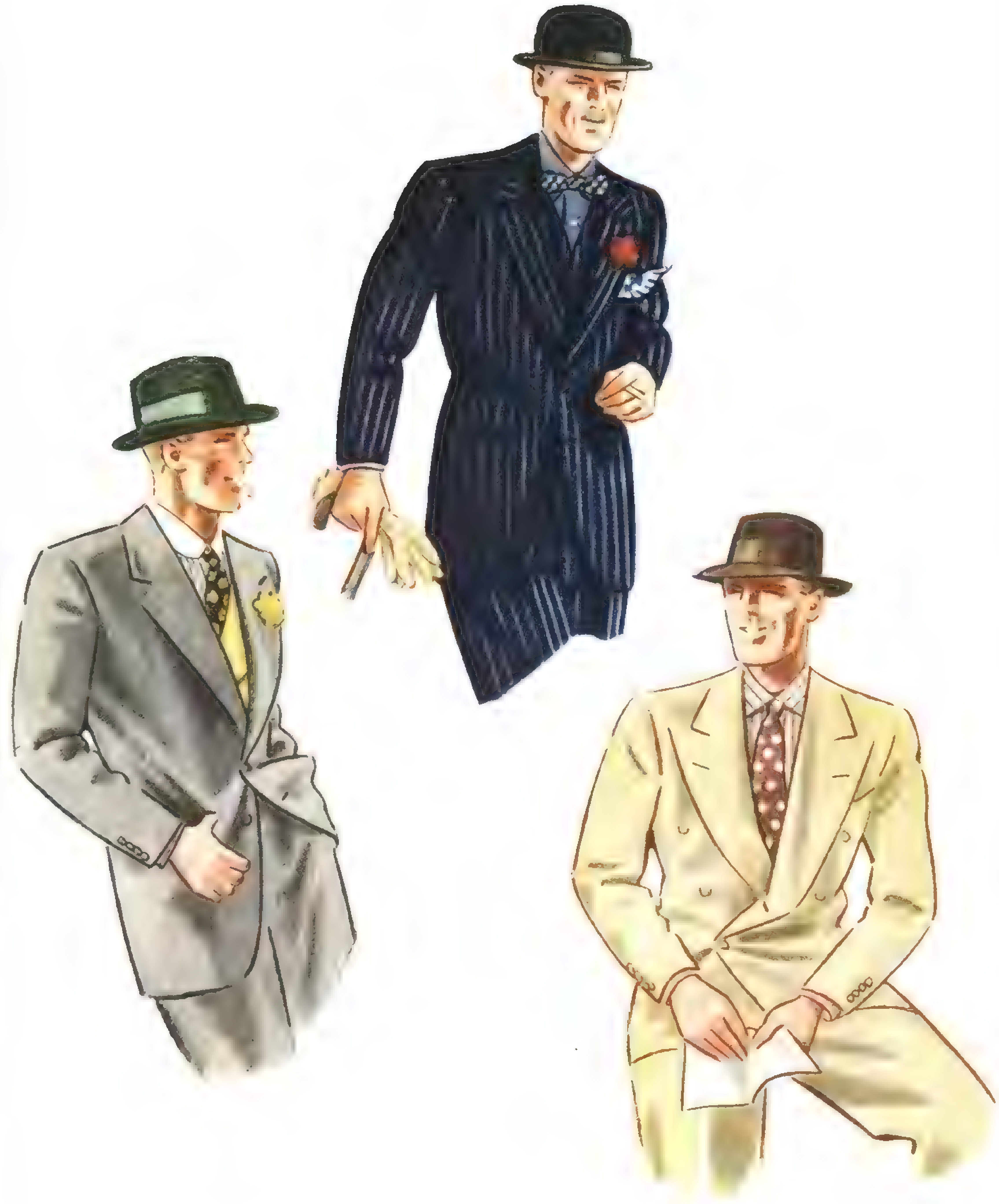
Argue, if you must, for your breed against the rest. You know, before you start, that no one dog of any blood can ever be accepted champion of champions. The breeds—and their fanciers—differ too widely. This argument must always be an open one.

But the experts can—*and do*—agree in naming linings for your clothing. They give you Skinner's. And the testing years simply affirm their appraisal. *This* argument is closed, long since. William Skinner & Sons, 45 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

Linings by Skinner

A MATTER OF PRIDE, PLEASURE, AND GOOD, PLAIN SENSE

ESTABLISHED 1848



IDEAS FOR LATE SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER

By grouping these three figures on a single page we have managed to get into this issue a number of the newer notes that may be expected to be important during the late spring and early summer. On the left is a single breasted grey flannel suit, worn with a double breasted fawn linen waistcoat. The striped broadcloth shirt is worn with a low front starched collar with short rounded corners. The tie is a spaced figured foulard. The hat is a green Homburg. The center figure shows the popular single-breasted chalk striped flannel suit in a three button notched lapel model, worn with a blue broadcloth shirt, starched collar to match, and a large checked black and white bow tie with the new thick knot. The figure on the right shows the increasingly popular light cream color gabardine suit with the long lapel roll to the bottom button. The shirt is oxford and the tie is foulard. Telescope crown hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

They! They! They! They!

Continued from page 34

I will have to assume that a war has started somewhere, and that in the well-considered opinion of THEY, England should butt in, on one side or the other. THEY, of course, are aware that there is now an apparently solid anti-war population on their hands.

THEY also know that a much greater incentive than last time will be necessary. Several sizes larger and better than that "Poor little Belgium" one, they pulled before.

Let us assume that they have discovered a first-class incentive. The next thing to do is to sell it.

The THEY-owned Radio will broadcast mind-moulding speeches. Talented speakers with names that inspire confidence will lash us over the air with this sort of stuff: "In this hour of the Empire's peril, when the mighty inheritance that our fathers and our grandfathers fought for, stands at the cross-roads of History, what is our obvious duty? . . . Civilization is at stake! Are we to stand aside, and allow the violation of Trans-Blowupvian neutrality by a ruthless invader? Are we to be reduced to the rank of a fourth rate power? No! . . . (You have been listening to the Rt. Hon. Frampton Fothergill, who has told you something about the present crisis in Europe. We will now turn you over to our Daventry Station, where you will hear a selection of dance music relayed from the grill room in the Strand)."

Meanwhile the THEY press, reaching millions, will promulgate the same desired propaganda, stressing above all things, the absolute righteousness of Britain's cause and argument. (The curious thing about wars is that both sides have always an equally righteous cause.)

Then the blood-tingling department will get to work.

We will be treated to the sight of regiments marching in full uniform (Guards or Highlanders for preference). There they'll go, with flags flying, and bands playing! Even the most yellow blood will turn red, or pink, anyway.

Millions of women and girls will gape admiringly at these processions, causing their unenlisted male attachments to squirm with envy. The sound, the uniforms, the bravado of it all, will have the same old effect.

Crowds of young males will want to join up, for there is nothing a healthy young man likes so much as being implored by a woman not to do something dangerous, particularly if he is going to do it in uniform. And now we come to a very sinister ally in the pro-war cause.

To be candid, there are thousands who would really welcome a war, anyway, as a rest from their lot in Peace.

Vast numbers of able-bodied workless men, living on a small dole, submerged by squalid, unromantic domesticity, would welcome a release from their crushing anxieties, and a return to adventure such as a war provides.

They would get pay with honor, a separation allowance for the family, go abroad, and get a kick out of life again.

There are a mighty lot of good times between battles, and after all, not more than fifty percent of an army are front-line soldiers. Moreover, human nature is so constituted that you always think it will be the other "feller" that gets killed or wounded, not you.

THEY are fully aware of all these twists in human psychology, and the whole campaign is now being aided by another vast force which is coming into play—the force wielded by that huge array of people who will profit from the war. The great tank, battleship, aeroplane and gun factories will be giving more employment and making fortunes. Those who make coats, blankets, mess cans, boots, huts, tents and all the rest of it, will be rubbing their hands at the prospect. The barbed wire, and poison gas manufacturers will be nearly sick from laughing. "Happy Days are here again."

Then also, THEY have got a nice new "younger generation" to work at.

Millions who have never been in a war, got bored hearing about the last one, and will just show us all they can go places and do things too.

Now what about that old-timer who went through the last row, and is not too old to be used again in some capacity, in this one?

Many is the time I have heard him say, "No Sir! You won't catch me going to another war." Oh, yeah!

Watch them at regimental reunions, when the old wartime songs are sung, and memories revived amidst the beer and smoke. Listen to a bunch of them in the corner, while one of the crowd is telling all about that night he had down at the Cafe . . . The good times are long and fondly remembered. The bad strangely and easily forgotten. If THEY entered the room at that moment, the whole mob could be recruited in five minutes. All this, and I haven't yet had to think of mentioning conscription!

Then above these things towers the sad but true fact that the greatest safeguard against a repetition of war, seems to have crumbled away . . . Adequate and persistent memory of the last one . . . Not all the world-wide memorials in stone and marble. Not all the blood and anguish that went to make them, will act as a hindrance to the next outbreak. No more than the dead of Waterloo were able to prevent the dead of Mons. It's a cinch for THEY. In them we must trust.

GENTLEMEN'S

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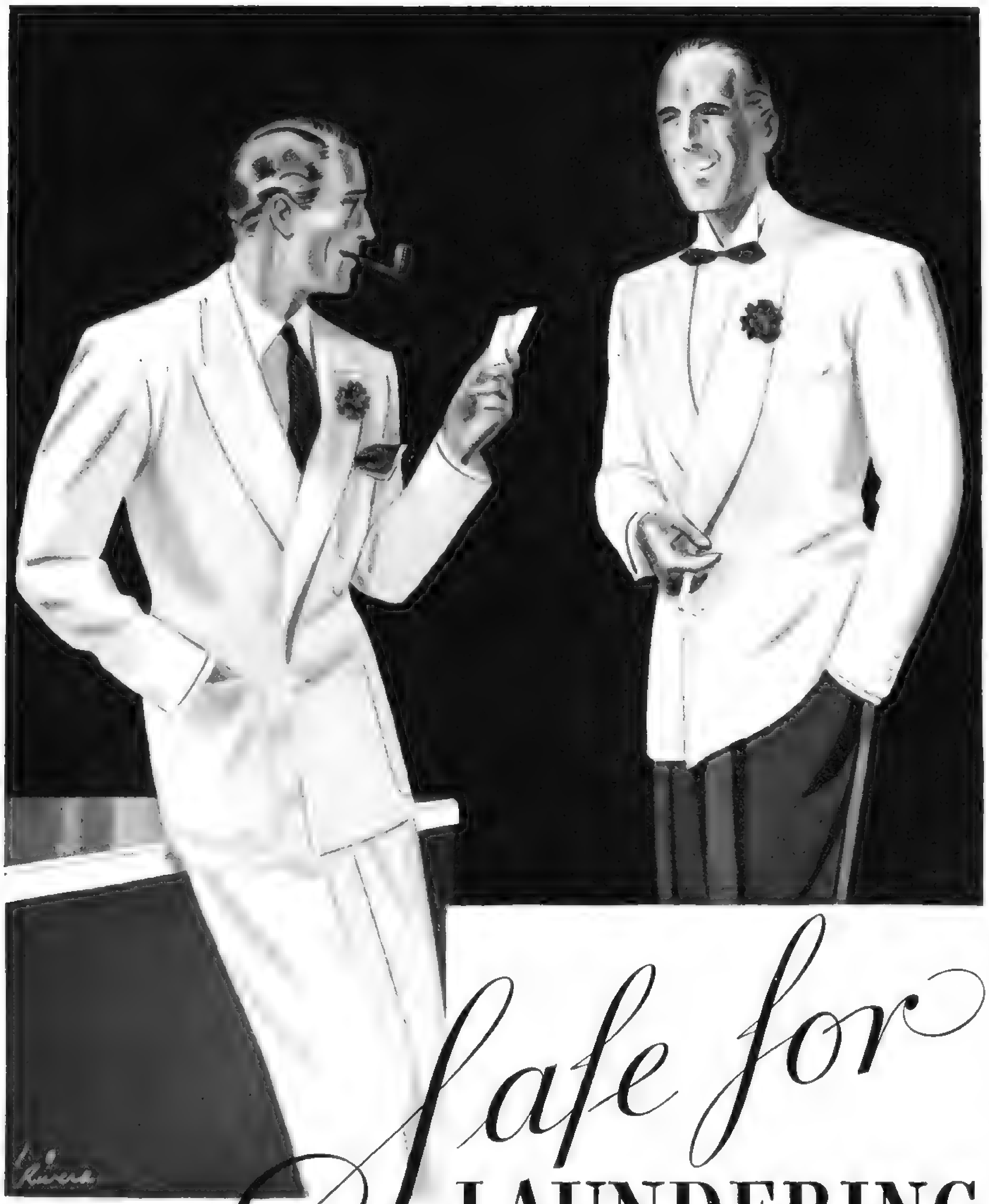

Safe for LAUNDERING

YOUR linen suit may have more style than the Prince of Wales and more sophistication than Walter Winchell, but if they both disappear in the wash, that nets you exactly nothing. Neither the prince nor Walter can go places in high water pants and pinch-me-quick coats.

Make sure your linen suits are safe for laundering. Look on the label for the word Sanforized-shrunk, sure sign that the linen was completely shrunk . . . Sanforized-shrunk . . . before it became a suit, that it has a sound heart of interlinings, Sanforized-shrunk, to protect and retain original crispness of coat front.

Linen suits labeled Sanforized-shrunk will not shrink out of fit. Be sure you find on the label the words Sanforized-Shrunk.

Sunny Craft Suits of Flaxguild* Linen Sanforized-shrunk with Krispun-K* Interlinings, Sanforized-shrunk. Approved by American Institute of Laundering.*

"Sunny Craft"
FLAXGUILD LINEN
KRISPUN-K INTERLINING
SANFORIZED SHRUNK
TAILORED BY
MEHRINGER

Sanforized-Shrunk

* Trade Mark

40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

a. d. Southern Style

Continued from page 25

swarm onto him and you are lucky to land more than the head and the skeleton. Sharks never hit a big marlin until he is tired or bleeding badly because the marlin carries something on his nose that sharks are afraid of. The tuna has no defence but his speed and, if the sharks are always with the school of tuna, getting one in without him being hit by shark is going to be a problem. To one absolutely ignorant of Bimini conditions it looks as though the solution would be to try to catch one at the start or at the tail end of the run when the sharks would not be as thick. But, of course, they may be there all the time. Anyway, two issues from now we will know.

Your correspondent is as ignorant of giant tuna as any man can be. Fifteen years ago he watched them jumping beautifully in Vigo Bay and saw, with wonder, one laid out on a slab in the fish market that weighed eight hundred pounds. That is his only contact with them. So if you are curious about them and want to know how they look, feel and act to someone who has never seen them, but is going to try very hard to catch one, your correspondent will try to tell you as exactly as possible. I have an idea they are going to be pretty exciting.

At Bimini we want to check up on the marlin before the run starts off Cuba and then fish the Cuban run in July and August. Working in Key West finishing a book these letters have, lately, lacked action. There is no quieter and less eventful life than that of a writer when he is working hard. If he is working as hard as he should everything goes into the writing. But toward the end of April we plan to clear the Pilar for Bimini, go up the Gulf Stream well out, to catch the force of the current the way the steamers do, and, when off Alligator Light, head her across the stream toward a new place where we've never been. Then, if we have any luck, there should be action for a few months and I will try to get some into these letters.

Vive La Legion!

Continued from page 89

The next morning we were ready to move in, and the Captain, a fine French-Norwegian chap by the name of Henri Fjord, realizing what a day we had ahead of us, readily gave us the time off. Well, what with hanging pictures, and dusting and putting books in the bookcases, you can imagine it was well past dusk when we were finally settled, and we were a pretty tired lot of fellows. But it was *home* to us and well worth all the trouble. We turned in early and slept soundly until the bugle blew reveille (awakening call) the next morning.

With much chaffing and banter we hurriedly took our showers, donned our uniforms and dashed out to the parade ground. There was an exciting parade that morning, a visiting circus I think, and after watching it we all went over to breakfast at the Portuguese Club. But there was work for busy hands to do and in a moment the desert air was filled with the silver notes of coup de trompette (trumpet call). Leaving our coup de fruit (fruit cup) we formed in line, and presented arms. I tell you it was a magnificent sight with our flags flying, our accoutrements glistening and our kepis waving in the breeze.

"Eyes right!" came the command. "No sir," I called out, "but I've corrected them with glasses." How the boys laughed at my sally and le commandant (the commandant) practically doubled up with laughter.

"Messieurs," announced le commandant (same), "today France expects every legionnaire to his duty."

"Vive la France," we shouted in unison.

At this point I think I should explain that for years the Legion has been fighting the Riff—as the natives of northern Morocco are called. There are two classes or castes of natives, the highest class or Riff, and the lower classes, or Riff-raff. They are good fighters, never waiting to engage the Legion—and on their war flags, is emblazoned the local motto, "Never put off to Morocco what you can do today."

So naturally I figured that we were going out to skirmish with the tribesmen and I said to the chap next me—"Riff waters ahead, I guess."

"I rather anticipate a sanguinary engagement of sorts," replied my companion, a Korean. So heads up, chins out and toes in, we stolidly awaited our orders.

"I hope you men are stolidly behind me," said le commandant.

"Vive la France," we shouted in unison.

"That's the spirit," replied le commandant, taking a pull at a bottle of Kummel. (We men drank a Kummel of a lower grade than the officers, called a Lieutenant-Kummel). "Hommes," (men) continued le commandant, "over that hill is waiting—" —he paused for dramatic effect— "—is waiting—le Pathé News!"

Not a man flinched. Le commandant looked at us affectionately. "I knew I could trust you," he said emotionally. "And remember this . . . Pathé has just come from West Point where they took their fifteen thousandth news reel of the cadets. Are we going to let those striplings* make better newsreels than the Legion?"

His appeal hit the mark. "Vive la France," we shouted in unison.

"And I don't mind telling you fellows," said le commandant, "that today's encounter is only in preparation for a *major* engagement next week."

But although we teased and teased he refused to be more explicit. "It's a surprise," he said in his bluff, hearty way, and with that enigmatic rejoinder we had to be *content* (content).

So with bands playing and a laugh on our lips we marched forth across the desert, not a man of us knowing whether he would come back in five minutes or an hour.

As we topped the rise we saw them ahead of us waiting. At the left a battery of sound trucks was drawn up, ready for action. At the right rows of glistening cameras were trained on the exact spot we would have to cross. It was a tense moment.

"Double quick time, march!" came the hoarse cry, le commandant having a slight cold. "Double quick time, march!" went the order down the line and in a second we were rushing across the blistering sands, bayonets raised and uttering fierce yells.

Old soldiers will tell you that at the moment of the charge, one forgets everything—home, family, wife and/or sweet-

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*Note: From the literary family of Striplings, best known of which is T. S. Stripling, author of *Teeftallow* and *The Shoppe*.

Continued on page 158

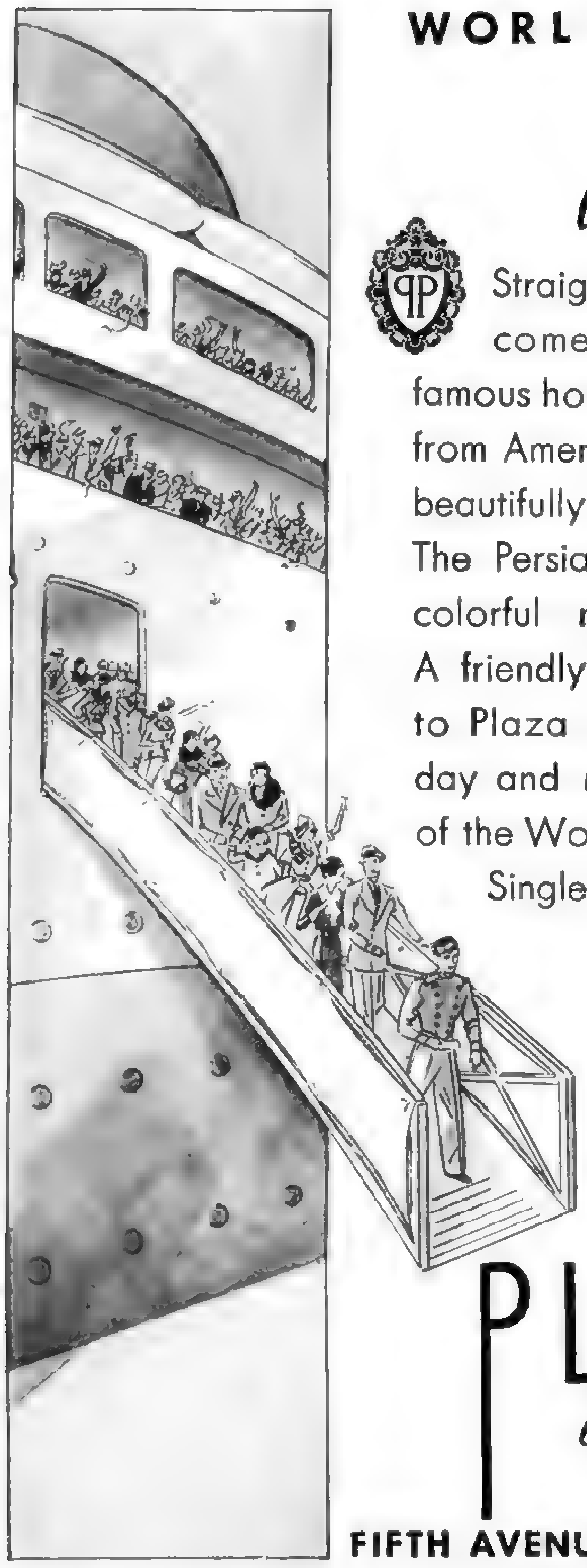
ALLIGATOR

Raincoats

"That's all you need to know about Raincoats."
Alligators are faultlessly styled and tailored in correct models for street wear and for every kind of sport wear. Made of Alligator's exclusive famous fabrics in smart colors. You'll be comfortable in an Alligator because they're roomy. They're light in weight. They give perfect wet-weather protection and keep you looking smartly dressed in any kind of weather.

Sold at all the better stores from $5.50 to $15.00

The Alligator Co., St. Louis, Mo.



WORLD TRAVELERS

Prefer the Plaza

Straight from the gangplanks of the great ships they come . . . direct to the Plaza. Year after year this famous hotel attracts guests of prominence from Europe . . . from America . . . from all parts of the world. Comfortable, beautifully furnished rooms offer a home-like welcome. The Persian Room is the toast of cosmopolites, with its colorful murals reminiscent of old Persian miniatures. A friendly service adds an extra touch of attractiveness to Plaza entertaining . . . No wonder then that every day and night the Plaza plays host to the "Who's Who of the World" . . . that every guest is "Proud of the Plaza."

Single rooms from $5. Double from $7. Suites from $10

Henry A. Rost, President
and Managing Director

The
PLAZA
New York

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET • FACING CENTRAL PARK

NO BLACKBALLS Not until its custom-made model had won its way unobtrusively into some of America's famous country clubs, was this handsome reproduction labeled "Crosby Square Authentic Fashion." Its traditional good form and English custom last at once say "London" to gentlemen everywhere—and their regard grows stronger after a few months' acquaintance.

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
$5 to $7

The free Crosby Square booklet, "Authentic Sports Shoes," describes these faithful reproductions of the world's finest custom-made shoes for the sports season. (Other Crosby Square Authentic Fashions are for walking, town, and dress.) Send your name to WALTER BOOTH SHOE COMPANY, Milwaukee, for your copy and dealer's name.

Name...Address...

Vive La Legion!

Continued from page 157

heart. I only know that as I plunged into the face of this barrage of lenses, I forgot the perspiration streaming down my face, I forgot the grime caused by the flying sand, I forgot that I allow only profiles to be taken of me, and with a superhuman effort I raced up to the largest camera, coming so close that I could actually feel the hot breath of the cameraman. As I was about to pass beyond the range of a close-up, the director sensing that there was no stopping me, shouted—"Cut!"

The spell was broken. The cameras ceased grinding, the operators fell back, and I dropped on the sands, spent. By the time I came to, I was at a first-aid dressing station and a Hindu legionnaire wearing a Red Cross brassard was pouring cognac down my throat. I did not open my eyes until the bottle was emptied. In a few minutes I closed them again and for eight hours I was unconscious.

When I awoke it was morning and the bugle was blowing the old familiar call. I put out a weak hand and tried to crawl out of bed, but le commandant was there before me. "Non, mon brave" (no, my brave) he said, "Today you stay here and recuperate." He had come over personally to see that I took care of myself!

"Did—did we succeed?" I queried. "Oui," (yes) he replied. "Ce Matin (this morning) I saw a pre-view, and without doubt they are the best Foreign Legion shots ever taken. As for you, mon garcon (my waiter) you were magnifique (magnificent). Not once did you get out of camera range and your voice-test was parfaitment (perfection).

I smiled wanly and raised my hand to the salute. "Pour la France," I said and fell back on the pillows.

Two days later I was myself encore (twice). Dressed in my best uniform, with freshly shaven face and a closely cropped moustache, I was about to drop over to a nearby oasis for a drink, when I heard the beat of drums and the tramp of feet in the barracks.

An orderly presented himself at the door. "With the compliments of le commandant," he said and handed me an order. On the order was a list of le commandant's compliments in which he said lots of nice things about me. It concluded with a request to present myself at once at assembly. So *that* was what I had heard!

Hastening down the stairs I entered the drill ground and as I did so the assembled troops presented arms and there was a loud ruffle on the drums. The ruffle was of bright red and it hung gaily around the edges of the drums, presenting a pretty picture.

"M'sieur," (m'ster) said le commandant, so that all could hear. "You will present myself before me." Wondering, I stood at attention. "For gallantry in action," he exclaimed, handed me a paper, kissed me on both cheeks, and saluted. In a daze I looked at the paper. It was a Pathé citation for bravery during service on location and promoted me from the ranks of the extras to bit parts! Ah—how we dined and wined that night!

The rest of my meteoric rise is well known to my public. How I fought my way through the news reels to a close up in a Newman Travel Talk and from travel talks to a Charley Chase Foreign Legion comedy. How Lubitsch saw me face the camera without a quiver and gave me the chevrons of a featured player. How finally I became the commandant of the Legion by playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in *Morocco.*

It is a story of hunger and of privation, of strife and of battle. The sleeves of my old faded tunic are covered with wound stripes representing major engagements with all the big movie companies and across one cheek is an ugly sabre cut received on a cafe set when Gary Cooper slipped during a duel scene.

Today I am retired on a pension from the Motion Picture Academy but still I relive the old days as an advisor to the motion picture industry for all Foreign Legion pictures. And ever and again, when the hot sands call, I go to the framed discharge which I received from Will Hays and reread it word for word, as follows:

Honorable Discharge
Major-General, Raymond Knight
from the
Foreign Legion de France
and
Paramour Pictures, Metro-Goldilocks-Minsky and Warner Freres

The above soldier is hereby honorably discharged from active duty with the rank of STAR. He is entitled to his own portable dressing room on all sets and first billings on all occasions.

MAJOR ENGAGEMENTS

BEAU GESTE, Directed by Lubitsch, and featuring John Gilbert, Ramon Navarro and Mae Murray.

* * *

THE 10 COMMANDANTS, Directed by Cecil B. De Mille, and featuring Mary Pickford, Laurel and Hardy and 52,000 extras.

* * *

MOROCCO, Directed by James Cruze, and featuring Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

FUN IN THE FOREIGN LEGION, Directed by Rouben Mamouliam, and featuring Greta Garbo, Greta Garbo and Greta Garbo.

CITATIONS

"There's a newcomer who appears in a bit in this cellular attraction by the name of Knight who steals the pic. Some wise flicker corp will grab this guy off by the time this rag is on the stands."
Abel (Variety).

"La Dietrich is at her top in this picture. Ray Knight is oke playing male lead opposite Marlene. Knight has plenty of attraction for the femmes and should prove big draw in the grind houses and nabe palaces." *Blackford (Billboard).*

"Raymond Knight is excellently cast as a titled Englishman who joins the Legion to save his younger brother from paying the penalty for a crime which he (the younger brother) committed." *N. Y. Times.*

"Raymond Knight broke all B. O. records at Grauman's Chinese last week in *Cold Steel and Hot Sands.*"
Motion Picture Exhibitors Herald.

"I can truthfully say that Raymond Knight, appearing at the Music Hall in *Fun in the Foreign Legion* has saved Radio City from bankruptcy." *John D. Rockefeller, Jr.*

FLORIDA PREVIEW OF
Shorline SWIMWEAR

New Swimwear Styles from the Riviera

Our European style scouts saw these new styles in swimwear just in time for us to get garments ready for the Florida season. They scored a sensational success at smart southern resorts—and soon they'll be available at leading men's wear stores everywhere.

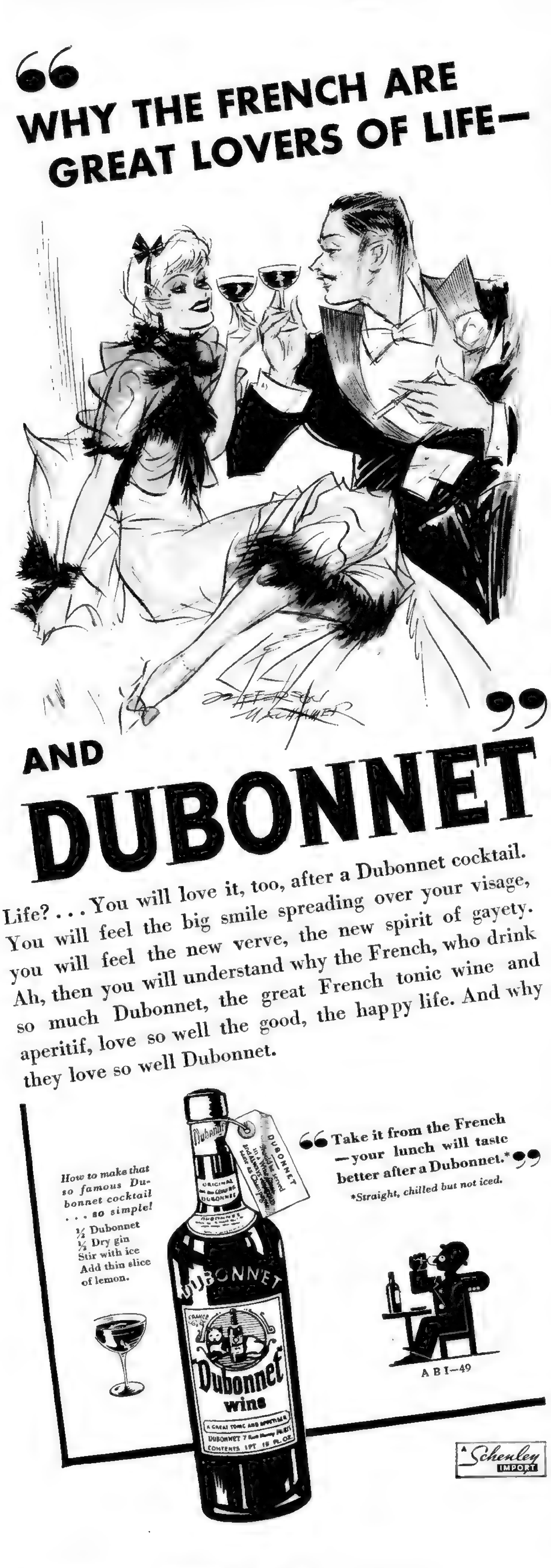
The "T" trunks (*pictured above, left*) are a brand new Continental idea. Knitted of fine snug-fitting wool, in black, maroon or navy. $1.00 and $1.50. Also new—the brief white trunks of corduroy-ribbed wool. Notice contour cut legs. All colors, with contrasting belt, $3.00 to $5.00.

The pleated swim shorts (*pictured right*) are tailored of pure wool flannel. Brown, maroon, navy and white, $3.50 to $5.00. Novel fabric belt, $1.00. The shirt is pure silk in a soft sand color, white or canary, $3.50.

These and many other exclusive Shorline Swimwear innovations are tailored exclusively by

WILSON BROTHERS • CHICAGO

also makers of V-Line Shirts—Buffer Hose—Nobelt Pajamas—Nobelt Super Shorts—Wilbro Neckwear—Skipper Sportwear


"WHY THE FRENCH ARE GREAT LOVERS OF LIFE—

AND DUBONNET"

Life? . . . You will love it, too, after a Dubonnet cocktail. You will feel the big smile spreading over your visage, you will feel the new verve, the new spirit of gayety. Ah, then you will understand why the French, who drink so much Dubonnet, the great French tonic wine and aperitif, love so well the good, the happy life. And why they love so well Dubonnet.

How to make that so famous Dubonnet cocktail . . . so simple!
½ Dubonnet
½ Dry gin
Stir with ice
Add thin slice of lemon.

"Take it from the French—your lunch will taste better after a Dubonnet.*"

*Straight, chilled but not iced.

A B I—49

A Schenley IMPORT

Shaggy's Morning

Continued from page 26

didn't come so I scratched on the screen and went in and howled a little at the Beard who gave me a head scratch. Presently I went to the door and there was the Brain, getting out of her moving room—I made a rush for her anyhow and put my nose in her hand and almost tripped her going upstairs. It was good to know she was home. She gave me dinner—the ground beef again and biscuit and milk and a good bone. I picked out the meat first; then I drank the milk and licked the biscuits but didn't eat them; then I polished my teeth on the bone and buried it shallow—I must have a hundred bones around here and I don't know why I save them. I never find them again unless accidentally, but I just can't stand leaving them around. Afterwards I started to go over and see my friend but there was nobody around except the little girl sitting in the swing and crying.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

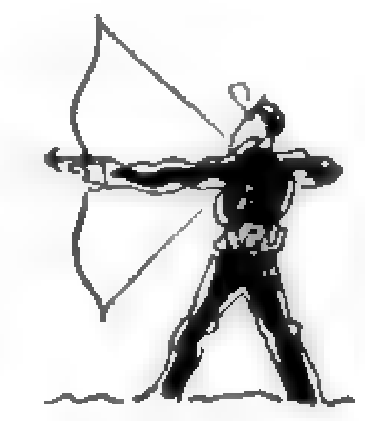
A FIND FOR DIOGENES

Just a short note.
No comment of any kind to make.
Just wanted to see my name in S&F.
That's all.

Cleveland, O. ARTHUR HENDERSON

APPLAUSE FROM AN ARCHER

Never before have I written to any magazine, newspaper, or congressman. In fact, I have always regarded it as a positive move suitable for retired colonels of the Poona Horse, or charter members of the League against anything than for country antique dealers. However, I am forced to break the habit of a lifetime and congratulate both ESQUIRE and Walter C. Martin for the grand article *Less Game and More Glory.* I was brought up with a gun in my hand, and still use a shot-gun both for hunting and skeet. In fact, when you get this letter I will be quail shooting in South Carolina—but—I never expect to use a rifle again unless I go to either India or Africa. Most of my hunting with the bow is for woodchuck—don't laugh—Captain Paul Curtis, former Arms and Ammunition editor of *Field and Stream* in his book *American Game Shooting* compares woodchuck hunting to stalking mountain sheep in the skill involved—but I know from personal experience that it is more fun to miss a deer with an arrow than to kill one with a rifle. Hunting with a bow, in comparison to hunting with a rifle, is about the same as dry-fly fishing and bait fishing.



Target archery is another game entirely. I think it is a good one, but I am compelled to realize that it appeals to the same type of mind that likes target shooting with firearms — the rather methodical person, of great concentration, cast iron nerve, who enjoys doing the same thing over and over again, making as few mistakes as possible and capitalizing on the other fellows. I know whereof I speak, for I have done a good bit of rifle shooting, am a member of the National Rifle Association, and take in every archery tournament I can get to, with varying results.

I have run on far too long. Thanks once again to ESQUIRE for publishing and Martin for writing an article worthy to stand alongside of the work of Maurice Thompson and Saxton Pope in the all too scant literature of the Bow.

Very truly yours,
Princeton, N. J. GEORGE BATTEN

WE STRING WITH HUMPTY-DUMPTY

In a letter published a year ago (June) I insisted that the fact that I read your (our?) magazine proved that I enjoyed it. This letter, *ipso facto,* proves that I am still reading ESQUIRE. Therefore I still enjoy it (perhaps more than ever). Q. E. D.

I am writing this letter in order to discuss the word "satire," but before I come to that I must say a few words in defense of Raymond Knight. In the first place Raymond Knight's defense of Raymond Knight on p. 12 of the April issue was a masterly piece of work. His writing that letter proves him to be a true humorist. Of course, I do not enjoy R. K. as much as R. K. enjoys himself but I do believe that he gives us clever nonsense, ingenious (if not ingenuous) humor, and hilarious comedy. *Vive le Knight!*

I chuckled when I noticed that his work was now labeled *Satire,* as well as all the other erstwhile so-called humor (you can imagine why), and I decided to write to you *asking for your definition of satire.* My chuckle increased in intensity when I observed in the space beneath the table of contents that you had anticipated that the request would be made, but contrary to your expectations I ask it "more in sorrow than in anger." However, perhaps I can help you to fix up the all-time all-elastic meaning which you say you will try to have for us.

I have much more on the subject but neither space nor time permits it. To the editor I simply have to say that it is not necessary for him to conform to every definition of satire found in the dictionaries and in literary works, nor to any particular one. It is merely necessary for him to state clearly his understanding of the word and the meaning to which he will confine himself in the use of the word and then to abide by what he says. Then let him remember the passage in *Through The Looking-Glass:* "'When I use a word,' Humpty-Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.'"

Sincerely,
Chicago, Ill. HENRY D. EPHRON

CHARACTER WITNESS

I just read a letter in *The Sound and Fury* of ESQUIRE for March, signed "E. O. C. C." That crack of ye Ed's about the bravery of the anonymous certainly hit the nail on the head.

I've been reading ESQUIRE for the past year and a half and I've not found anything in it yet that could be called actually objectionable and I don't expect to. If people like E. O. C. C. really want to put up a beef why don't they come out in the open and make themselves known?

That story by Clayton Knight *Scotch and Irish* is a pip. I got a good big grin out of Louis Paul's *The Friendly Spirit Must Triumph.* Can E. O. C. C. find anything objectionable in those stories? If so, why the bloomin' H— don't they—Aw, what's the use! Here's a long and prosperous life to ESQUIRE.

Sincerely,
San Francisco, Cal. EMMETT DAY

BRINGING HEAT TO HAVANA

Your promptness is certainly well appreciate, and you did had no trouble in finding your way to Havana, at least I received my March number of ESQUIRE here at Havana, fine and dandy. . . . And it got here just in time to help making the place hotter than what it has been during all this revolutionary fever season. Everyone of the lucky ones who had a chance to see the hottest spots, of you ESQUIRE, had lot to say about the interesting material.and entertainment found under the heat of your well combined way of pleasing. I am well sattisfied and hope that you extend my appreciation to the very smart girls, one from Chicago, Ill. and the other one from Austin, Texas, who had the great idea of presenting me with the most valuable gift that I have ever received, ESQUIRE. I am sure that both of this girls are two innocent more readers of you, maybe they do it prively or in some club, etc. and I wish that through *Sound and Fury* I will be able to thanks the two lovely young ladies who were so inteligent in finding such an interesting way to demonstrate their frienship acrost the ocean, to the man they once met at Havana, and that is only been posible, through the acuracy of ESQUIRE itself, in reaching to my door, disregarding the revolution, bombs, and excitement that by now, we are so well use to. Now, as a not very expert in what beauties are, I like to extend to your great city my compliments for having sent to Havana a girl, a real Chicago charm, who came here in one of the United Fruit Co. liners as a guess passenger, and who left in this city plenty admirers of a true sample of what a Chicago man should be proud and worried about. And as a part of the U. S. A., Austin, Texas, is entitle to another big hand for the beautiful senoritas that like from Chicago come, and who also are like this magazine, hot enought to make a fellow often trip. O. K. ESQUIRE. Tell that noise totsy friend of yours, and of my Chicago-Texas lovely friends, that, I want him to put the steamheat and the boiling point that is needed, to express to this two girls through ESQUIRE, and in your section *The Sound and the Fury*, my most sincerest GRACIAS, for their priceless and incomparable gift, ESQUIRE, which I think is one of the best magazines in the world FOR MEN, and as for the kind of introduction that I had to it, is enough evidence to think that there are plenty of others in the I Love U Sex, that like to read ESQUIRE too. Am I right? Well, is up to the girls to answer my question, so do your stuff, Margaret B. . . . And don't forget that if ESQUIRE means good temperature reading in Chicago and Texas, in Havana burns.

Havana, Cuba J. G. McLAIN

HOMAGE TO EZRA

I was interested, not to say intrigued, by Ezra Pound's article in the February number concerning our banking system and his statement to the effect that he would give the boys something to think about by suggesting that real values such as goods and services might be a good basis for a circulating medium.

Here in Portland, several of us have had a similar idea beginning about four years ago and for 16 months have been doing business on that basis.

The way we look at it is that money should be the primary circulating medium of exchange and measure of value, while credit should be the secondary medium with which most of our business is done.

Under the old system credit could only get into circulation on the basis of obligations payable primarily, solely and exclusively in money, of which there never is enough to meet the obligations at any one time, hence when just a few too many holders of the obligations demand payment in money the whole upside-down pyramid topples over and depression is upon us. This has happened many times and always for the same cause. The present system also makes the use of credit dependent upon the presence of money on deposit in sufficient volume or circulating at sufficient velocity to make all the credit used appear as though it was money.

Under the system we have started, credit is based on obligations payable primarily in goods or services and only secondarily in money. It does not require the presence of money on deposit to make it function. It requires no new laws or any government action. It does not jeopardize money on deposit anywhere. It is not just another way to get in debt but provides for automatic liquidation of credit used and makes a User's credit established an asset which he may use as long as he keeps it good.

We are organized on a national plan and are ready to establish units everywhere.

Portland, Ore. DON B. CARD

PRIVATE MAIL OF G. J. NATHAN

Please do me this favor. See that this gets to George Jean Nathan.

George Jean Nathan,
My good man,

While you patiently sit back and wait, may I present the theorem, which is substantially apparent to mothers, that little girls are more easily housebroken than little boys.

Just a lack-lustre female,
LORAINE H. KEENAN
Minneapolis, Minn.

MORE RUMPUS BY RUSSEK'S

As I've always said, if women didn't like the contents of ESQUIRE, there was no reason on earth why they should read it; and I personally have always skipped anything I thought might ruffle my feelings. But this March issue is too much. It's like having a date with a fascinatingly wicked man and then discovering that his mother, complete with white hair and knitting, is going along. Of course, I mean that ad of Russek's on page 17. Gee, Eskie, why did you have to do that? I'm not furious, you understand, just terribly hurt. I understand about the feminine frippery ads that were Christmas suggestions to mere men, but I can't think up any excuse for this one. Please don't do it again.

Well, as long as I'm writing, I might as well touch on a few other points.

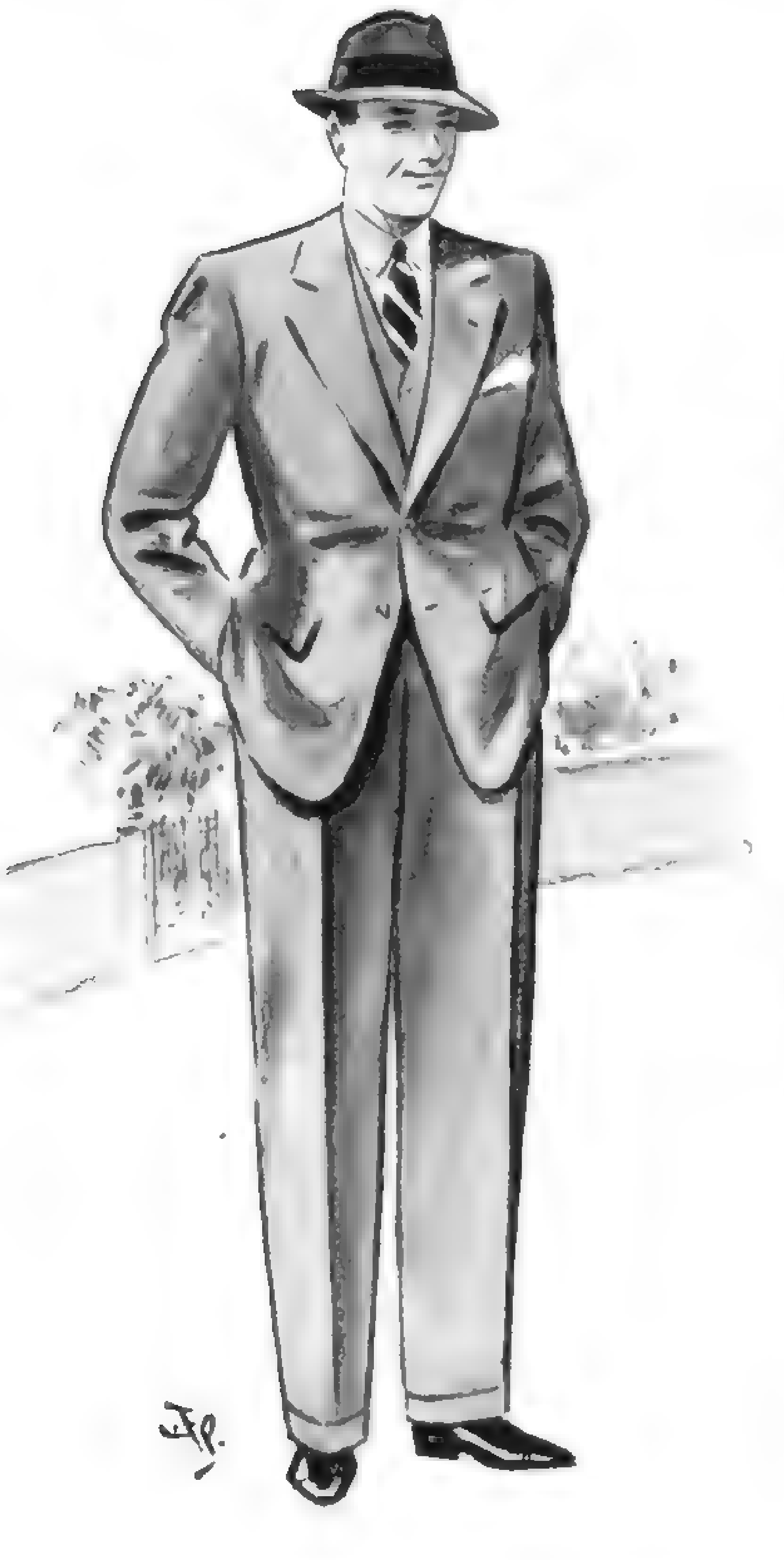
I like you, ESQUIRE. Not that I read you from cover to cover or anything like that. I accept you just as I accept all other men—concentrate on the things about you that I like and ignore the rest. Well, anyway, I did up to now. I like practically all your stories; your art work is swell (except that perpetrated by Hoff); and I like your system of labeling everything—sports, article, fiction, humor. Especially humor. I like to turn the pages very fast going past the humor in any magazine. And I never miss a word of *Sound and Fury.*

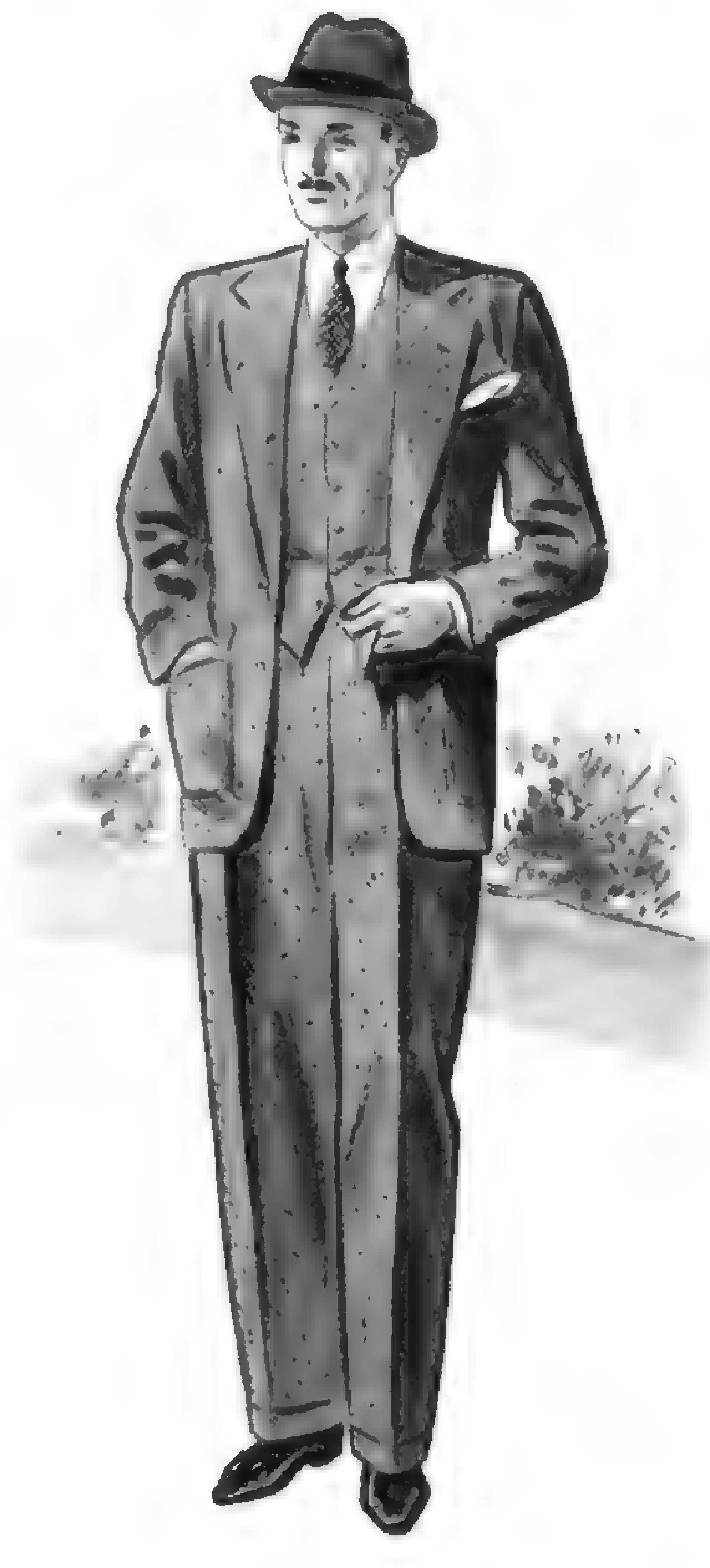
I did miss that article of George Jean Nathan's, though, about *Sweet Faces and Foul Minds.* But it couldn't have been as good as the storm it stirred up. I don't see why they protested so much—at least he gave us credit for sweet faces, which is considerably more credit than most of us will give each other. Thank you for that, Mr. Nathan.

Yours,
Chicago, Ill. EVE

P. S.—That's my name, not my opinion of myself.

Continued on page 162





Rogers Peet · Makers of Fine Clothes

TWEEDMOOR*

It has a peculiar twist

The fabric in a Rogers Peet Tweedmoor suit is of long fibre cheviot wool twisted tightly and woven into cloth that retains its smart style lines through hardest wear.

Tweedmoors grow old as slowly and gracefully as a true gentleman of good stock. They never lose their good looks.

And you will not find Tweedmoors with any but a Rogers Peet label, for it is our own fabric that grew out of years of experiments in Scotland.

Tweedmoors are $65 • Other Rogers Peet suits from $45 to $95

Rogers Peet Company

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

In New York: Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, Broadway at Liberty, Warren, 13th and 35th Streets *In Boston:* Tremont at Bromfield

JOHN DAVID
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
Fashions For Men

For Tennis

Now Every Man May Enjoy New Freedom And Comfort In The New

For Golf

JOHN DAVID
Nobutton Shirt $1.95
(PATENT PENDING)
WHITE OR BLUE OXFORD 3 FOR $5.75

John David has originated a new common-sense shirt. No buttons, no mechanical fasteners, no tricks! Smart looking, well-tailored, correctly fitting. No more annoyance from broken or missing buttons or frayed, torn buttonholes. Slip it over your head and it adjusts to your individual comfort. When wearing a tie, merely adjust the collar with the tie and that's all there is to it. Correct tailoring assures that the front opening will not gape or bulge. For active sports, it looks trim and neat worn open at the neck, because it's tailored that way, too. Half sleeves for utmost comfort. Mail orders filled promptly—use coupon below. COMPARE!

FOR POLO AND RIDING

FOR BOATING AND FISHING

AT COUNTRY CLUB WITH BOW TIE

FOR BUSINESS WEAR WITH FOUR-IN-HAND

JOHN DAVID 1271 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY
SEND ME ______ NOBUTTON SHIRTS
NECK SIZE WHITE ☐ BLUE ☐ ENCLOSED FIND CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐
NAME ______
STREET ______
CITY ______

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 161

BIOGRAPHY OF FOUR-BITS

I have only purchased two or three copies of ESQUIRE. Not that I haven't wanted to buy the magazine before but it so happens that I am married and have four children. As a result of this prolific breeding of little Pruyn's and then to get a bat in the ear by this here period of unnatural economic instability we have to watch the expenditure of each four bits. Maybe you know how it is; I hope not because it is damn tough.

Anyway, the first time I brought home a copy of the book my wife raised hell and wanted to know what I meant by spending all that money for a magazine when I could get a lot of other sheets at a nickel each. So far as I know the place where I bought the book doesn't allow for refunds so we had to keep it and try to get four bits worth out of it. One thing I must say is that my frau has a sense of humor. I read her the *Saroyan* article by Ernest Hemingway and she got a kick out of it. (She brought me home the next copy herself.)

Another unusual thing occured when my kids didn't ask me for ESQUIRE to cut pictures out of. Usually, two or three days after I bring home one of my nickel magazines the kids exercise their artistic urges by cutting out and otherwise improving on the pictures of these various magazines. ESQUIRE, because of the excellence of the paper and the excellent format has been characterized by the kids as "Daddy's good book" with the result that I still have the first issue in as good shape as the day I bought it. If you knew my gang you'd agree with me that the days of miracles are not passed.

Yours truly,
Hasbrouck Hts., N. J. ED. J. PRUYN

CHALLENGE TO RASCOE

I've just finished March ESQUIRE and must say it's improving with age. I believe ESQUIRE is over its awkward stage and has now emerged as a literary periodical of repute. Yet, I believe that you could achieve perfection, if you got rid of two things; namely, Messrs. Hoff and Knight. It's cartoons by Hoff and claptrap by Knight that make strong men weep, etc. If this duo are funny, I'll take vanilla. Won't you please promise to do something about them?

I would also like to know how Burton Rascoe can reconcile his panning of Thomas Wolfe, in the March issue, with his encomiums and verbal genuflexions in Wolfe's direction, in a recent book review of *Of Time and the River?* Why did Rascoe have to go out of his way to attack Wolfe, when he could have devoted his zeal to other more "deserving" writers? Wolfe, without a doubt, is the greatest living American author, and the whole bunch of Sinclair Lewises, Hemingways, Faulkners, Caldwells et al. pale into infinitesimal insignificance beside him. His keen, sheer love of life and America is an inspiration and regeneration in this hurly-burly world of despotic practicality, and its clichés of the Huey Longs, Hitlers, fascism, communism and other isms ad nauseam. He also made a senseless attack on John Strachey which is a paragon for intolerance and rancor, and in the final analysis, flatulence. The use of (what he no doubt thinks is a pungent and virile phrase) ". . . thick-skinned stupidity of the intellectual limey" is as disgusting a bit of petty name-calling as ever I've read. When Mr. Rascoe's microscopic cerebral powers can give birth to a *Look Homeward Angel*, or a *The Coming Struggle for Power* then he can stand on equal footing with men as far above him in mental capacity, as Cab Calloway is different from Toscanini.

Mr. George Jean Nathan's *The More Presentable Sex* is positively the most insipid bit of tripe that ever found its way into ESQUIRE. The article was absolutely senseless. Men wearing "uplift brassieres" indeed. May I ask for what? Something tells me that they had better dust off a cot in the Central Islip or Kings Park booby hatches, for surely the formerly eminent critic is going nuts.

Yours for a Hoffless and Knightless ESQUIRE,
Bronx, N. Y. City BEN FALKE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Careful, Ben, or you may have to go on a diet of your own words. Rascoe's novel is nearing completion—"the most famous novel never written" and the subject of insiders' whisperings over a far longer period, even, than the elephantine gestatory term of Wolfe's "Of Time and the River." Meanwhile, you might read Rascoe's review of the latter in this issue.*

WAITING IN LINE FOR MR. WEAVER

I

Will you tell me, someone who reads ESQUIRE infrequently but admires it in general, why you don't give ESQUIRE readers, even the infrequent ones, a competent dramatic critic?

I quite understand that ESQUIRE is a MAGAZINE FOR MEN. I have also heard it said many times, and implied oftener, that the world was made for MEN. Most of us, however, know that Woman was God's brilliant afterthought. And if you don't, there are, at any rate, quite a lot of us about. What I am trying to arrive at is an understanding with you. This understanding: That I take it you do not, did not, think that ESQUIRE would be read by MEN only, and that therefore you must be interested in what women think of it. In general. In particular.

With some of Mr. Weaver's nasal, adenoidal review of *Romeo and Juliet* I agree. Many members of the cast are, like Mr. Weaver, incompetent, distasteful. But even that doesn't make Mr. Weaver a dramatic critic or a competent reviewer.

I saw the play on Friday afternoon, the 22nd of February. I had, therefore, the misfortune, not to see Edith Evans as the Nurse.

I knew that I'd be made unhappy . . . worse than that . . . by Basil Rathbone's Romeo. I was.

I went, as a matter of fact, only to see Brian Aherne's Mercutio. I expected to be delighted, enchanted. I WAS. I went prepared not to like Miss Cornell's Juliet. I had one of the pleasantest disappointments I've ever experienced. I saw and heard Shakespeare's Juliet. Not the fusty, busty lady of tradition on the boards, but the living, romantic, tragic girl of Shakespeare's play . . . the girl who lived and loved and died of love in Verona.

Perhaps it is too much to expect what it is in Mr. Weaver that produces Mr. Weaver's particular IN AMERICAN manner of thought and unpalatable mode of expressing it to produce in him either an understanding of drama, of Shakespeare or an intelligent appreciation of the stunning interpretations given by Miss Cornell and Mr. Aherne.

I have quite done with Mr. Weaver, although, through you, I bite my thumb at him.

Yours sincerely,
New York, N. Y. GRACE ADAMS

II

I wonder whether you would do me a great favor. Will you search out Mr. Weaver (hiding, I fancy, in a dim corner of the Martin Beck Theatre), take him by the hand, and whisper cautiously that one theatre-goer in New York is overwhelmingly grateful for having found a kindred spirit and official sanction for her own slight nausea? I have heard many opinions concerning the present *Romeo and Juliet*, but in critical acuity Mr. Weaver's is second only to that of a little girl of eleven who, when the curtain went up on the first scene, observed with loud satisfaction: "I think we're going to like this better than 'Hot-Cha.' "

Long life and a medal for heroism to Mr. Weaver!

Very truly yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. VERA LIEBERT

III

Unfortunately, for me, ESQUIRE has not been edited perfectly for my taste; in spite of this, I find it interesting.

Now I am glad that I have not missed an issue for Johnnie Weaver, always good, has rung the bell with his delightfully-true summing-up of The Cornell's antics. In my opinion Katharine the Great Stuffed Chemise has only mediocre talent but has been astutely built-up until her performance is now the greatest of boob-catchers.

I congratulate you on your having published such a masterpiece of critical insight as Mr. Weaver's contribution. If Cornell will take Mr. W's remarks to heart, the gal may yet become an actress!

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. V VAN DER LINDE

IV

Here's four stars, or at least three cheers, for the intrepid way in which John Weaver stated his opinions of Miss Katharine Cornell's "Juliet." In cases of such extreme critical conformity—and all the other learned judges certainly did go for the lady in a big way—it is refreshing to find one critic who is not afraid to brave the raised eyebrows of his fellows, to say nothing of the collective foot, also raised, of the rest of us.

I do not happen to agree with Mr. Weaver, for to me this Juliet is vibrant, delightfully unhackneyed and altogether beautiful. But a break from the herd is a commendable thing, a break, that is, which is backed by such honest conviction and presented with such critical expertness. The minority we have always with us; let us be doubly thankful when it shows wit.

Yours truly,
New York, N.Y. ALEXANDER CLARK

V

Accept my sincere congratulations on Mr. J. V. A. Weaver's article *Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.* in your March number. His comments on the Cornell Ballyhoo are magnificent and may, if God is good, actually smash this stupid myth for a brief space and recall the American public to the fact that "the play's the thing." Incidentally if Mr. McClintic is trying to put the Movie Star stunt over on the theatre he has another think coming. It has been tried before and in the long run it cannot be done. To succeed on the boards you have to be an actor—or an actress. Looks and Blah won't do it. They only get by in Hollywood and among the scores of millions of Picture Fans, i.e. the glorified boobery.

I saw Ffrancon Davis play Elizabeth Barrett in London and recently I saw Norma Shearer in the same role. Another Cornell Wow! The supremely healthy and self-satisfied Norma played the part like a wiry trapeze-artist taking a few hours relaxation on a sickbed prior to the usual Smashing Hit—as Norma Shearer. And the public clapped the skin off their hands, as usual. What a performance! What an actress! Splendid! Gorgeous! Isn't she wonderful! Don't you just LOVE her? As they say in Limehouse, it was enough to make a strong man spit blood. . . .

Your position is indeed an enviable one. You can actually publish the Truth about stage-plays and motion-pictures without having advertisements cancelled by the producers. They do not advertise in your paper, and if necessary you can tell them all to go to Hell. Long may this state of things continue! And while it does, all intelligent men will read ESQUIRE if they want to know what is Good and Bad on the Stage and in the Pictures.

Sincerely Yours.
Mexico, D. F. F. W. MURRILL

REASONABLE REQUEST ANSWERED

I've read ESQUIRE off and on during the past year but it's only since February that I started taking ESQUIRE regularly.

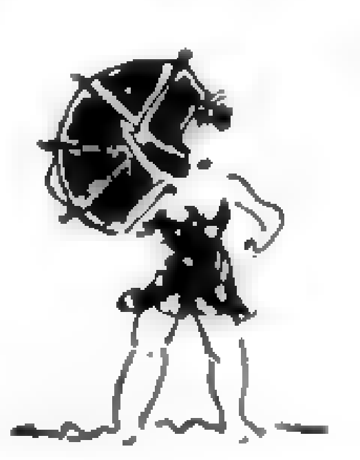
Now it seems that I've missed something for every other letter in *Sound and Fury* comments on this Carol of Santa Barbara. Who is she and what in all God's world did she write?

Please, Mr. Editor, set me right and answer telling what she did that caused such a fury. I feel as if I'm missing something.

Yours,
Taunton, Mass. DONALD L. RAVAUL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The incomparable Carol made her debut in the Sound and Fury for January. For over three months, letters to, for, against and about her have been received daily. A fractional percentage of these letters found their way into this department for February, March and April. Among them was the March letter from Canton, Ohio, signed simply "W. & M." and postscripted "We are a normal boy and girl." This one, in turn, was answered in April by A. B. Jackson of Cleveland whose letter was postscripted "We are an unnatural boy." The new reader is now brought up to date and, if he can't find a January* ESQUIRE, *may at least judge Carol's style by the following, her second appearance in the department that has practically been her domain for the past hundred days.*

CAROL CALLS AGAIN



Of course I got a kick out of the *Sound and Fury* for March. If only I could have had a come-back — but there is nothing to be said in defense of a woman who has deliberately made an ass of herself. So there you are. I can't even answer the letters—and how I'd love to. Especially the one from those dear little souls in Ohio—sitting amongst their tasselled drapes. But some of the others are much too near—I hope they don't pop in on us. They'd be so disillusioned. Just an old Gibson girl with fat legs! That picture of me under the orange tree — and the "urgent tassel" line — got them below the belt I'm afraid. If they only knew that I was a starry-eyed flapper when horses were in vogue.

And I saw Gaby Deslys when she was playing the New York Hippodrome—and worse and more of it—I was old enough to be taken to see Della Fox—in her prime—when she sang her famous *Babbling Brook* song—her heart-shaped bottom stuffed into a pair of white flannel trousers!

So long—Ging.
Santa Barbara, Cal. CAROL

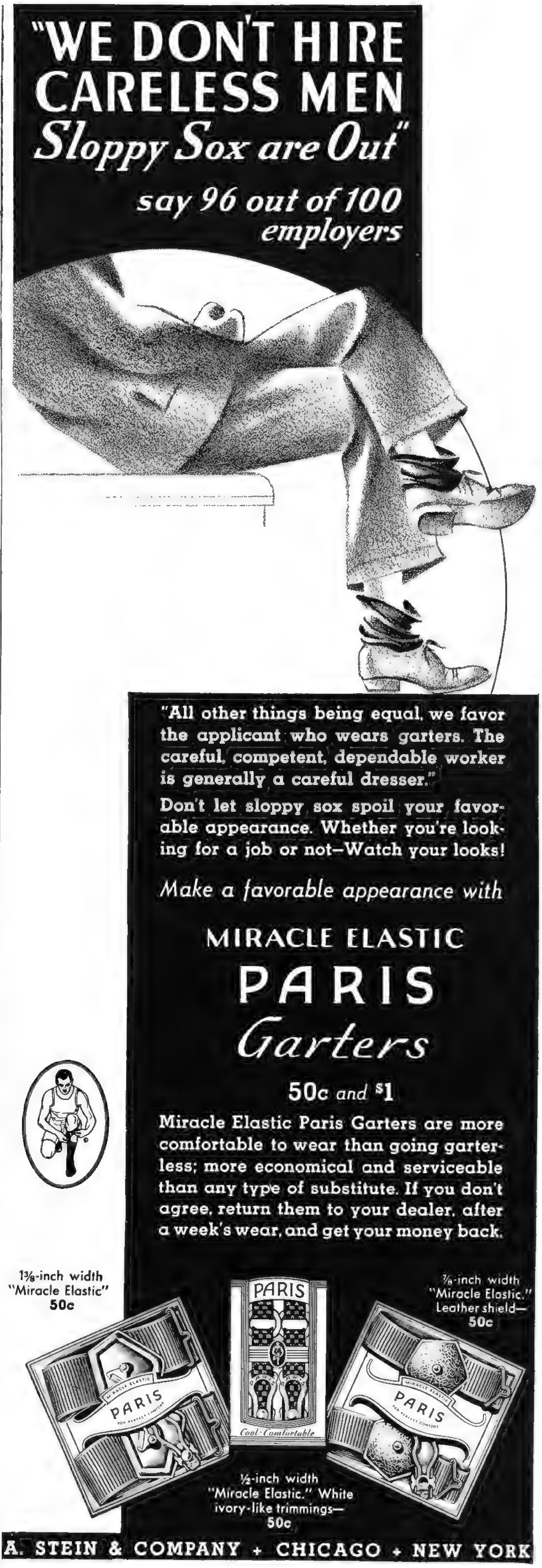
SOLO BY W. OF W. & M.

You can blame all this on A. B. Jackson from Cleveland, Ohio. Plant one seed of encouragement in a person's mind and they fall—hook, line, and sinker. Yes, you have guessed it. I'm the female half of the "W. & M." from Canton, Ohio. I hadn't intended writing again, but after his grain of encouragement I come bouncing back like a rubber ball.

But to get on with my story—how can anyone stand around, with his bare face hanging out, and find fault with this mag for men? It's gigantic, tremendous, positively mediocre (apologies to Schnoz. Durante). But nevertheless, grand as it is, some of the letters in "The Noise and the Rage" get in my hair.

First came Carol from California. I've answered her already so will lay off. Now comes Barbara Jean from Colorado. She is twenty-three and looks like Myrna Loy. I would tell you what I look like but I don't want this department to sound like a "Mat-

Continued on page 164



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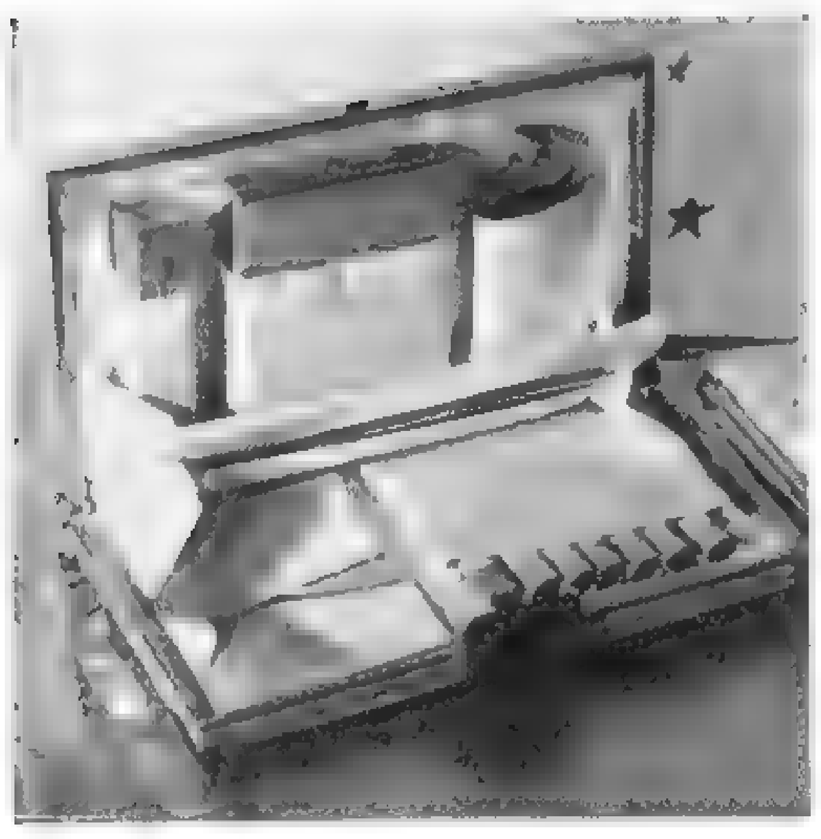

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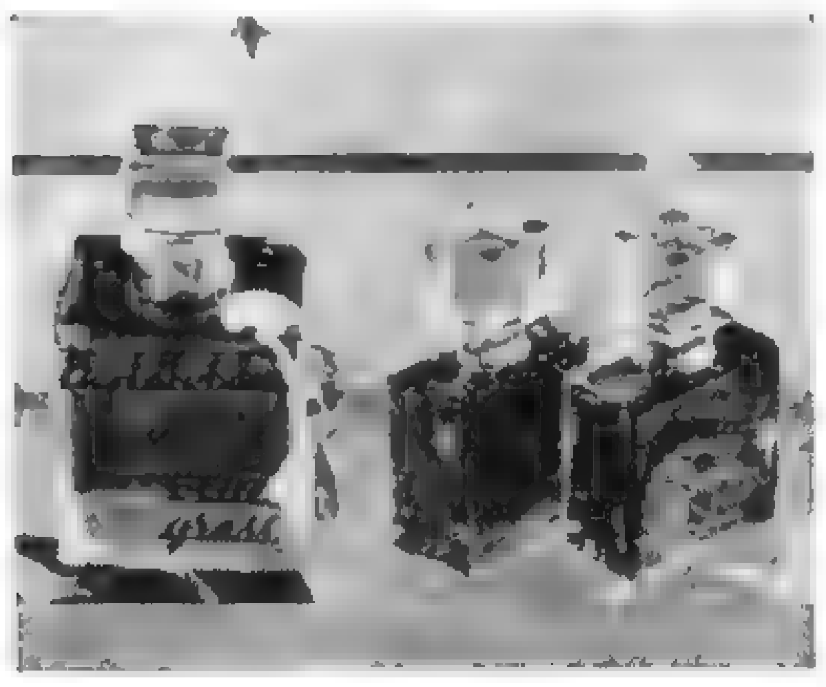

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Party Bag. Her choice for late afternoon and evening. Fitted with all the feminine foibles that not-so-long ago bulged *your* pockets: Elizabeth Arden's jeweled compact and lipstick, prystal evening comb, coin purse, cigarette niche and Blue Grass Perfume. Choose the Party Bag in a spring fabric that complements her new love of a gown. Or, if you're a victim of masculine doubt, gold or silver kid will be a match for her Regency flats.

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Blue Grass. The scent of the season, as every woman knows. Miss Arden's newest perfume from Paris is as exhilarating as the chase . . . yet subtle enough to be a joy in proximity. A fresh, woodsy fragrance that most men associate with beautiful women. Give her Blue Grass and she'll bless the day she met you.

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 163

trimonial Bureau." I'm beginning to think it can't truly be the girls—it must be the air they were raised in. Way over here in Ohio we empty our garbage pails once a week. It might make a difference.

And now, a feeble suggestion for "Eskie's" cover. How about splattering it up with a picture of one of these horrible things with a sweet face and a foul mind? That would cover all the requirements you printed so plainly on page 11 of the April issue. It would be different inasmuch as other mags have had "sweet face covers," but they have never concentrated on the foul minds. It would be readily recognizable—children would be frightened to death, and the average man would turn away nauseated at the sight. But I still think that the little guy should stay put, as he is a pretty good specimen of the average, intelligent man.

And finally, as I sit here banging my typewriter, with all my teeth in my mouth, I remember two things I would love to do. First, cut off that hunk of hair that is plastered on Hitler's forehead; and second, buy "Eskie" for 25c. Both are impossible, so I'll continue to gnash my teeth at every picture of the former and lay down my 50c (plus tax) on any grimy drug-store counter for Esquire.

But my feet are getting cold now, so I guess I'll hop in bed. Goodnight and

Gobs of love from,
Canton, O. "W." or Betty

P. S.—Am sending a few posies to Petty, Webb, and Irving; a large bouquet of stinkweed to Nathan for *Sweet Faces and Foul Minds.* How about passing the hat and sending the poor boy to some "College for Experience?" He could at least take up space.

TESTIMONIAL OF A PETTY PUPIL

God only knows how I've tried to keep from writing this letter, but the mood has again crept up on me and can no longer be denied. Six months ago, I was a be-spectacled, paintless, homely, hard-working girl, whose office was a place that was absolutely ignored unless necessity compelled some unwilling man to enter. I don't think I had B. O. I don't even think I had Halitosis. And I know I didn't have the slightest degree of sex appeal. Even if I had had those things, no one cared enough to bother to find out. And then, I started, as a revolutionary measure, to read Esquire. (God bless it.) One mere glance at Petty's cartoon of the personification of feminine sexual allure and I knew where I had slipped—or to be more specific, why I hadn't. So I installed a couple of magazine stands containing the old and new copies of Esquire, tacked up a couple of immoral pictures on the wall, and proceeded in my modest way to "find out what it was all about." It wasn't hard. I tossed discretion, eye-glasses, brassieres and virtue to the winds, and adopted the "dangerous, modern way of life." And have I had fun! It is true that I'm in serious danger of losing my job almost any time, but believe you me, it was worth it. And still is.

Darling Editor, you can't imagine the thrill of putting your feet up on a desk and exhibiting several inches of white thigh when previously you have kept your feet on the floor. It still is a thrill to have a man look at me as if he wanted to instead of as if I were a necessary evil the Supreme Diety had planted on this earth to remind him of his sins.

In six months I have received a line of education which if transferred into correspondence courses would make every college close its doors. (The men around this neck of the woods aren't half-bad, if you get what I mean.) Referring again to Petty, and following the example set by his model, I adopted a diaphanous robe of the kind she wears. But I had to discard it except for home use—the effect in the office was disastrous. As I remarked before, I probably will lose my job 'most any time now, but I still say it was worth it. There are hundreds of positions open for me now.

I read Balzac, Rabelais, de Maupassant and la Fontaine, and learned the fundamentals. I read Esquire and found out all the details. Indirectly, of course. . . .

My best wishes for your continued success, and may I write again? There is no telling what might develop from this.

Adolescently
Riverhead, N. Y. Grace Evans

DOUGH OF DEAR OLD MAINE

The time; in the vicinity of ten o'clock, Saturday evening, March 16th, 1935, the scene; an easy chair, radio, a bottle of beer, and Esquire.

As the curtain rises we see our hero seated in the easy chair, glass of beer at his elbow, and a contented expression on his pan as he wades through your monthly literary effort.

Suddenly he leaps to his feet with a howl of rage, upsetting his beer and hurling your masterpiece into a far corner. What can be the cause of this ungentlemanly conduct?

Well, sir, it was that article captioned *Breakfasts.*

There I was, happy, as any mortal has right to be, until I came to page 178. And there before my eyes was a gross insult to my native state and to the cooking ability of her fine women.

Now, Mr. Ficke, I'll have you understand that Maine biscuits are not "merely warmed dough." They are an article of food that cannot be surpassed on the face of this old globe.

They come from the oven golden brown on top and bottom, light as a feather, and as tasty as ambrosia. One breaks the biscuit in halves and places tabs of butter on each piece, where the butter quickly melts. And there you have a luscious morsel worthy of the gods.

If Mr. Ficke cares to send me his address I'll see that some real Maine biscuits are sent to him and I'll wager that even cold he'll find them delicious. Better still if he will cut them in halves and toast them he'll discover that he has been sadly misinformed on the subject.

I'm wondering if Mr. Ficke has ever been in Maine and if so where did he eat the biscuits of which he writes? In a jail?

To get away from biscuits, Mr. Editor, just how many copies of Esquire have been published to date? When was the first issue? Have you back numbers for sale? I have quite a few copies and would like to make my file complete.

In closing I must admit that you have an excellent magazine, though like all mortals you make mistakes and no doubt the 15th of each month will continue to find me four bits poorer.

Yours truly,
Philip G. Stanchfield
Reading, Pa.

REBUKE FOR RUDENESS

Not content with swatting the great Cornell when she is bending over, John V. A. Weaver has ventured on a kind of rudeness that should not go unrebuked. After all, he has seen Cornell's Ba and Cornell's Juliet, and if he doesn't like them, we can have no quarrel with him. But he has not seen her production of John van Druten's *Flowers of the Forest* (if I remember its name correctly) and I call it distinctly not cricket to damn it as a flop sight unseen (p. 142 in

Spring fever?

Come to

THE GREENBRIER

When a bad attack of spring fever lays you low, take your medicine like a man. Pack your golf clubs and hie yourself to White Sulphur. Bask in the sun. Watch golfers drive off the famous first tee of the Old White Course. Get acquainted with the Baths. Their health-giving waters rank the White Sulphur "Cure" with the famous European spas of Nauheim, Aix and Vichy. You won't feel listless very long. In a day or so you'll want to break par. You'll want to try the fast clay courts. You'll want to follow the mountain bridle trails to Lookout Point. Feel better just thinking about it? You'll feel like a new man at the end of your spring vacation.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS
West Virginia
THE GREENBRIER and COTTAGES
L. R. Johnston, General Manager

the April issue.) Van Druten did give us *Young Woodley*, and *The Distaff Side* was not exactly a total failure, whatever Mr. Weaver thinks of the author.

A pox on Meyer Levin. You ought to fire him and hire me. I think I know a lot about movies.

But if you don't care to consider that suggestion seriously, I have one which you may think more practical. I had thought that after sixteen months of diligent effort on your part the moralists had wearied of the chase. But here and there an isolated letter shows that there are some who fly for cover whenever sex rears its pretty tousled head. Then they sit back and refer to themselves complacently as "decent" and "respectable" without ever bothering to make sure of the meaning of the terms. All this is very irritating to one who feels that nothing is bad which is good of its kind; that there is no harm in ideas; that anything may be written about with propriety. So, since you are not getting so many *honi soit* letters, why don't you save them up and print them from time to time under the late lamented heading, humor?

Lastly, allow me to add my stamp's-worth to your ever-growing store of kudos. One can always gauge the attitude or personality of a magazine at a more or less cursory appraisal. It should be immediately apparent that that of Esquire is intelligent and likeable, and its information reliable, like those of a well-bred, well-educated person. And whether or not I like your stories, or agree with your critics, or am interested in your articles, or amused by your cartoons, I find your monthly visit a treat I should hate to forego.

Sincerely,
Berkeley, Calif. Albert Andross

NATURE IN ESQUIRE IS NEVER RAW

That April issue, in the judgment of our office intelligentsia, should have been labeled the All Sex Issue. This is the first time that we, the erotic triumvirate of our fair city, have ever taken our collective pens in hand to register a combined protest against what we consider a super-abundance of sensualism.

Now we can usually forgive a good deal in the pornographic line, but the issue in question was decidedly in question, if you get what we mean—sort of a play on words—heh-heh-heh.

Understand now, we really go for a pair of bare breasts and sometimes even a couple of pair, but that voluptuous array of bosoms peeping shyly and staring boldly from nearly every section of that double page cartoon with a cutline that they—the possessors of the bosoms—should be delivered to the trade entrance, was a little too much on the idea of the outhouse variety of humor.

In fact, we are willing to wager that that work of art is probably now detracting to the interior decorative scheme of 100,000 American and Canadian places where people sit and think.

Now if this is the goal of Esquire, all well and good, but we have faith enough in you to believe that you aspire to higher things for your magazine.

And to make matters worse those breasts, according to our office sensualist, never adorned any woman's chest, which is our way of thinking, also. In fact just to show you how bad that picture was in our estimation, we spent most of the time looking at the elephants, or what could be seen of them.

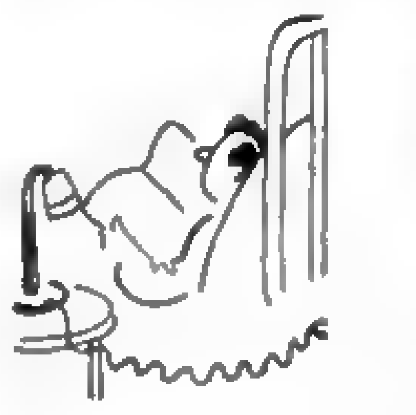
As for that picture by Petty, showing a bloated blonde staring at us from one of the pages in the April issue—well, that was the pay off. And those ridiculous lines, an alleged caption, we believe you intended it to be, "You Would—Would You?" Would what? Why, she looked like something straight from the d t's, and, believe us, dear sirs, that's no lie.

If we must have languid ladies on every other page or so, for goodness's sake, don't have your artists be so darn coy. Let's have 'em in the raw. (Note that we have used neither damn nor hell in this letter, as everyone else who writes in, does. That ought to rate the top of the page for us.)

Humphrey Owen, Lynn, Mass.
Paul Neal, Saugus, Mass.
Ernest Beliveau, Wakefield, Mass.
(Newspapermen all)

RITUAL FOR BED-READING

Almost every contributor to your generous S. & F. injects his personal experience with Esquire and then thunders majestically into the motivating influence that inspires the rhetorical gems that pour in on your overloaded desks. I will spare you that small bore.



I shall not tell you that I've read all sixteen issues, or that your editorial policy is bilious and instigated by bureaucratic skullduggery. If I thought it was I would read some other magazine. If you see fit to classify certain articles as "Humor," I consider it none of my business to question your interpretation of the word. My method is to read the article and if its humor seems grotesque or indelicate, I pass it up for something serious and resurrect my own imp. But why get all frothy and tell you the author is a numbskull? Could be the reader, couldn't it?

Some readers believe in the platitude, "Kick, it pays." Some are like the idiot who says upon every occasion, "No, I don't like it. If it was good I wouldn't like it, and whatever it is, I'm against it." So you go on and complete your "tentative wriggles" and turn over. If your editorial policy has any earmarks of charming cussedness, go on and deliver some uncivilized whoops for [illegible] and shake hands with your bankers or backers. I only wish I could sell you the fifteen carloads of paper necessary for each issue.

Will you kindly publish or send to your complimentary correspondent reader, Charles S. Cohn, Arlington, Oregon, this explanation of how to adjust his bed light so he will get the full page effect he has been missing?

First, Mr. Cohn, the bed is the last place in which one should read Esquire. It is best at one's desk, but for continued reading in bed, I use a goose-necked lamp, placing it on a *low* table so that the light is beyond and slightly below my face and a foot or so from the open page. *Never* behind or above the head. (I hope the staff artist will understand and sketch for you the correct position of lamp.) My own sketch was accomplished with much agony and arm cramps, and looks it. Yours for better placement of bedside lights and the Esquire conception of what constitutes an all-around magazine of distinction and consuming interest to "the more presentable sex."

Sincerely,
San Antonio, Texas A. L. Rooney

OPEN LETTER TO LOUIS PAUL

Well, Mr. Paul you are made. Now you are one of the names. You are no longer one of us. You won't have to worry about your stories. They will be accepted. Sure. You got a price. Your novel will make good. You will be one of the best of American writers.

You can write such bunk like the *Sentimental Story* and editors will take it and like it.

You'll say: That guy is envious. And you are right Mr. Paul. I envy you. You are the one that reached the goal. And the other 99 mutter to themselves "Non cuivi homini contingit adire Corinthum." Or perhaps they just mutter go to hell. And hope to find a job damned soon.

H. E. Kopmann
Burdeos 36, altos 6. Mexico D. F.

Continued at top of page 166

Swank Flex
PATENTED

Exacting men prefer Swank Jewelry Accessories—for style—for quality.

Swank Flex

Conforms naturally to the contour of smart collars. Gives that modern touch to a man's appearance. 50c—$1—up.

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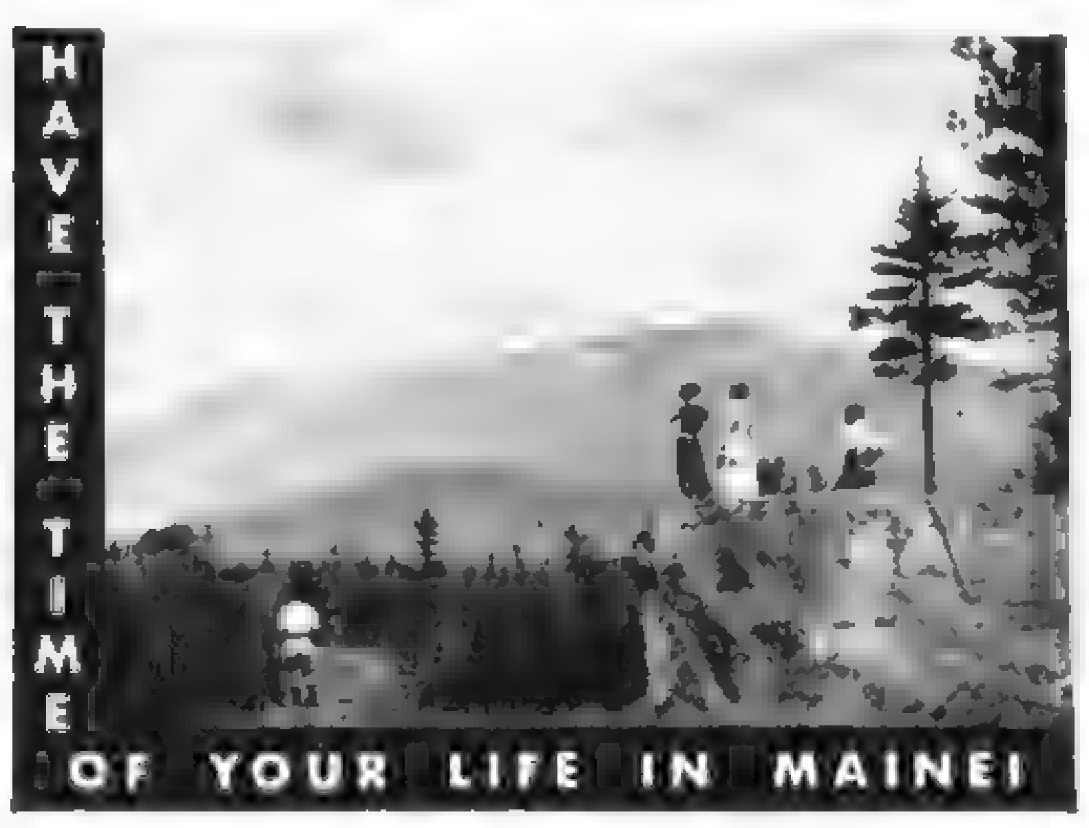
DOWN in Maine, Tuna are "Horse Mackerel". . . and they're packed with horse - power! Running from 200 to 1000 pounds, Maine's Tuna are always moving fast when they strike!

You'll probably need some of your heaviest tackle this Summer, if you plan to tackle Maine's Tuna. . . . A large reel, a hickory or split-bamboo rod, a butt-socket, shoulder-harness, and a heavy gaff. Or you might do as many are doing, and take them with a harpoon!

Of course, you can fish for more than Tuna in Maine. Mackerel and pollock are taken with a fly. And inland, you'll find *more than one-half the trout-waters of the Eastern United States!* Every year, 17 million fish — salmon, trout, and togue (mostly "keepers") are released in Maine's waters!

There is *everything* for *every one* in Maine — a vast and varied vacation state! . . . 22,000 miles of fine, picturesque motor-roads . . . golf, tennis, riding, hiking, canoeing, and camping. Wilderness next door to civilization. Mighty mountains, hard sandy beaches . . . swimming and yachting in fresh and salt water. Luxurious hotels and sporting camps as well as modest, comfortable accommodations no matter where you go. Come to Maine this Summer! Mail the coupon now.



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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 165

THREE MONTHS TO GO

'Tis not often that I am impelled to write to a magazine either in praise thereof or more commonly in disgust therewith, but you have stirred a certain emotional depth such as no magazine has ever before succeeded in doing. A man's magazine which is not completely censorable is indeed a novelty, but please for the sake of us worthy subscribers don't permit women to trespass into any department aside from *The Sound and Fury.* 'Twould emasculate the book to a terrifying degree. A woman trying to be masculine is one of God's sorriest creatures.

I haven't subscribed to your good book yet, but buy it from the newsstand. I am one of those cautious creatures to whom 8 bucks for two years of Esky will be quite an investment. If the magazine lasts for three more months I might be persuaded to part with the necessary 8 bucks.

Two suggestions. Don't you dare take that peculiar little man off the cover. He is certainly the most distinguished looking cuss I have seen in many a year. Probably some queer ducks among your readers can't stand the sight of something really good. Keep up the high quality of your cartoons and we will become one of the biggest boosters of your swell book.

Best of luck,
New York, N.Y. HAL R. HOFFMAN

Spooks and Tickers

Continued from page 33

However, since panics are seldom over in one day, the nearest Friday is seized upon for the legend as the chief day of woe.

When Friday falls on the thirteenth of a month, it is an especially bad day, fraught with unspeakable dangers. In 1925, a stockholder begged the directors of Southern Pacific not to declare an increased dividend on Friday, February the 13th, for, he warned, "raising the dividend on that day might prove disastrous." In his letter, the stockholder assured the directors that he was not unduly superstitious, yet he would not go around smashing mirrors to see if forty years of bad luck would follow. "I would like a larger dividend, naturally," he penned, "but would urge postponing the meeting a day or two if necessary to declare it." The directors read the letter, but, just the same, they declared the dividend on Friday the Thirteenth. However, in a way, they may have been influenced by the stockholder's argument, for the dividend they declared was of the regular, unincreased, six per cent variety.

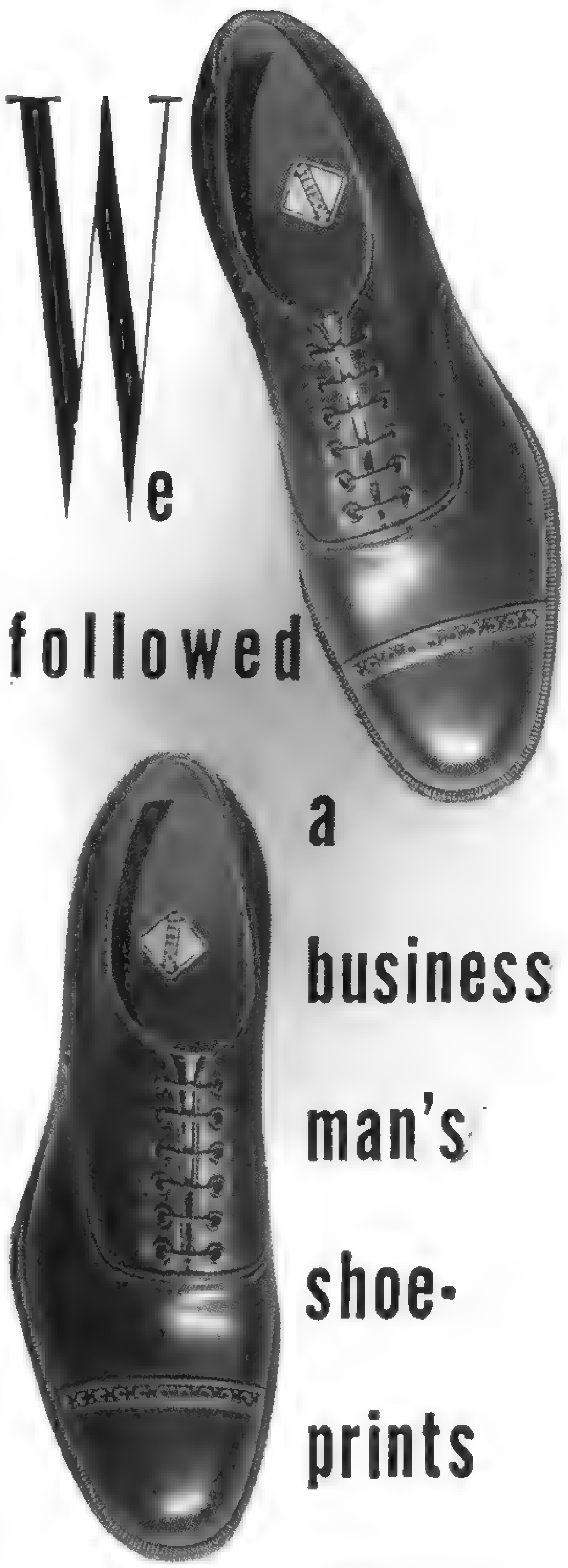
There is nothing new under the moon, whether we look at it over our right shoulder or left. The superstitions of Wall Street, whatever their peculiar variations, are old beliefs of man everywhere. So with number thirteen.

Some of the great banking skyscrapers in Wall Street have no thirteenth floors. The twelfth story is followed by 12A or 14. A New Yorker, suffering heavy losses in Wall Street, tried to change his luck by moving his family from an apartment on the thirteenth floor to an identical apartment on the floor above. That 13 is a bad number for the Street was proved by a clever citizen who traced all the financial panics to the years the sum total of whose digits equaled the "devil's dozen." There was a panic in 1903 (=13), he recalled, and in 1912 (=13) as well as in 1921 (=13) and 1930 (=13). Some sceptics pointed out that the latest panic started in 1929 (=21) and not 1930, but the citizen sidetracked the flaw by declaring that anyway no more panics were scheduled to harass Wall Street and its vassals until 2029 (=13), which year is almost a century off and not likely to worry even our children, less ourselves.

Dealing in figures, the Street unavoidably comes to view these very same figures in a mystic light. Not long ago, in the dull weeks of late spring and early summer trading, the members noticed with frank pleasure and hope that the opening gong of the Exchange sounded not four times, as usual, but seven.

Seven is a lucky number. It is especially fortunate when it comes together with eleven, as gentlemen of the dice-throwing fraternity must know. In the Empire State Building, according to its managers, Room 711 brings from two to three hundred dollars more annual rent than rooms of the same type and conveniences in the same building. In Wall Street, more so than elsewhere, traders seek numbers seven and eleven when they go office space shopping.

Similarly, when number-badges are issued to the Exchange members, they scheme to obtain such numbers as would add up to seven or eleven, or some other pet number, and would not add up to, or end in, thirteen. "Lucky" numbers are also used in their stock-trading, and many and wondrous are the methods. One self-styled economist-statistician uses in his predictions and gambles a weird method which he calls Master Time Element, a jumble of "infallible" figures resembling the mathematical incantations used by certain amateurish gentlemen to break the Monte Carlo bank. Another Wall Street thinker has several sets of mystic figures which, he says, once reached by certain stocks, act as stopping agents, causing rallies and other welcome reactions. Still another trader assures those who are interested that he employs a numerological combination of the Cabala, physics, and Professor Einstein's theory of relativity. He trades for other people mostly, collecting from twenty to twenty-five per cent of profits, but paying nothing of the losses. Yet other Wall Street mystics use gambling systems based on multiples of seven; or of fourteen, which is twice seven; or of thirteen, a jinx number, to be sure, but used here as the magic of defiance.



FEET that rest beneath a mahogany desk, or pace a board room, need the best a fine shoe can offer. Stetson Shoe 1035, a brown calf oxford (in black, 1034), combines distinction with thorough-going comfort. Young men in search of simplicity admire its slender, modeled lines. There are many other Stetson patterns for business, college, and sports wear, reasonably priced. . . . Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

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STETSON SHOES

50 *years of fine shoemaking—this year the finest.* 1885 - 1935

A celebrated member of the Exchange relies upon his automobile plates. Every year he arranges for such license numbers as would add up to a certain figure which he considers a good omen for himself. Some traders can think of no lucky numbers by themselves, and so they repair to the shrines of those newfangled magicians, the numerologists.

As you may know, numerologists are the gentry who insist that your character, personality and financial success are determined by the vibrations of your inner, "insensible" number. If you play the stocks badly it may be because your inner number is ill adjusted to the numerological sum of the letters in your name. Plainly, the two sums do not vibrate in harmony. You have to change your name. Your numerologist is your doctor; for a fat fee he will determine your number, and find a better name for you. It is a matter of court record that at least one Wall Street broker changed his name in this manner after the disasters of 1929 and 1930. His favorite numerologist found a luckier name for him, and the nearest judge solemnly legalized it. Unfortunately, it remains unknown whether the new name brought him any bullier profits.

But if your name, old or new, has proved to be lucky, you must use it unsparingly on every occasion, to show that you appreciate it for the good non-hexed thing that it is. You stick to it as gratefully as you would to a luck-bringing shirt. Thus, a well-known specialist on the Exchange deals only in a certain liquor stock whose initials coincide with his own.

The name-change-prescribing numerologists are by no means the only medicine men to do business with the men of the Street. A century and more back, according to reliable chroniclers, there were in Wall Street many fortune-tellers, and they drove a brisk trade. There were also conjurors who used spells and incantations; and the gentlemen of the Street believed in ghosts, were terrified by dreams, and suspected a witch in almost any old hag. A chronicler of the 1850's and 1860's complained that even in his modern day certain well-known traders of the Street consulted mediums and oracles and made investments on their advice.

He gave no names, but it was no secret that he meant such giants as Commodore Vanderbilt. It was old Corneel who used to engage the services of spiritualists whenever a knotty problem of the stocks baffled him. Once, through a table-rapping medium, Vanderbilt called in the ghost of Jim Fisk to advise him on a railroad stock deal. He also patronized fortune-tellers, mesmerists, clairvoyants, and "magnetic" practitioners. He believed in amulets and charms, especially if the latter were possessed by female mediums. He was sure that certain people could see the insides of any man or woman with the help of miniatures, or locks of hair, properly magicked. And for better luck, he underpinned the legs of his bed with salt cellars.

By the end of the century, Vanderbilt's successors turned to the stars and those who read them. Evangeline Adams made her epoch-making appearance, and J. P. Morgan the Elder believed in her as staunchly as the first Vanderbilt held onto table-rappers and as the Exchange men of today depend on numerologists. Morgan came to Miss Adams rather late in his life but proved to be a faithful client, subscribing from year to year to her service of charts and predictions, calling on her in person for frequent advice, and once inviting her to join his party on the *Corsair* for an occult investigation in Egypt. Nor was the elder Morgan alone among his contemporaries in this homage. Miss Adams also read the Zodiac and Taurus the Bull and other planets to no less a person than Jacob Stout, the daring stock-operator of the late 1890's. She said that to the one-time president of the New York Stock Exchange, Seymour L. Cromwell, she had foreread in the stars the events of 1907-1914, and that to later comers from the Street she had predicted all the subsequent bull-feasts as well as panics. Cromwell had thanked her warmly, she said, and had never failed to consult her on the major issues of the stock market as they came up to cloud his brow.

The Wall Street career of Miss Adams is too well-known to be recited here in detail. Suffice it to say that she lived to garner the golden profits of the middle and late 1920's, that the latter-day moguls of the Street begged for her soothsaying no less fervently than the earlier pillars did in their time. "Two of the most spectacular market operators of the past year and a half have consulted me repeatedly," she gloried in 1926. "Dozens of men in the Street, whose names are known wherever stocks are sold, avail themselves of my monthly indications." In the enormous mail that came to her desk, fully one-third of the eager souls asked questions about the future caprices of the stocks. She answered all such queries by revealing what stars were to favor what industries and men at what times of the year and month, but never naming specific stocks to be played. Her star-chart service was highly successful, and financiers subscribed to it in large numbers and at sizeable fees in the same reverent spirit as they subscribed to Moody's and Babson's security-analytical and statistical services. It was an ugly shock to them when in November, 1932, the prophetess died suddenly, without having forecast her own end.

But the Street's belief in the bowl of heaven did not die. In the bleakest months of 1933, February and March, amid crashing banks and talk of anarchy, one Paul G. Clancy started a new

Continued on page 166B

Wherever yachts are sailed, the name "Herreshoff" signifies the best in design and construction, the utmost in SPEED, SAFETY and COMFORT. Meeting the demand for a small, fast-sailing, racing sloop — also suitable for sail-minded youngsters and novice sailor-men — the famous Bristol yacht builders now offer an exclusively designed and built 12½ Footer at a most attractive price.

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Also known as the
Herreshoff "Dough-Dish," "Buzzard's Bay 12½-Footer,"
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• With an over-all length of 15½ feet, beam of 5 ft., 10 in., and a cast lead keel weighing 750 lbs., this small sloop draws only 2½ feet. • The planking is cedar, fastened with Everdur screws to steamed oak frames. • The trim is oak. • Sails are Herreshoff-Wilson (Burrows), Marconi or gaff, with an area of approximately 140 square feet. • Each boat is completely equipped with

Herreshoff-designed Stainless Steel Fittings and Standing Rigging

All running rigging is Italian Linen Balloon rope. • A watertight bulkhead is fitted forward to keep craft afloat in case of filling. • Standard colors are white topsides, red boot top and Herreshoff Bristol Anti-Fouling Green bottom. • (Special colors at slightly extra cost.) • Equipment includes bronze anchor, warp, mooring line, oars, rowlocks, bucket, sponge or mop, compass, lantern, fog horn, 2 life preservers, boom crotch and sail covers.

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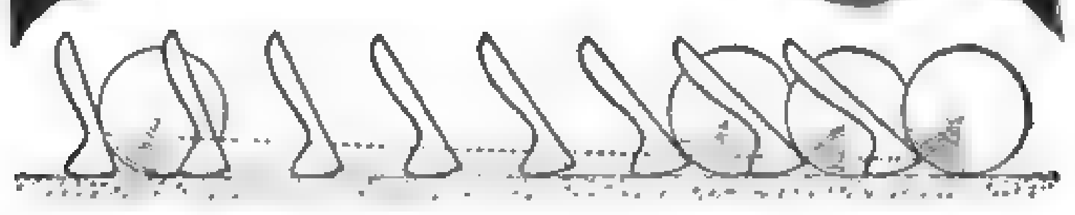
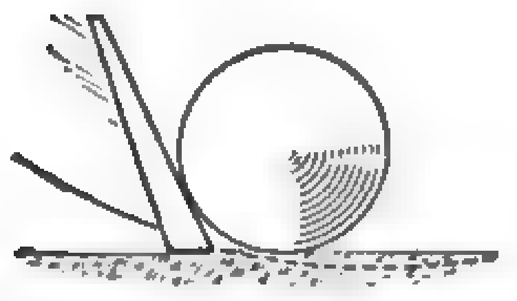
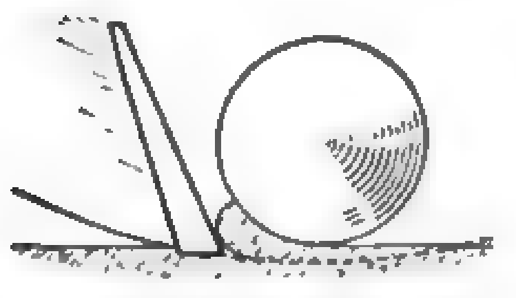
16 TIMES GREATER CHANCE FOR A PERFECT IRON SHOT ... with Hagen DEFLECTOR SOLE IRONS



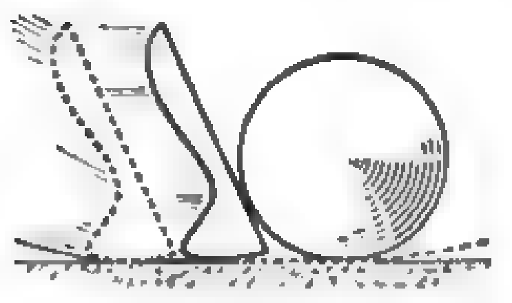
Aboveillustration—Lower dotted line denotes the elevation of front edge, graduating uniformly from No. 1 Iron to No. 8. Upper dotted line denotes contact of the club with the ball on all irons. Approach irons are designed to produce extra back-spin.



Above illustrates the accuracy with which a ball must be hit with conventional iron. Who among us can always do that?



Above illustrates what happens when you hit behind the ball with conventional irons. The club head digs into the ground—under the ball—producing a terrible shot.



Above illustrates what happens when you hit *behind* the ball with Hagen Deflector-Sole Irons. Note how the head slides on the turf. Result—a beautiful shot.

THE HAGEN Deflector-Sole Iron puts new confidence, distance and accuracy into every one of those vital iron shots.

On this advanced design the back edge of the Hagen iron is considerably lower than the front. This permits the club head to glide over the turf—*it does not dig in.* You can hit a full inch back of the ball and still get a perfect iron shot.

This full inch leeway gives you 16 times greater chance for perfect iron play. See the new International Honey Boy Irons today. Also ladies models. Hagen clubs $3.50 up.

New Tough Ball

The new Hagen Honey Boy has a casehardened cover which gives this ball undreamed of lasting qualities. Tuffer than any duffer. "It's a Honey" 75c. Other Hagen Balls 75c—50c—35c—25c.

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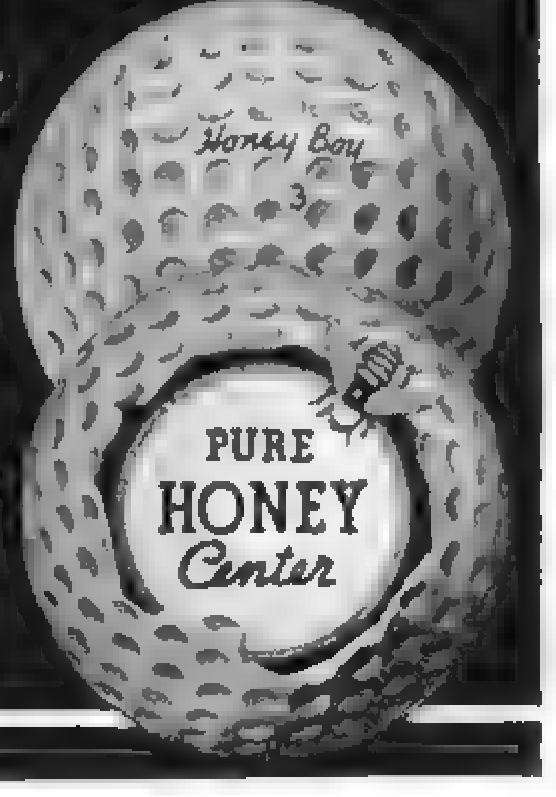
Here is a New Tough Guy
"IT'S A HONEY"
HAGEN "HONEY BOY"
..with Case Hardened Cover and Honey Center



Spooks and Tickers

Continued from page 166A

magazine, *American Astrology*, which is still going strong. One of its chief features being a monthly forecast of stock market tendencies. There is also Belle B. Dulany, better known as Belle Bart the Astrologer. At first she had pretty good custom on Wall Street, but later her pickings became slimmer. Consequently, last March, the New York newspapers flaunted a headline: "Stars Fail to Avert Bankruptcy Petition." Yes, indeed, Miss Bart went bankrupt, with liabilities of truly astronomical figures. But Miss Bart insisted that she believed in the stars as faithfully as ever that her trouble was due to the fact that she had endorsed some notes for her husband who could not pay them, and this little circumstance she could not, of course, have foreseen. Her husband's occupation? The banking business, naturally.

However, the Street's most active star-gazer of today is unquestionably the twenty-three year old Philip Frederick Lynnhaven. He resides in Ithaca, New York, and does business with the Street by mail and wire. In the New York *Daily Investment News* he advertises regularly that he gives astrological formula for "main trend turning points—not tips on cat and dog stocks," at $130 per month. In case it sounds too expensive, he reminds you that it makes only five dollars per market day, surely a puny sum for the profits that his formula would bring you. At that, he throws in a free pamphlet containing a Ten-Year Forecast until 1943. He says he uses Sun Spot Cycles and other astrophysics, and that his pamphlets never insult his customer-readers' intelligence. He claims scores of satisfied subscribers. For advice by wire he uses a copyrighted code of his own, replete with such terms as Hounds, Coyotes, Apples, Plums, and Berserker for names of stocks and operations. At one time, in addition to his chart-service and pamphlets he issued a magazine, *High Finance and Versatility*, full of planet-influence-stock-movement charts and expressing allegiance to "a Hamiltonian Federalist" philosophy "in defense of a Representative Republic." The magazine is defunct now, but the pamphlets and charts continue to pour forth. Recently, Mr. Lynnhaven revealed to me:

"I really sort of blundered into this 'service-business'. I had been previously obsessed with the idea I ought to get a job in a broker's office. It just never dawned on me to start a service until May 16, 1933. My horoscope shows main abilities in naval and marine inventions and experimentations, also dramatics and histrionics. I scored 184 in an intelligence test in 1929. June the nineteenth is my birthday, and the honor of this birthday I share with ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York! . . . It is only a temporary venture I am in now."

There are non-professional prophets and prophetesses as well. Some Wall Streeters repeat the awesome rumor that Mrs. Irving T. Bush, of the Bush Terminal family, has the gift of prediction. It is said that she forecast to a T such stock-influencing events as Roosevelt's election, the national bank holiday, the American departure from the gold standard, and the repeal—all this with the help of spirits. Mrs. Bush is known for her symbolic paintings of such things as a vulture representing a big, bad money-lender tied, even in gruesome death, to his account-book. The rumor is that her brush is also guided by spirits, but she denies all such traffic. Some twelve years ago she exhibited her paintings at an art show of spiritualists, but now she says her work got there through an error.

Not long ago, a bank in Rye, New York, filed a suit against a citizen charging him of using an evil eye and other black magic on a deaf-mute depositor, and demanding return of misappropriated property. The legal papers, as sworn to by the bank officials, abounded in such expressions as "an evil eye," "a malignant eye," and "an evil spell."

But before you gasp at the superstitions of those provincial financiers, stop to consider that in Wall Street, too, evil eye and hexing spirits are feared, and their malignant or jealous powers are fought or guarded against with appropriate gestures.

One day last spring, in New York, two financiers were talking with a newspaperman. "We make only a very small percentage on each transaction," said Siegfried Wreszynski, "but with a large quantity of business it mounts up. We have never lost anything we made because we don't speculate."

Here, according to the interviewer, the Polish broker knocked on wood. His partner, Colonel Francis Norris, and as dexterous a financier, also knocked on wood.

The two had come to New York to drum up a profitable business by buying from American investors their German bonds. They proved to be extraordinarily nimble about the unfreezing of the iced Berlin credits, using a method of their own, highly ingenious but wholly secret. No one knew to whom and at what prices they were selling these bonds, but, said they, "There's no mystery whatever, even though we couldn't tell exactly how it's done." Yet, to propitiate the jealous spirits of finance, to ward off some other evil eye, they had to knock on wood as they boasted.

But apparently it did not help. Two months later, Paris authorities were seeking the two partners and trying to pry their secret from them, and there was a suit pending against them.

Or watch a certain member of the New York Exchange as he walks

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And you will learn once more what a wonderful thing it is to have a supply of Bacardi always on hand.

You make a Bacardi Highball, like any other, with soda or ginger ale. But, oh, it is far more glorious than any you have ever had before!

That flavor, so rich, yet so mild, so delightful! So mellow . . . for Bacardi is always at least four years old.

Give your friends something new. Try it tonight.

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Avoid substitutes. See the bottle

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the floor. He has a half-dozen pencils between the palms of his hands. He rolls the pencils between his nervous palms as he walks. This is a sure sign that he has some stocks to sell; he uses this pencil trick to guard against a bad spell. Now he emerges from the crowd, triumphantly replacing the pencils in the breast pocket of his coat. This means he sold his stocks successfully.

Or see another gentleman of the Exchange, methodically clearing with his foot a bit of space on the floor from the mass of torn paper. He is about to make a trade, but he won't do it unless he has the space on the floor cleared. If anyone by accident or intent kicks a piece of paper back into the cleared space, he won't go through with the trade at all. The gods above are jealous, the spirits around us are evil and envious. We must allay their darts by proper gestures and ceremonies, we must make efforts of counter-magic.

Then there are ceremonies which even the worst enemies of Wall Street won't be able to recognize as superstitions but which, none-the-less, are attempts at magic pure and simple.

Since 1923, every spring, there is the Boy's Day observed by the Exchange. Page boys are elevated for the day to the positions of president, vice-president, chairman of the board room, day manager of the day branch, day manager of the night branch, and so forth. These caliphs for the day do not, of course, issue any orders; theirs is no more than a make-believe dignity. Of actual privileges, they are given only such harmless ones as the right to enter, without having to wear uniforms, the parts of the Exchange usually reserved for members. The Boy's Day is carried out under the sponsorship of Rotary International, and the official explanation is that in this way the boys are prepared for the duties and responsibilities of their future careers as captains of Wall Street. But the custom is older than a mere decade, and has a deeper significance. In ancient Rome, on certain annual occasions, the masters not only granted temporary license to their slaves but often exchanged places with them. The slave could eat and drink with his owner, indeed, could insult him, and the master cheerfully served the slave. In some cases, the master would not eat until the slave satisfied his own hunger and thirst in a most high-handed fashion. Later, in medieval Italy and France, there was a similar custom of the Feast of Fools presided over by the Boy Bishop. In Russia, Czar Peter the Great used to appoint a mock-ruler at whose command everybody had to get drunk, and he himself set example by making the show of obeying the "ruler."

Consciously or not, it was an attempt of the real rulers to appease supernatural powers in their possible jealousy towards them. "Look," they said, in effect, to the spirits, "you really have no cause to envy our earthly power and good fortune. See how we have to subject ourselves to the commands of our subjects and inferiors. Do not punish us, do not take our power away from us, for we suffer enough—at least once a year, for a whole long day."

And once the ceremony is performed, the gesture made, the lucky coin or color found and retained, the men of Wall Street are quite sure that, at least for the time being, they have nothing to fear from the hoodoo-voodoo powers ever lurking even in the shadow of skyscrapers and tickers.

The Art of Understanding Women

Continued from page 29

basic understanding of the fundamental psychology of all women, a psychology which defies time and geographical locus, religions, race, and economic status. Show me a man whom women love, and I will show you a man who consciously or unconsciously has developed an appreciation of the deep unconscious needs of women.

The fundamentals of psychogynecology, as the science of understanding women might be called, are not difficult to learn. The first axiom of this science is that between man and woman there exists a certain "distance," a psychological and biological "distance," and that concomitant with this "distance" there is a perfectly normal tension, a difference of potential comparable to the difference of electrical potential between the negative and positive electrodes of a battery. The solution of the problems of distance and tension requires a certain degree of self-assurance on the part of the male. This self-assurance, together with complete psychological maturity is the premise without which that soul-shaking experience of the complete fusion of "I" and "You" into a novel, different, transmuted "We" cannot be consummated.

The distance between the sexes must be bridged by the symbolic acts of social cooperation and mutual esteem. The tension must be solved by the alternation of pursuit and surrender. It is a mistake to believe that man is always the hunter and woman always the prey. In her own fashion woman also is the aggressor, and man in many ways, the victim. The methods and techniques of the two sexes, however, are different. Most males fail in their approach because they want to play one rôle to the exclusion of the other. They want to appear, either as the aggressive pursuer or as the hopeless victim of the woman's charms. You may succeed in capturing your woman with one of these techniques, but you cannot hold her without the other. You must make a symbolic show of pursuit and a further symbolic show of surrender to her

Continued on page 168

FLORSHEIM SPORT SHOES are the accepted all-purpose summer footwear of men who realize that sensible summer dress begins from the ground up . . . and that Florsheim quality is the soundest shoe economy.

The BLACKSTONE *S-568 in a plain toe; The* LELAND *S-569 in a half brogue; The* GARFIELD *S-567 in a wing tip. All are genuine white buckskin.*

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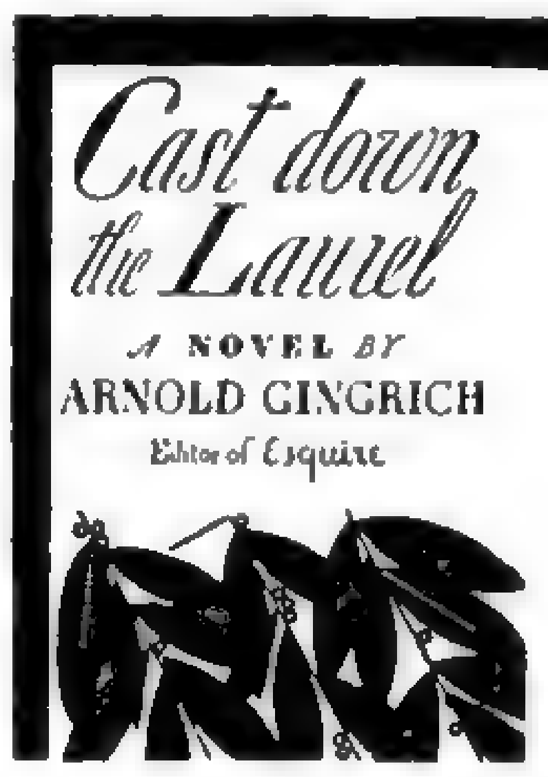

A "rave" success
from coast to coast

Cast Down the Laurel has been widely hymned—and occasionally damned—from one end of the country to the other. Seldom has a book provoked such extremes of feeling on the part of both lay readers and critics. Within a month after publication it has been reported a best seller in Cleveland, Dayton, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Evanston, Denver, Hollywood and San Francisco. Here are a few of the things they're saying about this sensational novel—

"The book fairly gleams with wit, glows with philosophy and has the many-faceted angles of a rare and precious jewel. A rare book, one that has no counterpart in fiction . . . one of the most dazzling novels of the day."—*Oregon Journal, Portland, Ore.*

"Satire, comedy, pathos and romance . . . as original in treatment as in theme . . . should certainly take its place among the brightest luminaries of the 1935 literary firmament."—*Atlanta Journal.*

"A fascinating and dizzy volume . . . the most startling novel to come along in ages . . . those who search for something different will certainly find it in *Cast Down the Laurel*—the work of a malicious genius."—*The San Diego Sun.*

"Presents a strange series of people, whose actions we follow with fascination."—*Knickerbocker Press, Albany, N. Y.*

"A brand new idea, an amusing story, and a three-in-one novel, which makes it anybody's money's worth."
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"It is possible only by sheer force of will to remember that there are not two entirely different persons, one who writes Book I and Book III, the other the Romance. A great achievement."
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ARISTOCRAT
ONE PIECE RAZOR

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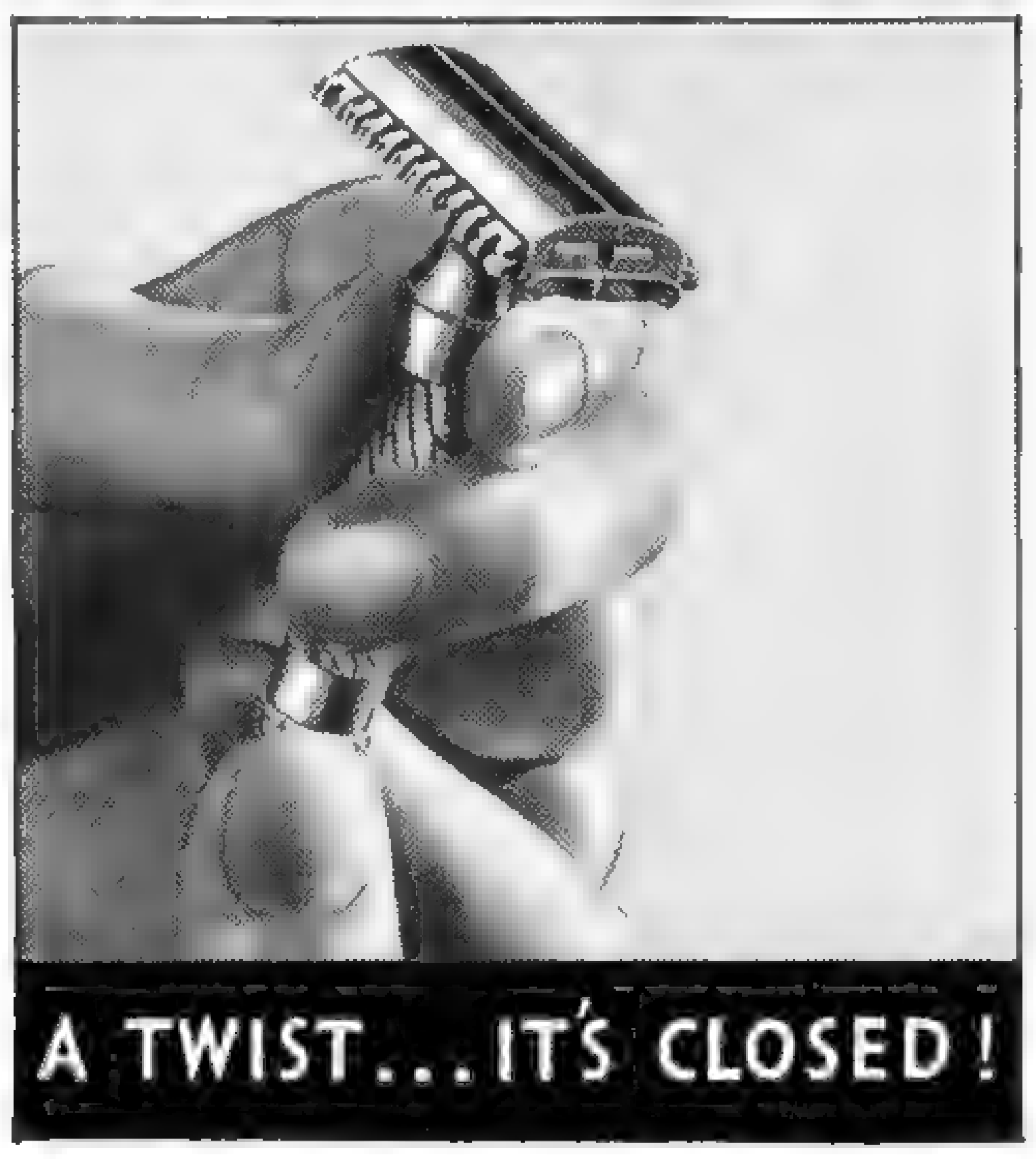
A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

No loose parts
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Please send me C.O.D. the new Gillette Aristocrat One Piece Razor. I will pay postman $4 on delivery. If you prefer to pay in advance, check this square ☐ and attach check or money order for $4.

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City....................*State*...........

The Art of Understanding Women

Continued from page 167

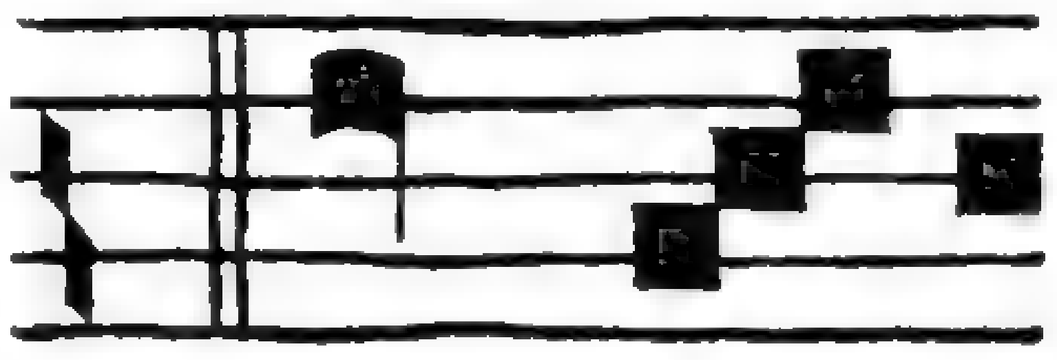
beauty and charm. This double process keeps love alive and interesting. Be masterful, but not domineering—the two are mutually exclusive. Pursue, but do not hunt down your prey! Surrender to the powerful magic of woman, but do not check your brains with your rubbers and umbrella at the gate!

The second axiom of psychogynecology is this: if you would have women love you, you must understand what every woman wants in a man. The love instinct in woman is not a simple thing. It is a complex structure composed of many elements rooted deep in a woman's unconscious. Every woman wants her man to be a combination of father, brother, lover, and child, and the man who would be beloved by women must know how to play all four of these strings that are stretched across her heart. By observation and identification a man can learn to sense which of these four strings plays the dominant melody in a woman's unconscious symphony of life, and he must learn to play predominantly on that string without becoming monotonous. The trouble with most men is that they are so wrapped up in their own unconscious strivings that they have neither the interest nor the time to investigate the emotional and psychological needs of the women they meet. Men are usually so busy broadcasting their own importance that they cannot tune in on the wave lengths that emanate from the unconscious depths of the woman they desire for a mate. Failure to alternate broadcasting with reception is a certain premise of failure in attaining the love of women.

Every man must symbolically play the four rôles of father, brother, lover and child to every woman. Any relationship, in which all four of these rôles are not occasionally touched, is incomplete, and sooner or later it becomes responsible for the breakup of the love relationship. The man who is certain of his own worth will not hesitate to play the rôle of baby or brother—it will not basically damage his self-esteem. Only a coward will be afraid of playing the baby rôle from time to time, thereby giving his woman the opportunity to express a deep and profound psychological craving which later should find its complete expression in motherhood.

I cannot too strongly urge upon you the necessity of understanding and acting out the symbolism of love. This begins usually with the man's demonstration of his superiority and strength, the admission of the woman's weakness and timidity. Then the chase begins between hunter and quarry, the "distance" is lessened by the man's mastery, the tension "solved" by the woman's apparent surrender. The hunter must indicate that he has accepted the challenge of the quarry's swiftness and elusiveness. All women want the semblance of being chased, because this gives them a sense of value and self-esteem. Moreover the hunt must not be too quickly terminated. The hunter must seem to hesitate and must appear confused by the quarry's elusiveness. Then with fresh determination and dominance, he must press forward his pursuit. Then only should come the "kill" in which the sweet moments of mystic fusion are symbolically enacted. This acme of love should be followed by expressions of tenderness and solicitude on the part of the pursuing male. The result of the well-enacted and oft-repeated drama of love is the true comradeship and sharing of a mature human relation. The pursuer must now relinquish all manifestations of superiority, and symbolically reiterate the magical attractiveness of the quarry. This symbolical ritual is all too frequently forgotten entirely, enacted only in part, or glossed over as unessential. Then it is that husbands and lovers are subsequently surprised and hurt to learn that their wives have gone elsewhere for love. No woman can live and be happy unless she can perennially renew her sense of self-esteem in this magical ritual. This ritual must be elaborated not only in each approach to a new lover, but also in every single contact with the woman with whom a man has decided to share a greater or lesser period of his life.

Thus, if you want to be loved by women you must understand them. You must recognize the existence of certain typical patterns of femininity and choose the woman you would have love you from the type which most closely complements your own needs. Having made this choice you must approach her first as a fellow human being, and only then as a woman. Finally, you must be aware of the hidden psychological craving present in all women, and be willing to vary your approach by playing shifting rôles of father, brother, lover, and child. The symbolic repetition of attraction, chase, domination, relinquishment of superiority and establishment of comradeship with the quarry must be "followed through" in each fresh contact. If you are too great an egotist to be capable of cooperation, too rigid to be willing to adjust and make compromises with a woman's psychological needs, too earthbound to have imagination, too ambitious to be patient, too insecure in your own self-esteem to listen and to learn from women, or too matter-of-fact to understand the importance of the symbolic rituals of love, you might just as well relinquish all hopes of being a successful lover.



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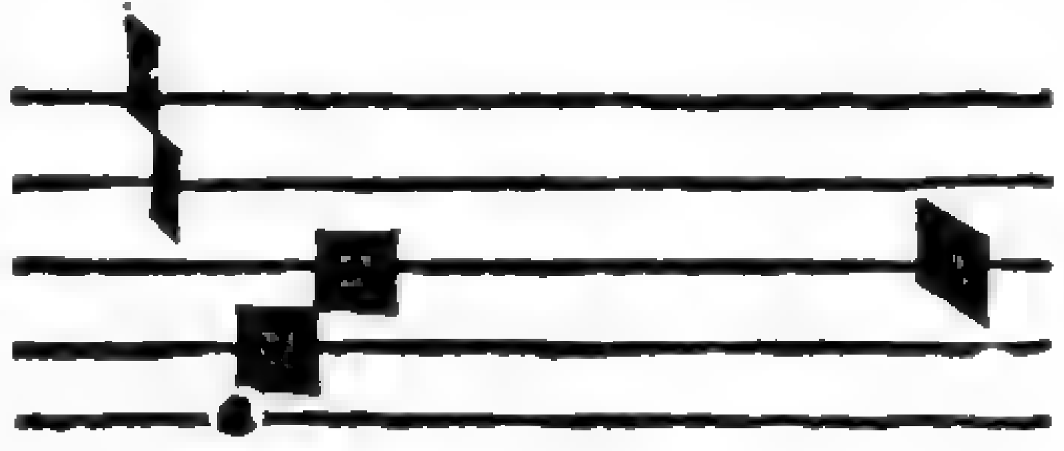

As You Desire Money

Continued from page 37

longer unless he feigned insanity. So he went back to acting gaga.

In fact Pirandello's plays seemed forever to be bronx-cheering dictators, though Pirandello never would admit his art was as narrow as that. Plaguing one political theory when he had the whole cosmos? Nonsense! He saw life as it was. He wasn't arbitrarily deforming it, he insists. He saw the necessity of illusion and he saw the vanity of it.

Unfortunately, most of his plays dealt with the same people dictators were aiming at—clerks, teachers, middle class capitalists—but instead of playing up to their illusions of grandeur he was always showing them the supreme catastrophe that comes from such nonsense as soon as somebody holds a mirror to their minds.

But Pirandello hadn't always been that serious. *Six Characters In Search of an Author* which antedated the Roman *putsch*, was just nice clean fun. The *Sei Personaggi* who stepped on the stage and announced themselves as the unused creations of the author's imagination, trying to act out the drama which was there but which the author hadn't made use of, was just dizzy enough to be a masterpiece. At least fifteen countries thought it was the last laugh, and America even revived it nine years after the original run.

He told of once sitting next to a peasant in a theatre in Italy during an intermission of a performance of *Six Characters In Search of an Author*.

"Is this crazy to you signor?" asked the playgoer.

"No signor, it's very simple to me," said Pirandello.

"To me, signor, it's the work of an idiot," said the peasant.

"I find it quite sane," said Pirandello. "These six characters are in search of an author—"

"An author, or an audience?" asked the peasant, counting the house.

"—An author, and all you have to do is put yourself in the place of one of the characters. Suppose you were your uncle, for instance, and somebody mistook you for his brother; that is to say, for your father—" He went on like that for ten minutes.

By the time the curtain was ready to ascend on the last act, which was half way through Pirandello's explanation, the peasant was screaming down the aisle and out into the *piazza*, stark mad.

Laughing, Luigi told the tale through an interpreter to Jake Shubert in Paris. Jake had made the trip from New York to buy the American rights of *As You Desire Me*. Pirandello, to give the occasion the proper setting, greeted Jake in red, white and blue pajamas.

"Tell 'im," said Jake to the interpreter, "I think he will be a great author some day."

The interpreter prudently revamped the crack in translation. "The signor," he said, "thinks the maestro is the world's greatest dramatist, living or dead."

Everybody smiled.

Jake didn't introduce Pirandello to American audiences. Brock Pemberton had done that years before Jake ever heard of the maestro. In 1922 he had managed to hold *Six Characters* on Broadway for seventeen weeks. But it hadn't made any money even so.

The only Pirandello play to do that was *As You Desire Me*, which had the Shuberts' b. r. and Judith Anderson's s. a. to keep it out of the red. Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought the screen rights for Greta Garbo and Pirandello was on Easy Street, a millionaire, in fact, when the dough was changed into francs.

Funny twist is that the queer gal in *Desire*, which deals with a woman who transforms herself as she thinks a man desires her and then raises the question whether he really loves her natural self or her transformed self, is called *Greta* in the original manuscript.

Though his plays where what the boys call a "*success de fiasco*" here, he was happier over his recognition in America than his recognition elsewhere.

"I never went there to make money," he said. "I wanted to free myself of the chains of tradition that cramp you like a straight-jacket in Europe. In America everybody is young. It's difficult to find youth in Europe. Europe is full of animated corpses. They still live in the glories of two, ten, twenty centuries ago. When a play of mine failed in America I at least had the assurance that it had got a hearing on its merits and wasn't thrown out on a preconceived prejudice."

It was nice to hear an old maestro talk like that about a place you loved, despite its mob-mindedness in matters political and its sappiness generally. More, it was a relief to hear it instead of the usual Shavian snarl which was the routine spiel in those days, (or from Dickens' time, for that matter) for European authors who had cleaned up in America.

Up to this year Shaw was the only dramatist to win the Nobel Prize. They gave it to him in 1925, the year he wrote nothing. Maybe that's why they gave it to him. Eugene O'Neill looked like the next best bet, but it went to Luigi Pirandello who has a mind and a technique not only as good as Shaw's but a far more original philosophy.

The boys who could see a parallel between Shaw's *Pygmalion* and Pirandello's *As You Desire Me*, incidentally, were away off. *Pygmalion* is as old as Galatea, whereas *Desire* dates from a contemporary mixed identity case in Italy—the Brunelli-Canella case. It gave Pirandello a fine chance to prove again the necessity of illu-

Continued at top of page 170

"You say it makes soda – for 7½c a quart!"

"Blast me! Freddy, that's amazing! Such a handsome gadget, too! Let me in on the mystery, lad. What do you *do* to it, to make it *give?*"

"Now, hang on to your monocle, Uncle! I fill it right from the kitchen tap — charge it with this little bulb of compressed 'bubbles' — and behold! a quart of sparkling water that your finest Scotch would leap out o' the bottle to meet.

"And if *that* doesn't send you barging out to buy one — listen: Imagine not having to use up any space for bottles. And never having to return the 'empties.' And never being out of soda when a guest pops in. But, come on! Let's bend an elbow, Uncle—to Sparklet!"

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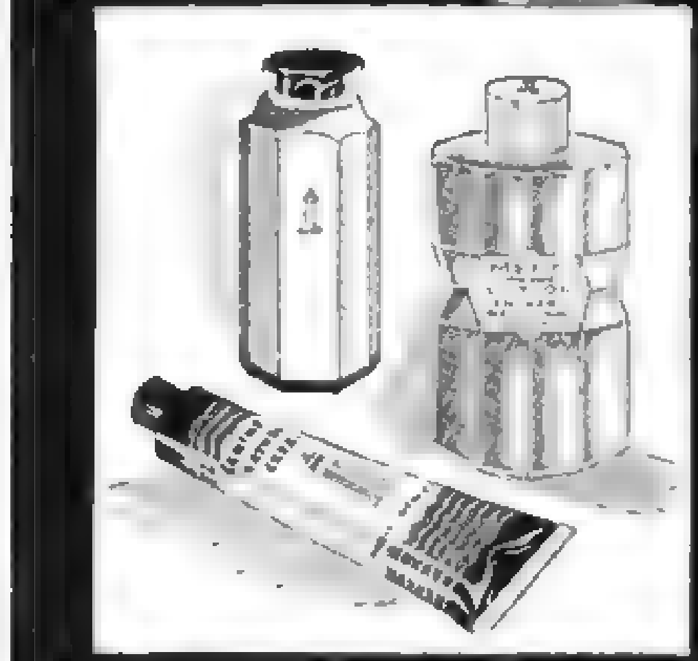

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

As You Desire Money

Continued from page 169

sion and the folly of it.

Man is not what he thinks he is. He is "one, none and a hundred thousand," based on how he appears to that number of persons and always different from what he believes he is in his own mind. Hence the impossibility of such a thing as "getting at the truth." Life to him is a labyrinth where souls wander through countless conflicting paths without ever finding a way out.

Little Vitangelo Moscardo, in a panic because his wife remarked that the right side of his nose was a little longer than the left, was a perfect case-history to brace Pirandello's philosophy of life. His vanity outraged, Vitangelo rushed out of the house and down the street to ask the first man he met if it were true. He asked a second, a third, a fourth, and he got different answers from each of them. Perplexed and maddened he wondered who was right. Who was *he*, actually? The man his wife thought he was? The man his friends thought he was? Or the man he thought he was himself? Or was he nobody in himself and merely a composite of other people's opinions? Was he, in brief, "one, none or a hundred thousand"?

You can see from even this little of Luigi how he opens up a vast world where human reason runs mad and is fascinated by its own idiocies.

But it all runs in the end to the box office and, finally, to fame. And that, at sixty-seven, is little Luigi's little joke at the expense of those who would suppress ideas: that you can't kill thinking no matter how much you scowl and suppress the liberals. A good idea gets around the world somehow.

Moscow on the Subway

Continued from page 45

But not all the educational efforts of the comrades veer to the nonsensical. The classes for adults and older children conducted by the colony are excellent. Almost every subject in the curriculum of a good secondary school is available without cost. The science courses, in fact, are superior to those at most universities. Cloak and suit operators by day study Jeans and Eddington by night. And their comprehension in most cases is better than that of the average college student.

The educational fetish of the parents has communicated itself to the children. The majority of the boys and girls are fine scholars. A survey conducted by the Board of Education reveals that the neighborhood elementary school which they attend has the highest scholastic rating in the city.

Despite this, new teachers at the city-owned school take their assignments with reluctance and misgiving. In the colony's school the children are respectful and attentive. But in the municipal institution their brilliance as scholars is tempered by a fierce precocity.

Weekly assembly is an ordeal for the teachers. The youthful comrades sing sly parodies to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner and salute the flag with a Rabelaisian rhyme. They have none of the schoolboy's traditional fear of pedagogic authority. Reprimanded for absenting himself on a Communist holiday, the young comrade will reply: "So what? You stay home on the Fourth of July, don't you?" This incontrovertible logic invariably precipitates a storm. The boy is hauled off to the principal. The principal orders him to bring his mother. The mother comes. She listens in rising wrath as the teacher explains. And then, eyeing the teacher scornfully, she exclaims: "Sure he stayed home. So what? You stay home on the Fourth of July, don't you?"

Such flouting of authority, however, rarely manifests itself within the colony. Here, scoffing at established order, would be branded "counter-revolutionary." Punishment would be a campaign of calculated contempt by outraged comrades. This drastic method of dealing with malefactors was devised by the board of directors.

So effective is the punishment —veritable excommunication— that history has yet to produce the colonist thick-skinned enough to withstand its rigors.

Its working is simple. Within the courtyard stands a bulletin board. When a comrade is guilty of a serious offense, his name and the nature of the crime are immediately posted. Thenceforth he is marked. Vitriol-tongued neighbors sneer at his lineage, the quality of his furniture, the shape of his offspring's skull; anything and everything, in fact, the hapless comrade may cherish. Precautions are taken to insure an intensity of the denunciation while the culprit is within hearing distance, the while his presence is steadfastly ignored.

The most frequent exercise of the campaign of contempt is against those who fail to pay their rent; only, however, when the directors are convinced that the money is withheld for selfish motives, and not because of actual poverty.

The colonists' attitude on rent is predicated on a double standard. Within the settlement rent is not rent but "revolutionary dues." This is obviously a rationalization of terms. But it is dictated by necessity. "Rent" to a Marxian is an odious word. It connotes payment of tribute to a decadent and horrific system. Nevertheless, it

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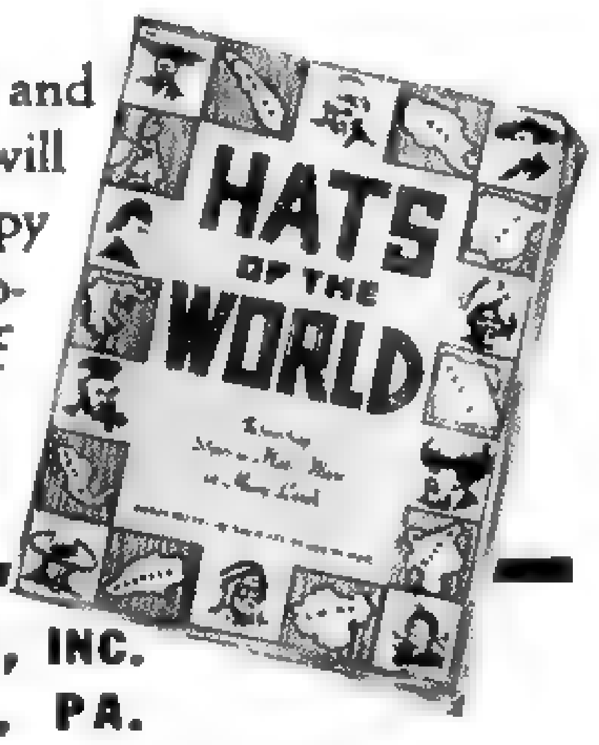

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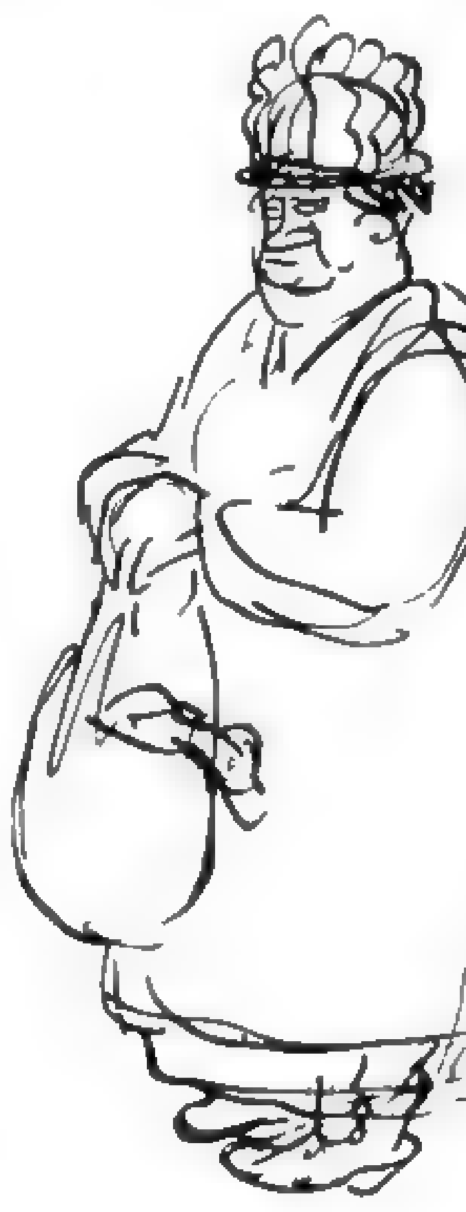
LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

is inescapable, for the banks still own the colony, and the banks must be paid. Thus with the euphemism, "revolutionary dues," is an untenable situation smoothed out, and failure to pay becomes an act of sedition.

But failure or refusal to pay an individual landlord is considered heroically just. The comrades are aroused to militant indignation when a neighborhood family (not living in the colony) is dispossessed. The family immediately becomes a cause célèbre. Comrades gather in front of the late residence. The best available orator is pressed into service. He harangues the crowd, reciting with Union Square fervor the indignities heaped upon the unhappy family. He pleads for action. And he never fails to get it. From then on the procedure follows rote. While part of the throng tears into the police on duty, the remainder seize articles of furniture and begin lugging them back into the house. The police summon reinforcements. The reinforcements arrive. Mounted and swinging clubs, they thwack the skulls of the comrades, while the comrades, ever militant, fight back. The battle invariably ends with the colonists fleeing with their casualties and the dispossessed family still sitting on the sidewalk.



The colonists themselves never dispossess a family. Comrades truly in need have been known to remain a year without payment of "revolutionery dues." Their rent is donated by more affluent neighbors. No stigma of charity attaches to the gesture. The family's predicament is not publicized. Frequently those who are paying do not know the identities of the beneficiaries, the board of directors acting as intermediary. If eventually the unfortunate family is in position to pay back, it may do so through the board. Twelve months, however, is as long as any non-paying family is carried.

"At the end of that period", explained Abraham Latke, secretary of the board, "we find them an apartment elsewhere. We feel that an individual landlord might as well bear the burden. We pay all the moving expenses and a month's rent in advance."

Mr. Latke added regretfully that there was a time when they didn't have to pay the advance rent. But that was before landlords learned to distinguish between comrades and other applicants.

Mr. Latke is nominal dictator of the colony. Unlike his distinguished confrere of the Soviet, however, his powers are definitely limited. He is elected for one year by the board of directors. The board consists of fifteen regular members and six alternates. They are chosen by the comrades each December and hold office from January 1 to the following year. Their duties are not defined, except that they are empowered to veto any law advanced by the secretary of the board.

Since the board names the secretary, and since the secretary is one of only two office holders to receive a salary, he is generally more than happy to do the board's bidding. Not so Mr. Latke. A handsome, well-built man of 40, with wavy brown hair in the Hollywood tradition, grey eyes and a red boutonniere, his disagreements with the board have been frequent.

Nevertheless he has succeeded in retaining his post for five successive years. Twice the board was reported ready to act on his dismissal. But it didn't. Mr. Latke is too popular with the lady comrades.

Capturing the esteem of these forthright, flat-heeled females is no ordinary accomplishment. It bespeaks something transcending mere masculine charm on the part of Mr. Latke. For the lady comrades, scorning cosmetics and fluffy ruffles, are a hard-headed band of revolutionary warriors. Sheathed in an armor of studied indifference, they profess utter contempt for the romantic institutions allegedly held dear by ordinary women.

They are realists. And as such they stride around in thick-soled brogans, close-cropped hair and outer garments designed to subdue the parabolas of feminity. Lipstick they consider foppery; Paris styles, inanity; and silk lingerie, unmentionable babbittry.

They do setting-up exercises, go for long walks in the park and diet scientifically (for health, not the figure) on black bread and cabbage soup.

All this they do in preparation for the impending class struggle. The dawning of the Great Day, they believe, should find woman the counterpart of man.

The lady colonists therefore share in every activity of the men. They cite with pride the fact that as many female as male skulls have been depressed by police clubs during demonstrations, and that women lead as agitators in the neighborhood.

But their greatest triumph is the recent ruling which gave them exclusive control of one of the colony's most important activities—that of collecting outside contributions to the party.

In this work the success of the

Continued at top of page 172

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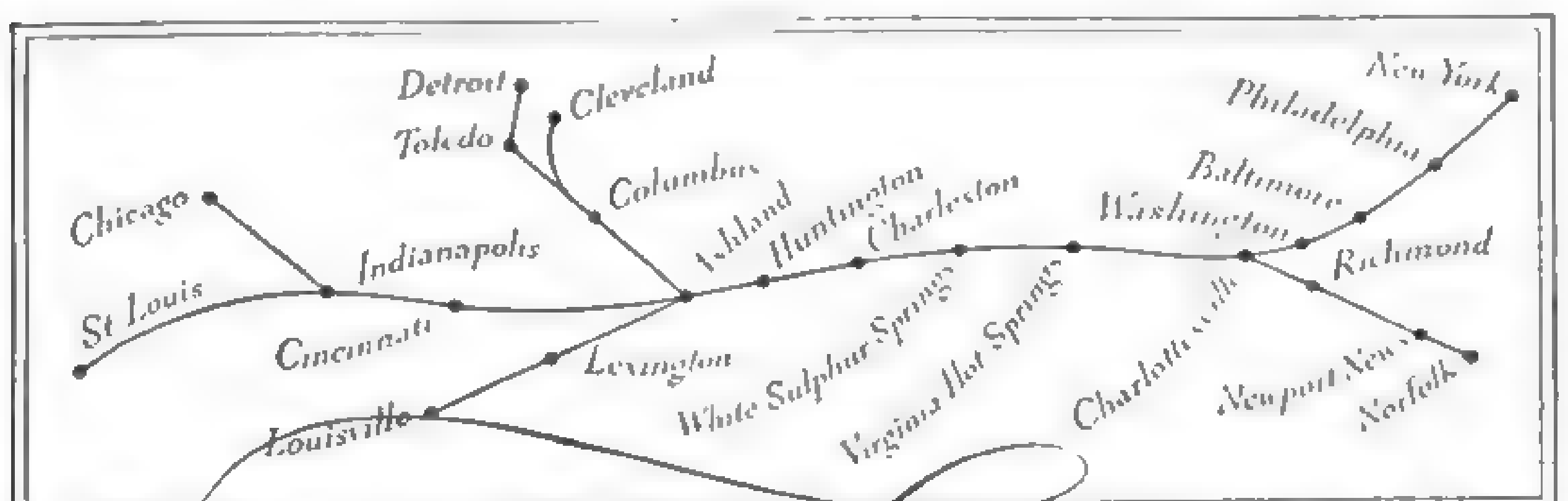

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Moscow on the Subway

Continued from page 171

men had been noticeably indifferent. They had labored without a systematized campaign. Their principal method of approach had been the timeworn "appeal to reason."

But when the women were called in to assist they immediately concluded that dialectics was a puny instrument for prying open a reluctant purse. They decided on a less scholastic procedure.

Pouncing on local shopkeepers, the lady comrades issued a pronunciamento that unless the merchants paid a fixed monthly stipend, their shops would be boycotted. Most of the tradesmen meekly agreed. A few, however, rebelled.

The women speedily set to work whipping the recalcitrant ones into line. While the merchants watched in helpless despair, grim-faced lady pickets appeared at the doors. Attired in sandwich boards and bearing placards, the women challenged each prospective customer. Politely, they suggested that he do his shopping elsewhere. If the customer showed lack of interest in the request, firm clutches on his collar soon sharpened his understanding.

These methods had undeniable results. The shopkeepers capitulated quickly. Two or three who resolutely scorned surrender were forced out of business by lack of patronage.

Yet a group of these women, despite their genius for drastic chastisement, have failed utterly to intimidate Tony, the Communist cop. He is the colony's one-man police department. And it was in performance of his duty that he incurred the undying enmity of the ladies.

Resplendent in brass and blue, Tony stalks the grounds from deep midnight to high noon, a solitary bulwark against the forces of counter-revolution. Part of his job is to see that none of the comrades put bedding, bottles, plants or other encumbrances on the fire escapes.

Several weeks ago he beheld an ironing board outside a top floor window. He politely requested the woman to remove it. She agreed apologetically, and Tony departed. Two hours later he again passed under the fire escape. The ironing board was still there. Tony raced up the stairs. "Comrade!" he roared indignantly, "remove that board. It's a nasty bourgeois habit. Remove it. Instantly!"

"Of course," said the woman. "I'm sorry. I forgot."

Toward noon Tony passed for the third time. Looking up, he almost fell over backward in consternation. Then a wild gleam lighted his eyes. Springing onto the fire escape, he clambered to the top floor. He seized the ironing board. Suddenly there was a shriek. Tony peered into the window. The woman had fainted. She was naked.

That night the outraged woman and a score of friends confronted the board of directors. They demanded that Tony be dismissed instantly. A Communist policeman, they declared wrathfully, always rang the bell to give warning. Never under any circumstances did he climb fire escapes, especially when lady comrades were dressing.

For thirty-six hours the board pondered the case in secret session. Finally its decision was posted on the bulletin board. It read:

"No woman in the Workers Co-operative Colony who puts an ironing board on a fire escape is worthy of having her modesty respected . . ."

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 143

playmate plans. Only by luck does Noah escape from the savage, lethal embrace. His last illusion is destroyed. Here is no new earth, but the same old conglomeration of meanness, treachery and cruelty.

In complete despair, he calls upon the Lord for a sign. And I defy you to remain dry-eyed when the rainbow suddenly shoots across the sky, and Fresnay, gazing up, utters the stark phrase of humble gratitude, "That's fine!" . . . The settings are amusing, the direction excellent, and the playing of Ham by Henry Bellaver nearly up to the standard set by Fresnay, whose performance ranks easily among the two or three finest of the season—perhaps at the top.

This looks like Enthusiasm Month for me. I find cause for bellows of praise in *Awake and Sing*, the Group Theater's new offering. Here's a play about a Bronx Jewish family, which is very funny when it wants to be, and is deeply disturbing in its drama.

It has immense force, it also quickens and stings and cajoles. You don't have to be Jewish in order to be fascinated with it; there is no trick dialect—simply the subtle turn of word and phrase which is the quintessence of true characterizing speech. Anne Nichols, in penance for such tawdry tripe as *Abie's Irish Rose* (sure, remember that?) should be forced to attend every performance of this honest exhibit.

Young Clifford Odets, the author—and this is his first full-length play—has me squirming with admiration and envy. He has taken my hobby, the American Language—in scenes where no trace of Yiddish influence appears—and done things with it I can't ever hope to do. It is my firm conviction, as a matter of fact, that he is the finest writer of dialogue, bar none, now writing for the native theater. Hell, I'll go even further and claim that, judging from this and from the short revolutionary hunk of dynamite exploded every Sunday or so in the more aromatic districts of our city under the title *Waiting for Lefty*, Odets gives unmistakable promise of being the great internationally important playwright we have all been waiting for—the one which the gullible once thought O'Neill would be. This lad has fire, sincerity, humor, dramatic intuition and a faultless ear, minus O'Neill's phoney philosophizing, bombastic bathos and pompous poetasting. (How'm I doin'?) I suppose it is picayune of me to request that Mr. Odets will presently drop some of his propagandistic determination and stick entirely to human relationships. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe he can't operate without THE CAUSE always before his eyes. But I do wish he might kick the soap-box into the alley just once, and stand on his own feet. . . . Never mind. In *Awake and Sing* one gets so excited over love and laughter and pity and poetry and suffering and injustice that one hardly pays attention to the unnecessarily obvious "Comes a Raaavolution!" outcries. . . .

The direction is splendid, the cast superb. This time the Group has laid off some of its more esoteric members and picked its best—who are plenty good, I assure you. Bromberg, Carnovsky and Luther Adler, for instance, turn in flawless jobs, while opposite luscious Phoebe Brand is a newcomer, Jules Garfield, who has everything possessed by Paul Muni plus better looks; I understand the movie scouts are shagging him relentlessly with offers. The Group shows indications of displacing the Guild among the leaders of the commercial theater. *Awake and Sing* is Grade AA.

Rain is revived, and has lost none of its wallop as melodrama. Those who say it dates, are supercilious and captious. Although Jeanne Eagels, whom I saw five times in it, remains one of the Great Experiences which I shall take to my grave, I loose my huzzas for Miss Tallulah Bankhead—and that is considerable concession, for I have not heretofore done much cheering in that direction. Her interpretation is different—more blowsy, more brassy—but it hit me hard. If you miss it, you're a slug.

Bernard Shaw's *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* leaves me frankly baffled. I find it practically impossible to say what it is about. All right, I'll try. It's a reiteration of most of his prefaces, announced with very little "action" going on. Perhaps the gist is that the whole human experiment has demonstrated itself to be a dismal fizzle, might just as well be dumped into Eternity's ash-can, and the Life Force—the indestructible affirmation—be utilized in some other direction. Mr. Shaw has said most of this before, especially the condemnatory section, which hardly admits of argument; but this is the first time that he has sounded any note of hope for the universe. The consensus of opinion among those who have attended this seance is decidedly derogatory. There is complaint that the accompanying antics are too strange and too few.

I must confess that I am a pushover for Shaw's talk even when it is muddled and not very risible. Some of the current volume is silly, but I am always a little awed by the suspicion that if I don't quite follow, mine might be the failing, not his. The Simonson settings, the direction and the cast project his ideas efficiently. I am especially grateful to Nazimova and McKay Morris as somewhat outlandish religionists, to Romney Brent as a skittish curate and to Louis Hector as a pleasantly inexorable angel. As to the evening's "story," go figure it out for yourself. You may reasonably not enjoy yourself. I've decided, after due deliberation, that I did. The Moscow Art Players—no relation to the Moscow Art Theater—are doing some old and some new dramas. If I understood any Russian beyond six reprehensible words, I might have better enjoyed my two visits. Even as it was, I grinned several times at the grimaces and didoes which seemed to correspond to the translated librettos. I hear they're pretty good.

Walter Connolly and my pet ingenue, Jane Wyatt, are on exhibit in a John Golden melange, *The Bishop Misbehaves*. Title is a teaser. Seeing the play, one would think nothing had happened in the theater since *Turn to the Right*. Or in the world, either.

Louis Bromfield is a nice fellow, a good novelist and a solvent short-story writer. He has two plays on the boards at present, but I can't believe either will be here long. He doesn't seem to know much about play-writing. *Times Have Changed* is an unfortunate adaptation from the French, in which Connecticut is made the scene of a marriage between a young lady and a half-wit. If the play were only a tenth as worthy as the acting of Elena Miramova and Robert Lorraine. The other is a rather interminable diatribe, spasmodically relieved by some witty cracks, against the expatriate vermin who, it seems, can no longer afford to dash about foreign Ritzes. It all has a flavor of stale Hemingway about it. Somerset Maugham did the thing up well enough long ago. Some exquisite lighting and costuming has been tossed away upon this tedious affair. Also some excellent acting, particularly by Blanche Ring and Ann Andrews. Miss Elsa Maxwell sticks out in a prominent part. *De Luxe* is the name of the play. Wags are busy re-titling it. John S. Cohen, Jr., suggests "Our Bitters," while John Chapman insists upon "Anthony Perverse." The best I can do is "The Green Derby."

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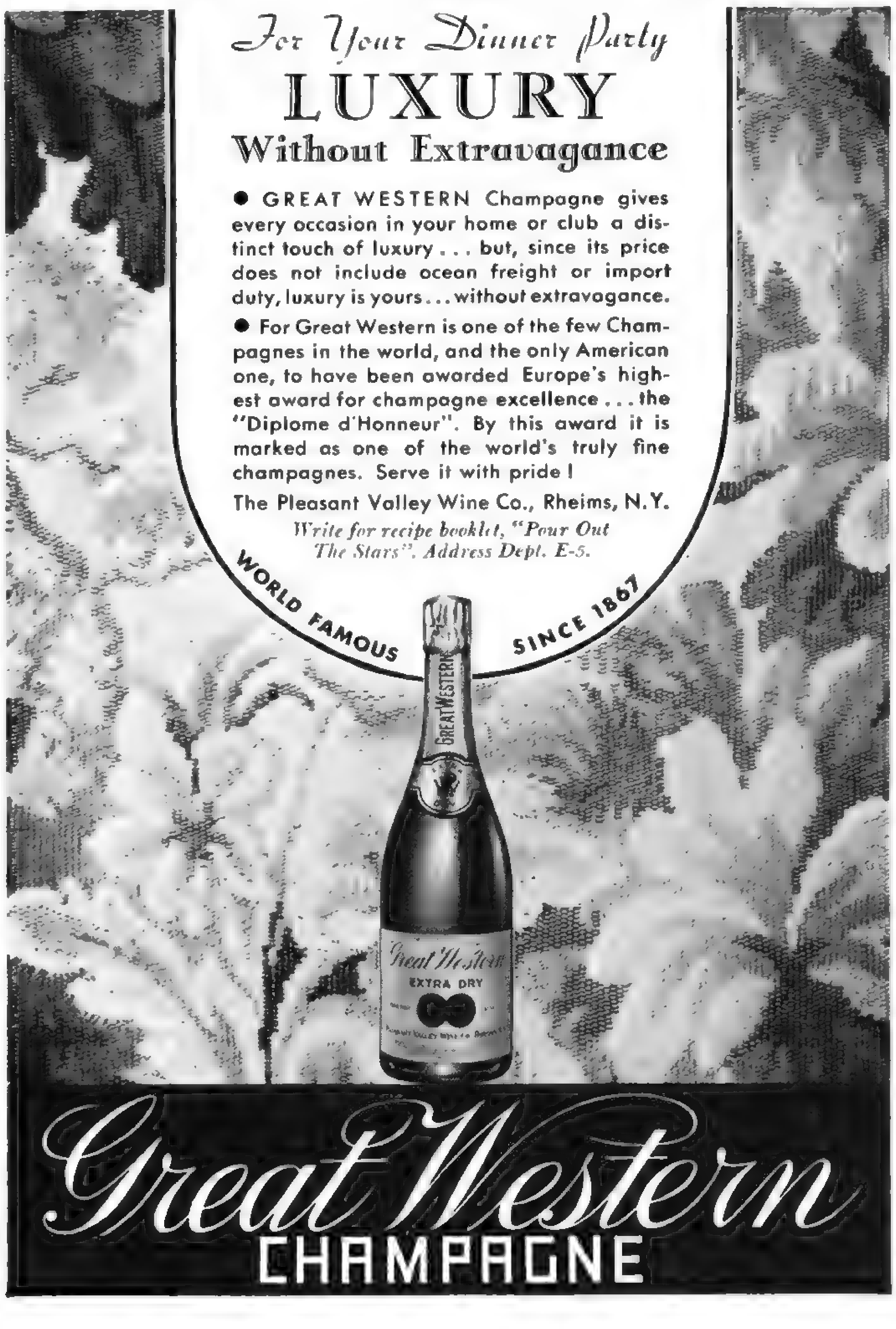
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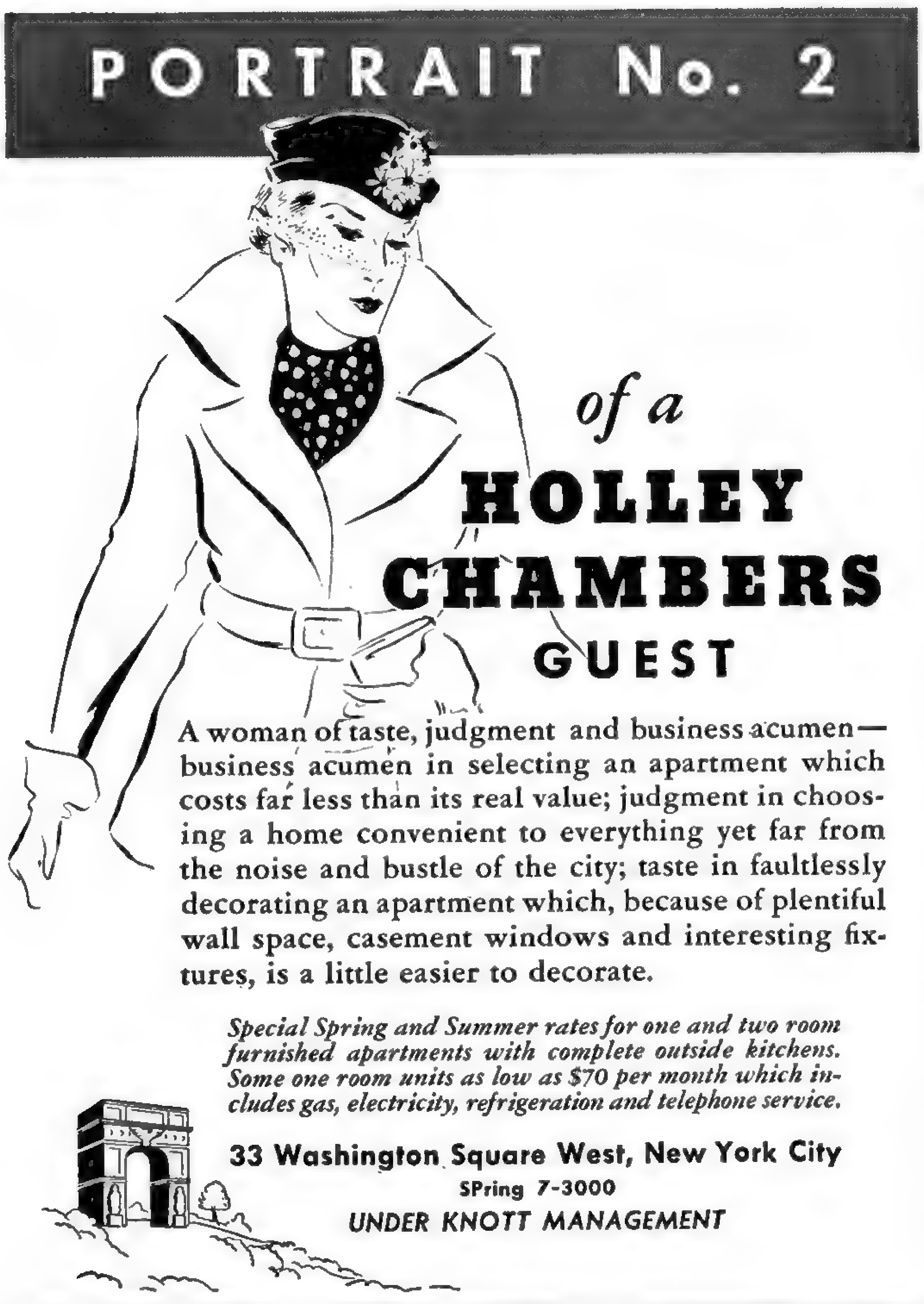
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Diamond Blues

Continued from page 40

hysterical release. So did I. He was out of the way now. The hell he was. Through the dust I saw him kick the ball out of Buck Weaver's hand, and break for home, and make it. He stood up, laughing. I sat there, sweating. For here, obviously, was something not quite of this world, cynical, merciless, a little frightening. But instructive. An eight-year old in the grandstand began to suspect that the race, in and out of ball parks, is to the swift. It wasn't a seemly business, and Judge Landis would have called it rowdyism. But let that go.

Pending a winning team, which it seemed we'd never get, we had to specialize that way in individual players. They weren't Cobbs, and maybe it was just as well. You could watch them comfortably. You knew them for one quality or trick, and called an afternoon well spent in waiting for it. No home run kings then, or "Murderers' Rows." At first base for the Sox in 1913 was Hal Chase. He was a fancy guy, Prince Hal was. I could see very well that, by waiting until the last split-second, he made the easy ones look hard. But also he made the hopeless ones look easy. He took them out of the dirt. He pulled down throws headed for the grandstand. He threw runners out at third on bunts. He was an afternoon in himself, and watching him I knew for the first time what showmanship was. We sat along the first base line that season. Later he started giving away ball games instead of winning them, but no shadows had fallen then. The world was young. Its leading citizens, the ball players, were good men if not all great ones.

That's the way it was, year in, year out. Cub fans swore by "Wildfire" Schulte's circus stuff in right field, his speed and style. Jimmy Lavender pitched a no-hit game and the newspapers joyfully conducted him into the Hall of Fame. Jimmy Archer's snap throw to first base, from a crouch, was classic; from behind the plate he picked off runners as with a rifle. Shano Collins, coming in from the outfield to play first for the Sox, was a little ridiculous after Chase; but Shano was honest if a plodder and he had a forthright pan. Good Sox fans esteemed him as they did Red Faber, "Death Valley" Jim Scott and other reliable work-horses. Where are they all now? We even tolerated fat Ping Bodie, the strange fence-buster from the West, a brief sensation who, as the saying went, covered more ground than any other outfielder—sitting down. He departed to regretful and affectionate hoots.

My generation fell for the personality stuff, you see. We got all wrapped up in it. Life was a parade of ball players—crops of new Speakers, Cobbs and Johnsons every spring. The sports writers—with the exception of a Mr. Lardner, of The Chicago Tribune—said so. When the summer was over and the weeding out was done, there were still one Cobb, one Speaker, one Johnson. The boys were just unlucky; we said. The trouble, as I saw later, was that they were generally lousy. Never mind. There was always another spring, and we went on hoping.

In all this, I was guilty of one piece of secret treachery which I am only now admitting. There were times, God save me, when I hoped the Sox would lose—when Walter Johnson was pitching against them. Naturally, Johnson beat the Sox and everyone else often enough. But he never should have lost at all, certainly not by scores like 2-1, 1-0. The Sox would get their run or two early in the game when the sun was bright, but after that they couldn't see any more of Johnson's fast one than I could. And, from the grandstand, what I saw was a blurred white streak across the coming dusk. But it didn't help Johnson, because his so-called supporters were on a batting spree if they got a man as far as third base. That was another picture, then—the full arm sweeping delivery, the white streak through the late innings, and on the mound a picture of majestic patience. I wondered how much it hurt him to lose. I still wonder.

That was part of what you learned at ball games, though, and remembered after you had stopped going to them. Maybe it was the most important thing: a sense of time and quick glory. One day in 1916 the Pirates came to town and my father said, "This afternoon you'll see the greatest ball player who ever lived."

He couldn't fool me. Cobb was the greatest, and Cobb played for Detroit.

"No," said my father. "Hans Wagner. He's through now, but watch him."

He was not quite six feet, and his huge hands hung to the knees of his bowed and battered legs. He hadn't hit .300 since 1914, and he looked very clumsy and lazy out there at short stop—until you saw him move. "Old Honus," they were calling him by then. That afternoon he ranged thirty feet to either side to take in drives, and you never knew how he got there. At the plate he didn't seem to swing at the ball. He lunged at it, slouchy and loose-jointed. He made two long doubles that day.

"Cobb would have taken third," said I, young and fresh. But I knew I had seen a master.

I saw another one, likewise washed up, the same year. Christy Mathewson was managing the Reds, and Three-Finger Brown had come back to the Cubs. In their greatness they had been the bitterest pitching rivals of all time, and now somebody got the idea that it would be smart to match them again, each one to stay the full route. They did, and it was terrible. The Reds got nineteen hits, the Cubs fifteen. Batters were socking triples who couldn't have got a foul off either pitcher four years before, when they had last met. What mattered now was this: through the carnage Matty worked with the grace and rhythm of an artist—I mean a real artist, one who knows his job so well that he isn't conscious of form. Here was pure style, and like all great style it was simple and beautiful to look at, with a suggestion of further power behind it. In this case the power was no longer there, but you knew why he had been great and why he had lasted so long, and since then I have thought that poets or painters, for instance, could learn a lot by watching the style of a pitcher like Mathewson or a second baseman like Lajoie.

"Well, that's that," my father said when it was over, and I suspected the huskiness in his voice, and was briefly uneasy about the ways of glory.

But there wasn't time just then for sentiment. Our great day had dawned, suddenly, incredibly. The Sox were coming up. Pennant fever swept the town, crept into the suburbs, swallowed us all. Eddie Collins had come over from Philadelphia, Joe Jackson from Cleveland. By the week you saw a great team growing, smoother, faster — a subtle, all together fascinating process.

It was too bad about the Cubs, who were good guys but no ball team. You went to see them only if the Sox were on the road. But any kid knew about Eddie Collins. He was the greatest second baseman in the world, and he wore a wad of chewing gum on his cap. If two strikes were called on him, he took the gum off and chewed it violently. And Weaver was swell at short or third, and Cicotte had found himself and was a near-great pitcher. How could we miss?

We did, for two years, but it didn't hurt because we all knew that it was only a matter of time. Even the suspense carried a certain kick. If the Sox finished third in 1915, they had been in first place for two months of the season. A little hard luck! In 1916 they finished second, only two games from the flag. And then, in 1917, we had the champions of the world.

Right there in front of us. This was what happened if you prayed hard every night for the great men who would be out on the ball yard the next afternoon; if you studied their records daily and could recite instantly and from memory their pitching, batting and fielding averages at any point in the season; if you knew, as a matter of small talk, where they came from and all their superstitions and their several nicknames. They were closer than relatives, and a lot more important. And of all these the greatest was that Shoeless Joe Jackson who swung a long black bat and had twice made Cobb hit .400 or more in the race for the batting crown.

The rapture flowed on, spilling over into the next season. More than ever, now, a ball game was a ritual.

Until Thursday I tried to close my mind completely to the weekend games, but after that it was no use. By Friday the sacred duties were in full swing. It was very important to know how to go to a ball game. There were the week's records to check over for the likely starting pitchers, for the batters who were due to hit. Was Hap Felsch in a slump? Hugh Fullerton, in The Tribune, told me the exact moment he would snap out of it. Knowing that, I could sleep. But the mornings were restless until train time. For hours before we started into town I could hear in my mind the crowd's roar, could hear the whistling, stamping background to a lifetime lived in an afternoon. . . . When we got home at night, it always seemed like a long time since morning.

Thus the rapture. That the Cubs won in 1918, while the Sox slipped, meant nothing. In a war year, that didn't count. Then it was 1919 and the Sox came back, inevitably, stronger than ever. Another pennant era, like that of Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance, was just beginning. It was pretty fine to be in on it; and pathetic to think of the Cincinnati Reds even presuming to enter the world's series in the fall.

My father came into the house on that September afternoon in 1920, and I knew that something was wrong.

"Maybe there isn't much to it," he said, handing me the paper. I read it and laughed. The papers were crazy. Didn't they even know Jackson's 1919 world's series record? He had led both teams in batting with .375. He had a fielding average of 1.000 and he had thrown out five runners at the plate. . . . There were more stories, equally senseless. And then, one day, came the confessions indicting eight.

I looked at the picture of Shoeless Joe on the wall in my room. It was a long sepia picture of Jackson at bat, his left foot a trifle back, the right foot advanced. Probably it was in the late innings, with two or three on and the score tied. He was all ready to step into the pitch, and in a second you would see the smooth, free swing, the blazing drive to right center. I looked at the picture a long time and then I took it down and that was when the world went to pieces. It was all over now. This was what you got for loyalty and faith and, above all, for being romantic. This was the final thing you learned.

"Try to think of the ones that were on the level," my father said. "Collins and Schalk and Kerr and the rest." But I couldn't.

"Well, I wouldn't feel too bad about it," he said, but I knew he was saying it just to say something.

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 146

And then they got separated somehow and she was going to marry his young brother. Only she didn't know who he was. And there was a mardi gras. And somehow she got separated from her fiance in the crowd. And whirled around and around and into the arms of—guess who! Yes, Tullio. He was at the mardi gras too. He had come all the way from the coast of Africa. Of *course*! You see, now I remember. But what was it all about? I concentrate. I strain. No use.

I even remember how, going down in the elevator, one of the theatre managers who attends the previews asked one of the lady critics: "Do women go for that guy?" He asked it in a subdued way, as an humble exhibitor seeking for guidance and information. "Why, I guess so," she said. And added brightly, "I like him."

So that's the picture. Love Me Tonight. No, I mean One Night of Love. No, I'm mixed up. He was in that one too. I'd better look at my notes. Ah! Let's Live Tonight!

ADVICE TO AND FROM HOLLYWOOD

No doubt I am insensitive. A few months ago I bellyached about Dick Powell and everybody jumped on my neck just like they do when I confess I can't abide oysters. Now I have gone and crabbed about Tullio. Next, I may say something nasty about Richard Cromwell (*Life Begins at Forty*) one of those pretty new juveniles that you see in small town settings, portraying the clean-faced and clean-minded, sweet, handsome, cute, sturdy American youth. There are a whole flock of Richard Cromwells, but he is the perfection of the type. You know: complexion of a little boy who has just scrubbed his face and comes running out of the bathroom saying, "Look mom! Is it all right now? Can I have a cookie now?" The face with the dazed dumbly virtuous expression of a girl who has just come in from a necking party during which she kept her boy strictly within bounds. The face that seems molded out of butter. What have I got against Dickie? He is really a pretty fair actor, a competent juvenile, and though his smooth face is his misfortune as far as I am concerned, it must make a lot of mammas and daughters come to the pictures. Why should I run down this ideal noble type of clean-cut youth? Why?

Advice from Hollywood is to the effect that leading men are scarce. My advice to Hollywood is to scare up a few that look like men. Get them out of cab-driver's seats or off the farm or off the campus or out of jail but don't get them out of the doll house.

WHAT COPS THE PRIZE

Of course *It Happened One Night* was the best produced, the best directed, the best acted, the best photographed, the best written picture of last year. Remember the sheer artistry of the photography in that scene where Clark and Claudette are going to bed on a bus? The delicate beauty of the photography just catches your heart. It makes the photography in the *Man of Aran* look like the work of a snapshot amateur. And for direction, remember the amazing subtlety of the scene where Claudette and Clark are going to bed in a tourist camp, and they hang a blanket between them! And you know he knows she is undressing behind that screen! The suggestivity of it! Why it had it all over those peepshows where you see the shadow of a girl undressing behind a sheet. And for the acting! Well! Remember that scene where Claudette and Clark are going to bed on the haystack! And you just know they love each other but won't let on! Conrad Veidt, George Arliss, Charles Laughton, Dorothy Wilson, Helen Hayes, Elisabeth Bergner, Peggy Wood, Greta Garbo can learn something about acting from that scene. How deftly the actors make the audience know they love each other but won't let on! Like all true art, the dumb anguish of it stirs the soul! But as for the dialogue: words fail me! Remember the scene after the wedding ceremony where they are going to bed in another tourist cabin and this time they pull down the blanket that has hung between them? And just at that moment they have an old guy outside blow a trumpet! Get it? What a gag! I see they are putting Shakespeare into the movies, but they'll never equal that one. Man oh man, that photoplay was Motion Picture Art and Science at its highest. It showed that real recognition and encouragement is given to those pictures that move the human heart and soul, that tell the true story of America, that show how every cub reporter marries an heiress, that show the art and science of the photoplay reaching ever toward greater pinnacles of glory.

But what beats *It Happened One Night* was *Manhattan Melodrama*. That got the Academy prize as the best original story, and it certainly deserved the prize. Remember, that was the picture Dillinger saw just before he walked out of the movie and was shot by the cops. And his ghost must certainly be thankful that the cops let him see the year's most original story before they bumped him. It was about crime, too. If he had seen it some years earlier he might have avoided a lot of trouble. It was about a couple of boys that grow up in the slums together and one gets to be governor and the other gets to be a killer and goes to the chair. And the most original thing was that they loved the same girl!

Continued on page 178

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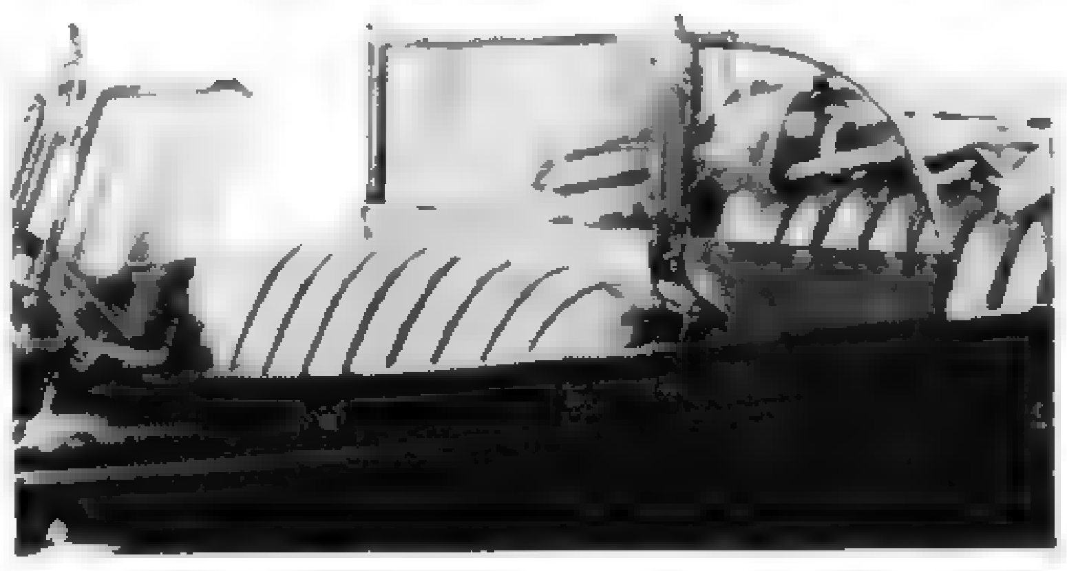

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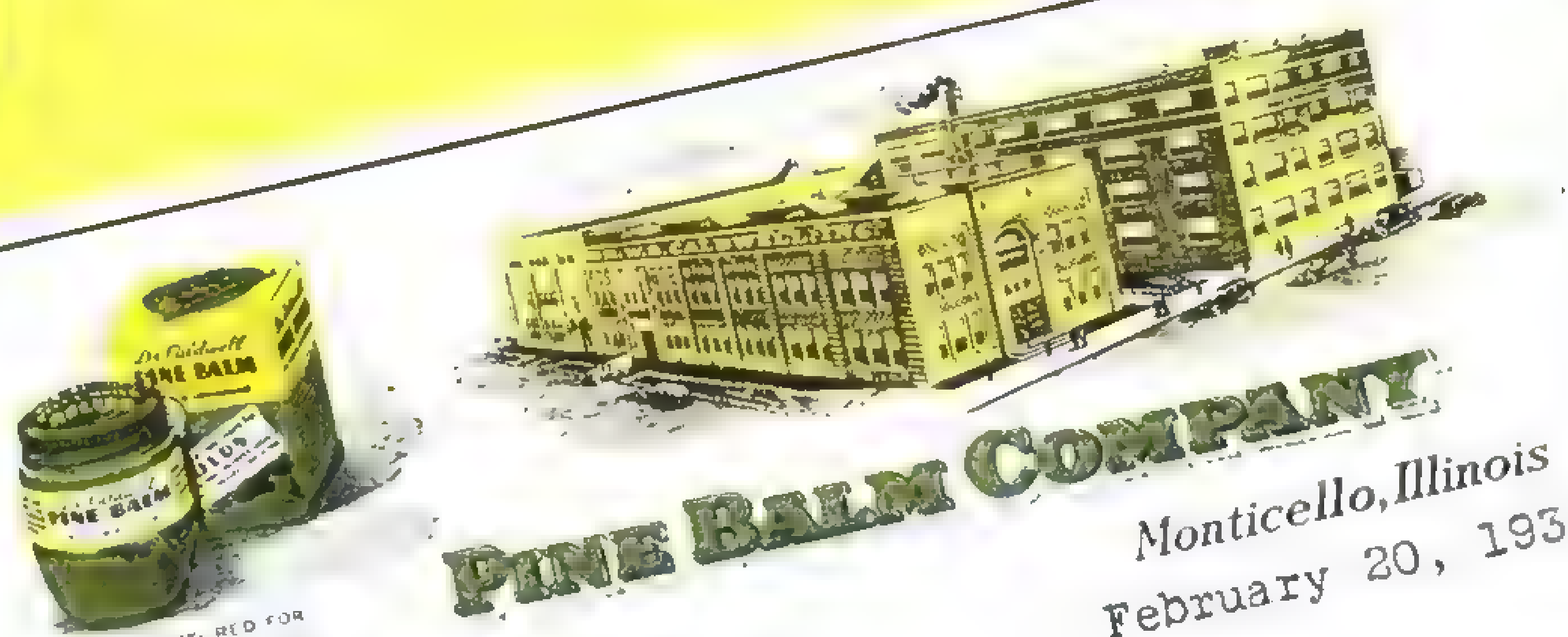

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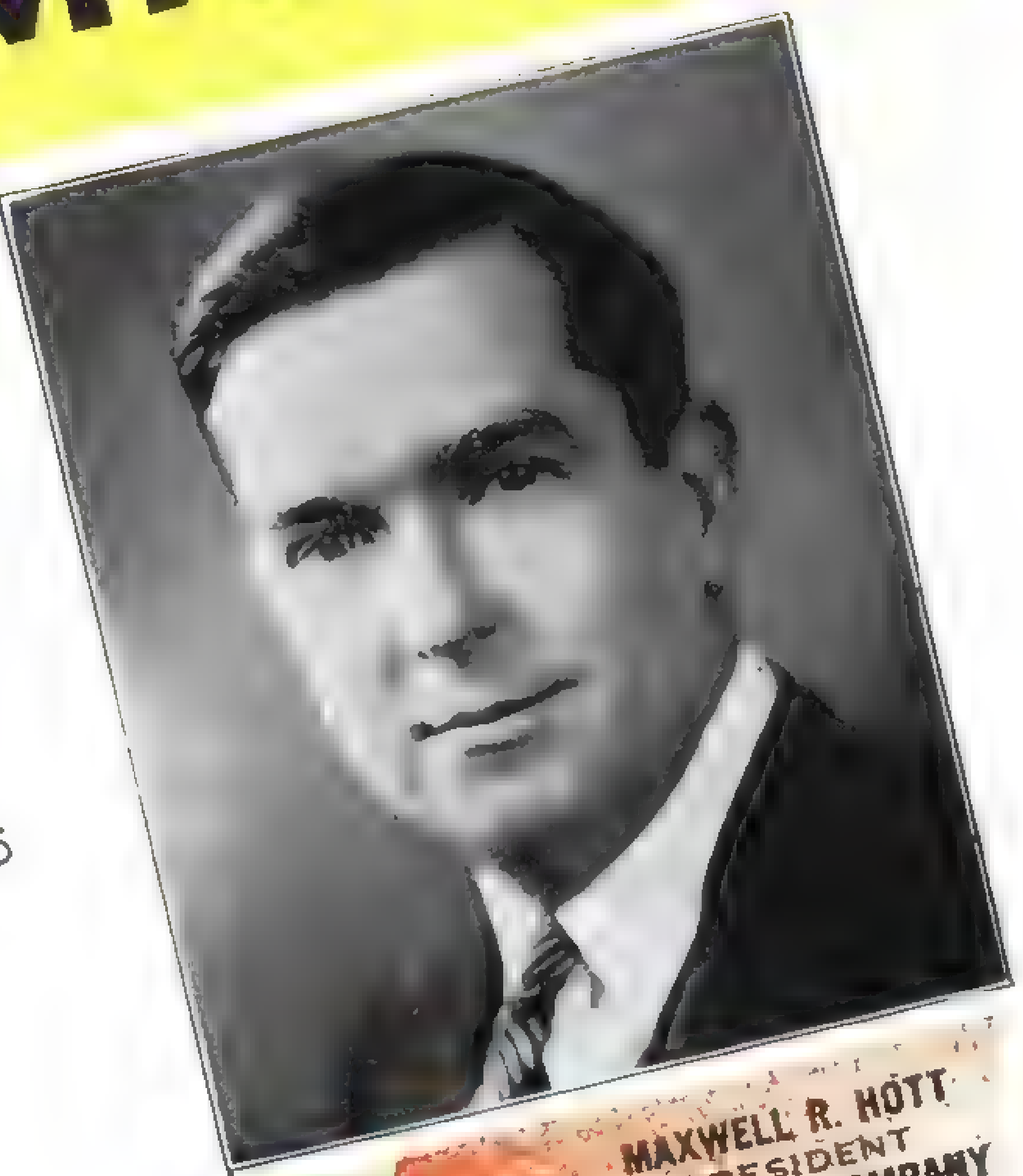

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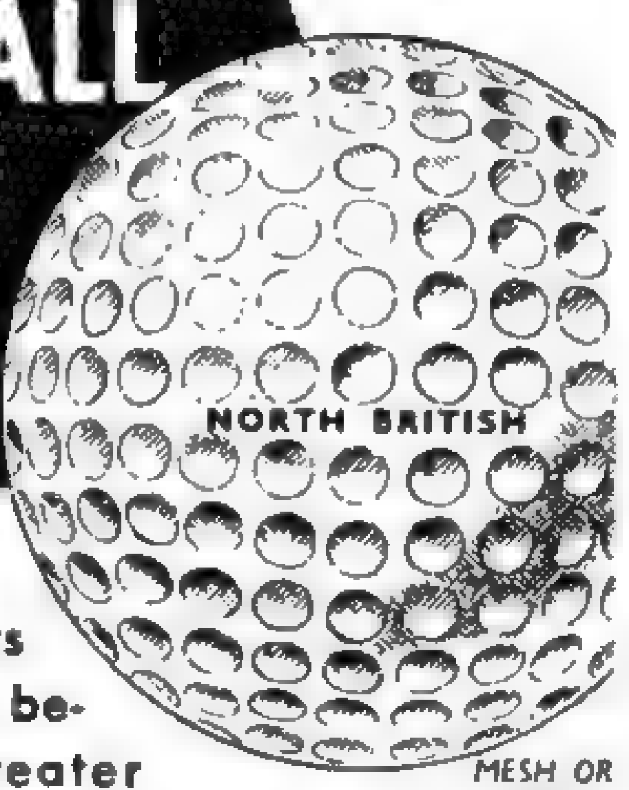

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 176

And that she got married to the governor and pleaded with him to pardon his old playmate, on the eve of the execution. But wait! If you have been dazzled by the astounding brilliance of this hitherto unheard of idea, how could you begin to comprehend the next scene? It is like a thought snatched out of the skies! In the next scene the governor strides back and forth in his study, battling with his conscience, his love for his wife and his pal against his duty to the state, as the precious moments tick by, tick, tick, tick—

Dillinger certainly was lucky. But if he had just been a little luckier. If he had seen that picture, say, in 1922, he would have recognized his error. The trouble was his career as a criminal wasn't true to life. He didn't know the ropes. He made a lot of women but he never made a future governor's wife. Too bad.

But of course nobody had thought of that idea in 1922.

A DIRECTOR TAKES HIMSELF SERIOUSLY

While we're on the subject of prizes, note that King Vidor's back-to-the-soil film, *Our Daily Bread*, won some sort of gold medal from the League of Nations. Doubtless the moral sincerity of the film was worth recognition. But a recent article by King Vidor, in the New York Times, explains a great deal of the crudity of *Our Daily Bread* and of his new picture, *The Wedding Night*. I think it shows that Vidor is an intelligent person trying to make himself simple, and succeeding only in being old-fashioned. The strongest hint I have seen as to Vidor's sensitivity comes not from his recent pictures but from a short story which appears in this magazine. It is greater proof of his powers of psychologic observation, of his ability to create strong dramatic effects through the use of secondary detail, that is *Our Daily Bread*, or *The Wedding Night*. The obvious comeback is that I am literary-minded and can get more out of a story than out of a picture. But my rebuttal is in Vidor's own statement: "Artistry does not consist of making a film that only a limited group of people can understand. Rather, we must seek a great common denominator, a means of telling a story that is understandable to all classes of audiences—the poor, rich, old, young, European and American. One must hold to human emotions to achieve this goal, because emotions are universal and can be understood by every human being. . . . Emotions can be portrayed by a gesture, a facial expression, a step or two, a lifted eyebrow. The complexity of sophisticated people makes such simple expressions impossible. To explain their situations, one must go into long dialogue, movement must stop, each point of the story must be told by the characters in detail. Speed, movement, and reality vanish. In the picture I have just completed, *The Wedding Night*, I have followed the same formula—"

And there is one scene in that entire picture which disproves his theory. When he is dealing with the sophisticated author-character and his super-sophisticated wife. Bags are packed, she is on the point of leaving. Three times she orders the bags out of the car, and back into the car, as she reasons about her duty to him or to herself. The complete story of their married life is told in that very short scene, told by amusing movement and short dialogue, and told in a way that even a backwoodsman will understand. Vidor's scenes concocted for the heightening of emotion are merely the barren melodrama of the Biograph days. Two men fight on the stairs over a woman, dressed in bridal clothes. Accidentally, she is toppled down the stairs.

But both *Our Daily Bread* and *The Wedding Night* show that Vidor, in subject matter, is trying really to get at the American people. The plain people. He is hampered because his attitude is one of superiority. He is building his films down to them. He thinks they can't understand ideas, that ideas have to be symbolized for them by apparitions on the road and such nonsense. But he does stumble on some solid truths. His portrayal of the Polish village customs as they are transplanted to Connecticut and the settlements of tobacco growers is excellent, but alas scant. There are only two extensive scenes in the Polish farmhouse—the breakfast, and the wedding. The breakfast is by far the best; the wedding is like a standard bit of travelogue. The rest of the picture is a straight "he and she." But there is vast material there, in the amalgamation of Polish, Italian, Jewish, Russian folk ways with American folk ways. In the home life of first and second generation immigrant families, it has been untouched. I wish that the next person to touch it would do it simply, without the effort at being earthy. And that he would get a better dialogue writer. Poles do not talk like Indians. *The Wedding Night* is full of horrible gruntings: "You no go," "She not stay," etc. That may convey a foreign dialect, but it's not Polish.

M. G. M.'s *West Point of the Air* duplicates Warners' *Devil Dogs of the Air* as a recruit poster for the flying army. Better acted on the whole, with more thrilling flight and crash shots, and more obvious slop about father and son loyalty, discipline, sacrifice and the pure girl. From an entertainment point of view I must report it a highly effective thriller; I have a private word for its propagandistic aspects, which I will send upon request.

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THIS LABEL

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

GOES PLACES

African Golf

Continued from page 43

facturers' code. There is one conclusion which even the dullest must reach after a lesson from Slim and a thorough study of an up-to-date crooked dice manufacturer's catalog. The customer simply hasn't a chance.

Throughout the United States there are thousands of crap games doing a thriving business and if your gambling fever makes you crave action, you may make a safe bet by laying the odds of ten to one that nine out of ten open-to-all crap games employ "educated dice." The temptation to use them is too great for any professional gambler, as many are so cunningly made as to defy detection. Let us quote a paragraph on "gravity dice" from the catalog.

"These dice can be cut open or burned yet reveal nothing, always ready to use and no switching . . . made in round corner ⅝ white celluloid in either missouts or passers—Satisfaction guaranteed."

Of course, there are times when the shark has no time to get in touch with his supply house, or to produce a pair of his educated dice to match the naive cubes of his customer and it is then that he rises to the true heights of his profession by leading honest dice astray. Many a victim, with full confidence in himself to detect any variety of unnatural dice, has fallen prey to the uncanny skill of an underworld genius, who could control straight dice with equally disastrous results.

Slim illustrated this by taking my own perfectly reputable bones and throwing thirty-two passes with them. Of course, the conditions were ideal. Slim threw, or rather spun the dice on a smooth surface, using a method known in subterranean circles as the "pique."

"Piquing" consists in sliding the dice between the two middle fingers, the cubes spinning like tops and never turning over. When they come to rest, they of course show the number the expert intends. Mastery of the art requires as great skill and technique as a perfect rendition of a Liszt rhapsody and Slim told me he practiced daily for hours. Unfaltering dexterity is required in picking up the ivories, rattling them between thumb and fingers without disturbing the "natural" arrangement and throwing them with a seeming carelessness to allay the customer's suspicions.

The second method of leading honest dice from the straight and narrow is known as "pad-rolling." This is also called the "blanket-roll" and has the one great advantage in that the novice's suspicions are seldom aroused. After the shark has "piqued" a score of times with unvarying results, the impoverished victim may object to the spinning motion of the cubes and demand that he "roll the dice." The expert responds by "pad-rolling." In pad-rolling, the dice are held much the same as in

Continued on page 180

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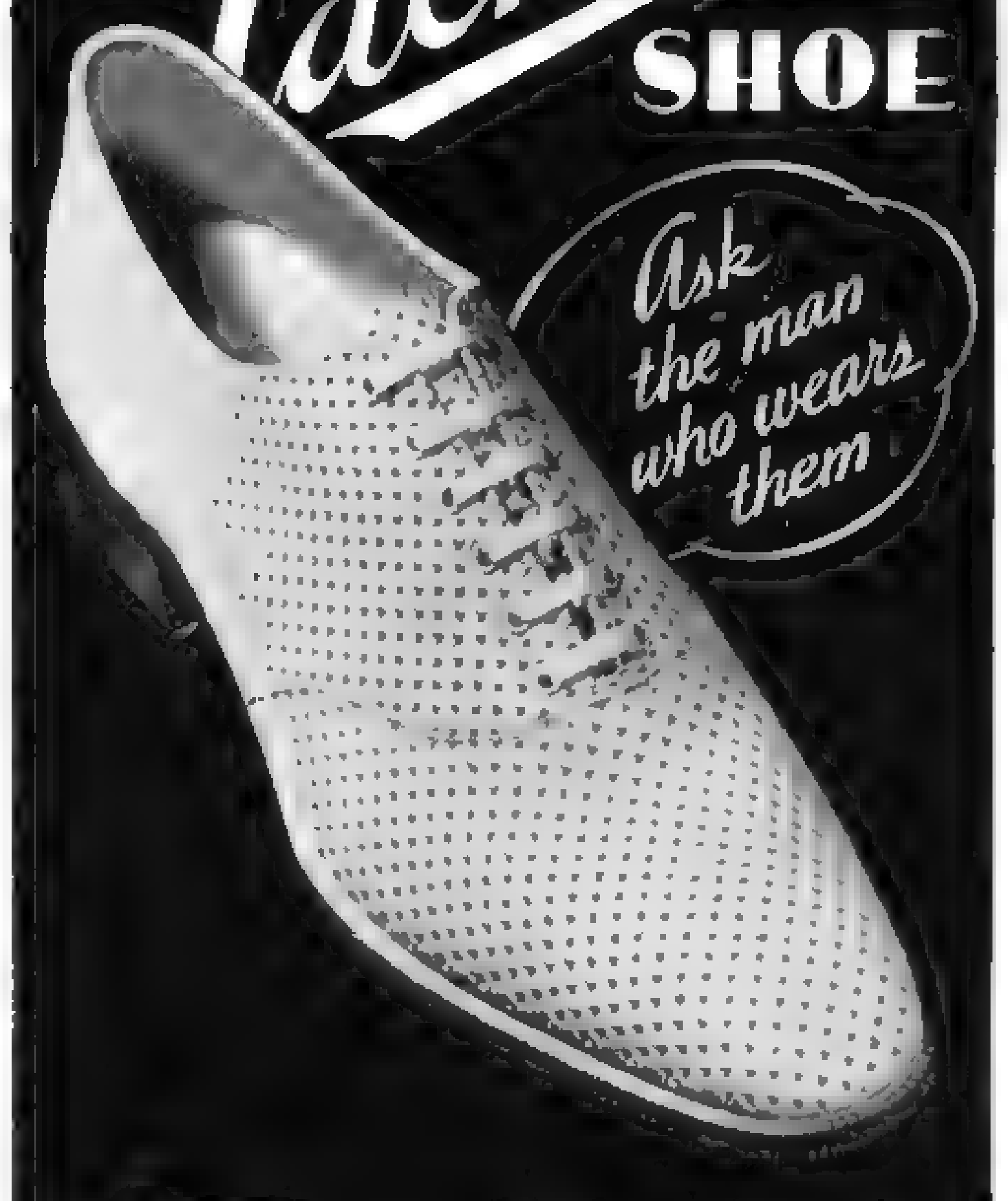

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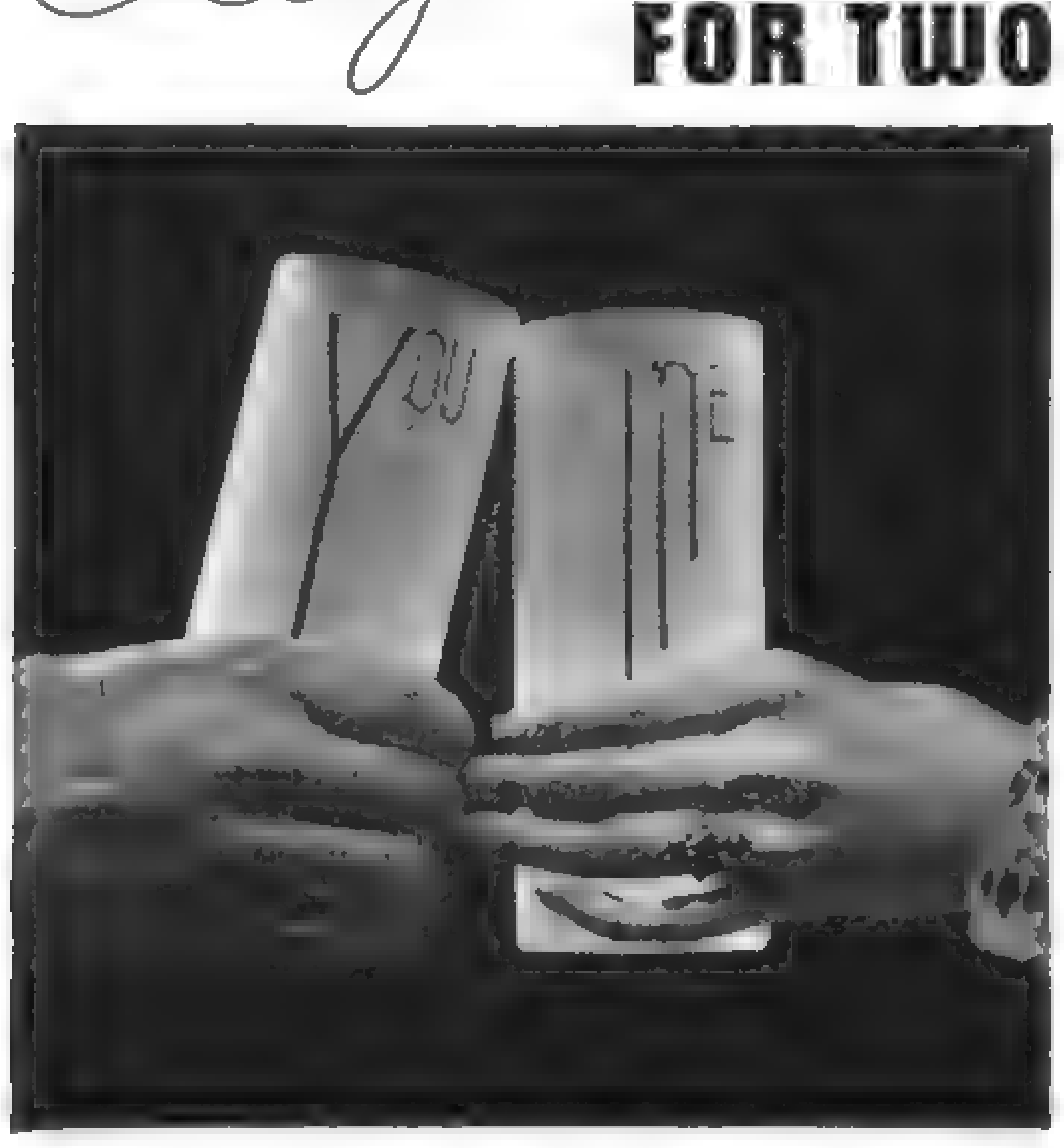

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African Golf

Continued from page 179

piquing, with the difference that they are released with the palm parallel to the table, while in piquing the cubes are thrown with hand in a vertical position.

The ancient game has gained, rather than lost in popularity during the depression. Seattle Slim, a deep student of psychology if not of the Queen's English, explains it thus:

"These alphabet camps has put a lot of dice dough into circulation. The boys come back with their overalls full of scratch and the smart players get most of it.

"Another reason why business has been good is that nobody has had enough loose change to suit him and a lot of suckers are willing to take a gamble of double or nothing. And, of course, Wall Street turned a whole raft of millionaire plungers into two-bit crap shooters."

Crap shooting conditions throughout the country vary greatly, however. In the large cities of the east, where laws against gambling are more or less stringently enforced, the ambitious proprietor of an open game is often discouraged by police raids. In order to carry on, it is necessary for him to be ever on the alert and the matter of "protection" constitutes a major item of his overhead.

To be sure, in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and several other eastern metropolises, there are large dice rooms which have done a huge and uninterrupted business for years, but none opens its portals to the stranger. To gain admittance and be honored with the privilege of throwing away one's money, one must be accompanied by a known "right guy"—which, in gambling circles means either one of the inner circle, or a steady customer.

On the other hand, in many sections of the middle west, dice games are wide open. The only introduction necessary is a ten dollar bill—and even this is not closely inspected to ascertain whether or not it was made in the mint. Kansas City, for instance, offers the stranger every opportunity to get action for his money. And Saint Joseph, Mo., proud home of Jesse James, still welcomes the visitor with open firearms.

"The trouble with them burgs," Seattle Slim contends, "is that there is nine smart players for every sucker."

Of all large American cities, New Orleans remains the most tolerant toward those who crave the excitement of gambling. Despite the recent feud between Senator Long and Mayor Walmsley, there are still at least a dozen games in this Southern metropolis that never close. Poker, dice, or keeno—take your choice, so long as you are satisfied that the house takes the money. It's all in fun.

Although experts of the stripe of Seattle Slim in the main subsist upon the uninitiated, there are times when they pit their skill against other experts. This occurred recently when four sharks of Chicago travelled to St. Louis with the intent purpose of taking into camp a group of plunging, albeit, crooked gamblers of East St. Louis.

The visitors were fortified with advance and accurate information as to the exact type of cubes their hosts employed and went to considerable trouble and expense to match them—with educated bones of their own. Needless to say, a slow motion picture of the bewildered consternation upon the maps of those East Saint Louis cheaters as they saw what they supposed to be their own "missouts" make pass after pass in the hands of their visitors would be a cinematographic masterpiece.

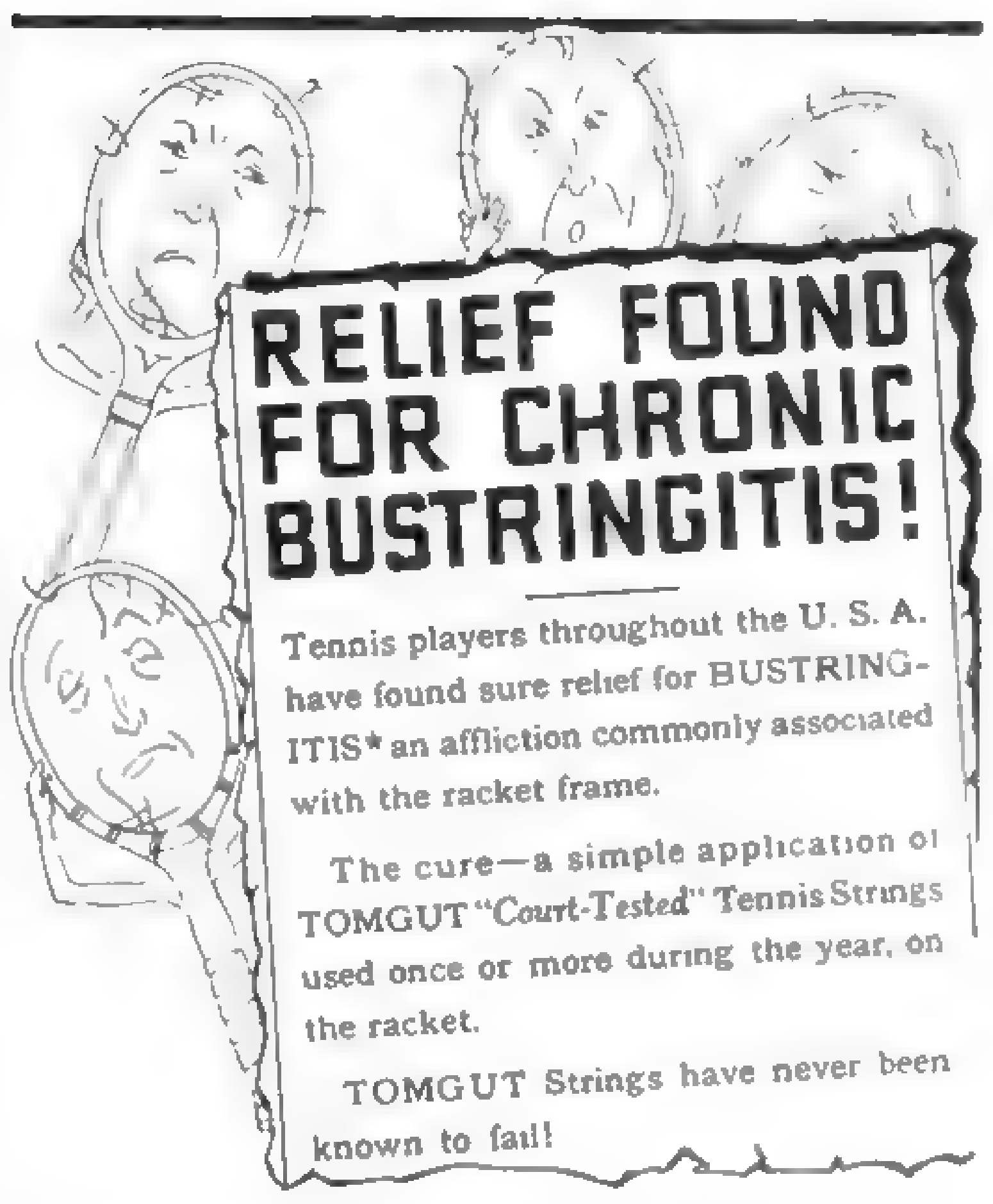
But the story doesn't end there. The Chicago gamblers returned home with several thousand dollars profit, and the cheated cheaters put their heads together—as cheated cheaters will. Eventually they solved the riddle, as the visitors, with all their cunning had been unable to gather all of the substituted dice before departing.

Although the suckers in this particular instance were all bad actors, at least two of whom have since been killed in clashes with the police, they did not for a moment consider reaping their vengeance through the usual route of violence. Instead, they bided their time, plotted carefully and six months later visited Chicago for a return engagement, taking with them a super-shark and returning to Saint Louis with all their losses, plus their traveling expenses and a very substantial rate of interest.

The skill with which a past master in the art of craps can handle any kind of dice (with the sole exception of pee-wee dice) is completely incredible. Some can even bounce them against a wall and control them with a fair degree of accuracy. How they do it is as far beyond the comprehension of the writer of these notes as the mystic arts of India.

And even the common garden variety of shark will invariably devour the fish that still believes in Santa Claus—and his luck with the bones. He will use educated dice when he can. If he happens to be without the tools of his trade, he will resort to "piquing," or "pad-rolling." And if the house rules checkmate his skill by compelling him to shake somebody else's dice in a cup—he will still accomplish his purpose of getting the money by simply betting on percentage.

"You would be surprised," declared Slim, "to know how many customers there is which still don't know there is six ways to make a 'seven' and only five ways to make a 'six.' Why, that's the first thing they had ought to learn you in school!"



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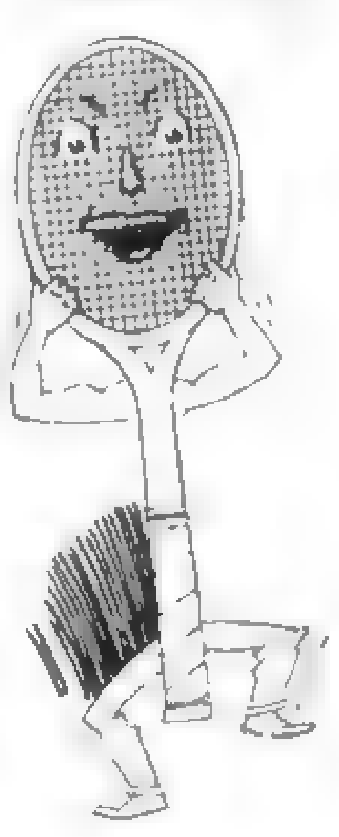

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The Music-Box Review

Continued from page 98

the heavy side, but I like the way all the cross rhythms come through in spite of this heavy scoring; and I also like it when the whole ensemble really gets hot. Perhaps I should say hot with a reason—when the whole band swings they swing. "Peewee" Hunt does a fine bit of vocal chorusing.

On the other side, *Who's Sorry Now?* has only one thing to commend it—no vocal chorus.
DECCA—GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA—No. 379.

* * *

Two numbers from the picture *Love in Bloom* are played by Ted Fio Rito and his orchestra. *Here Comes Cookie* didn't impress me until I suddenly was brought upright in my chair by a flute virtuoso, no less. To all the long-haired flute players may I recommend this Concerto in F (or whatever it might be called) that occurs in one of the choruses of this number. Technically it is difficult, and, surprise of surprises, it is also hot.

I would like some explanation of the fact that the same accompaniment is used for the solo vocal chorus by Muzzy Marceline who, by the way, is a little too breathless, and also for the Debutantes ensemble, which is good.

The other side, *My Heart is an Open Book* has one trick in it which probably will be copied by plenty of arrangers—instead of an elaborate modulation to a different key after the vocal chorus a solo trombone slides into the next chorus very gracefully, and continues to do this at the end of all the short phrases. It is a swell effect, but it will be just swill when too many arrangers lift the idea.
BRUNSWICK—TED FIO RITO AND HIS ORCHESTRA—No. 7380.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 100

of the Ohio Gang of swindlers, the Shipping Board scandal, the Wall Street shell-games, all from the records. They are the miserable facts we are too much in the habit of forgetting.

HUNGRY MEN. (Doubleday, Doran, $2). By Edward Anderson—So far the best of the books of fiction describing the sort of life led by the unemployed during these years of the depression. Simple, plain, factual, unbiased accounts of happenings in mission flop-houses, in the bread line, in jails, in freight cars, on the highway, in the streets and alley-ways of the cities. Tragic and moving, but somehow the book leaves you with a comfortable fellow-feeling for these unwanted men and boys. A camaraderie has sprung up among these homeless and hungry spirits, with them bravely against the world. With humor and without a gnawing bitterness they have not only accepted a situation but have made a freer-minded best of it than many have who have remained secure and employed.

* * *

THE first book I want to call your attention to especially is *Shoulder the Sky*. The author is James Gray, an editorial writer on the St. Paul Press & Dispatch. On the side he also conducts a Sunday book page in that newspaper. I haven't looked up to see yet whether he lambasted or praised or merely ignored my books. I have been afraid to. I have been afraid he might have done one or the other of the two incredible things. Still he might have done either and, by this time, grown out of it. I hear he published a novel two or three years ago and that it was a flop and rather deserved to be. I don't know this to be a fact: I just heard it. In fact I do not doubt that the novel was a flop, but I do doubt that it deserved to be. Nobody who wrote a novel as good as *Shoulder the Sky* could have written a novel without some promise. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. The man who wrote *Of Human Bondage* also wrote, in his salad days, *The Making of a Saint*. Novels don't come any worse than that.

Shoulder the Sky is, technically, so flawless, the job the author set for himself is done so perfectly within the limits he prescribed for himself, that the reader is rather apt to forget how really beautifully the job has been done. The theme is simple. An intelligent, serious-minded young graduate in medicine, with a proper appreciation of the dignity of his profession and an ambition to excel in it, looks 'em over among the eligible debutantes in the Minnesota city in which he has been brought up, and selects in an almost too-business-like manner a wife who is bright, independent, aloof, serious-minded like himself and yet frivolous-enough minded to match him in repartee and the play of wits. He loves her and she loves him, although no profound grand passion is felt on either side. She has been under the dominance of, and in revolt against, her selfish, priggish and domineering brother who has been all too anxious to auction her off to the highest bidder.

Her nuptial initiation is not as gentle or as satisfying as it might have been; but nevertheless she readily and loyally agrees to go to live in a small, industrial and bankrupt town where her husband has bought a practice, and there she is as devoted, hard-working and sensible a helpmeet as any

Continued on page 183

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THE BLUE BLOOD BILKER
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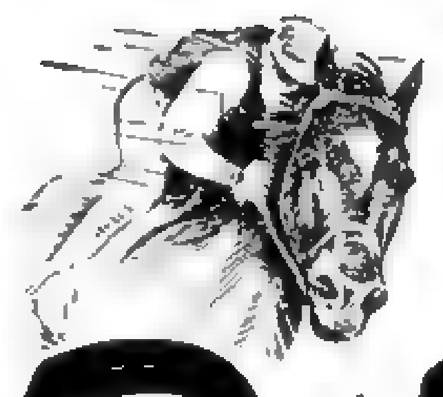

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Title and Author	Type & Taste	Eastern Critics	Mid-Western and Western Critics	Consensus of Critics	Selling Possibilities
FICTION:					
CALL IT SLEEP *By Henry Roth* Robert Ballou—$2.50	Autobiographical. First novel for the red bloods.	*Saturday Review of Literature*—"'Call It Sleep' is by far the foulest picture of the east side that has yet appeared, in conception and in language. . . . Mr Roth remembers amazingly and reports photographically."	*Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco*—"You may call it vulgar, disgusting, desperately unhappy. Just the same, you will have to grant its extraordinary force. . . . Mr. Roth is, right now, with this first book, an important novelist."	Divided.	Deserves to sell.
COME AND GET IT *By Edna C. Ferber*, Author of *So Big* and many other novels. Doubleday-Doran—$2.50	For Edna Ferber fans and Wisconsin lovers.	*Allan Nevins—Saturday Review of Literature*—"The best part of Edna Ferber's novel—indeed the only first rate part—is the picture of the Wisconsin background." *Zona Gale in N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"The record of a past seen in hard sunlight, heard very near at hand, and without a moment dull, or still." *Fred T. Marsh, N. Y. Times.*—"Her methods and interpretations suggest, rather than the realistic novelist, the social historian at one extreme and the theatre at the other."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"Full of realistic detail. . . . You get something above average when you get an Edna Ferber story." *Fanny Butcher—Chicago Tribune*—"It is a lusty tale of a lusty day."	Luke warm.	Automatic Best Seller.
FOLLOW THE FURIES *By Eleanor Carroll Chilton* Author of *Shadows Waiting* and *The Burning Bush* Bobbs-Merrill—$2.50	Problem novel	*John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"Tense reading—doubly haunting by virtue of a precise, elegant, controlled and wholly distinguished prose style. . . . More than a problem novel, it is dramatic literature." *May Lamberton Becker—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"The book will stand out and will continue to stand out among the novels of the year." *Carrie Cabot—Saturday Review of Literature*—"The book lingers in the mind as a pleasant, faintly satirical, comedy of manners."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"A distinguished novel—a book which you will not easily forget." *Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"Pleasant story? No, but a psychological study of exceptional power which will haunt you for days. And, if you care to take it that way, a sermon."	All praise.	A Best Seller.
GREEN LIGHT *By Lloyd C. Douglas*, author of *Magnificent Obsession* and *Forgive Us Our Trespasses.* Houghton-Mifflin—$2.50	Inspirational novel for those who thrilled to the other Douglas novels.	*N. Y. Sunday Times*—"An inspirational novel if ever there was one." *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"The novel is long, discursive and detailed, but it touches with a practical hand those channels of sympathy which drew so many readers to 'Magnificent Obsession' and 'Forgive Us Our Trespasses.'"	*Fanny Butcher—Chicago Tribune*—"Primarily and in every page a comforting novel." *Dr. Preston Bradley in Chicago Daily News*—"It is precisely Dean Harcourt's philosophy, confidence and courage which are needed in this chaotic, confused, topsy-turvy world today." *Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"Viewed simply as a novel, 'Green Light' is unhappily a weak thing, sentimental, and obviously planned."	Favorable on inspirational rather than literary basis.	A Best Seller, assured in advance by the record of *Magnificent Obsession*, now—five years after publication—selling 2000 a month.
THE POACHER *By H. E. Bates*, author of *Catherine Foster* and many other novels and short stories. MacMillan—$2.50	For those who crave farm life and live as they read, says *Robert Van Gelder, N. Y. Times.*	*Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"In all his work Mr. Bates has limited himself to portraits of the types most often envied on Scotch and Soda evenings by the overcomplex. . . . Seldom have scene and mood and character been so perfectly blended." *Margaret Cheney Dawson* (author of 'City Harvest')—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"A full length novel that has character and shape, a sustained and satisfying story." *N. Y. Sunday Times*—"Beautiful and without affectation, Mr. Bates has expressed through the story of Lou Bishop's life his deep feeling for the life of English countryside, for the changes which have come over it in the last half century, and his own nostalgic regret for the order which has passed."		Good reading.	Deserves to sell.
YOUNG GENTLEMEN, RISE *By Travis Ingham* Farrar-Rinehart—$2.00	"The book is recommended for professional old grads." By *F. T. M., in the N. Y. Times.*	*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"An excellent story told in a breezy, bawdy style that is reminiscent of Ben Hecht. A common criticism of novels is that they are a bit too long. This one seems a bit too short."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"A naive tale of those bright college days before the war . . . entertaining enough story that does fix in print the generation about which it is written. . . . On more than one occasion he is not merely sexy but out and out scatological."	Entertaining.	Unpredictable.
GENERAL:					
FAREWELL TO REVOLUTION *By Everett Dean Martin* W. W. Norton—$3.00	For revolution advocates and revolution damners.	*Wm. MacDonald—N. Y. Times*—"His indictment of revolution raises some searching questions which American revolutionists can hardly avoid answering." *N. Y. Herald-Tribune—Walter Millis*—"A curious long-minded book about the revolutionary process, a book which seems to me not well organized and often confused in its implications, but which manages nevertheless to emphasize some important and too frequently neglected aspects of revolution." *Harold D. Lasswell, member of the Dept. of Political Science, University of Chicago, author of books on this subject.—Saturday Review of Literature*—"In trying times one result of preaching against violence is to focus attention upon violence, and a book like this may do some disservice to the cause which it hopes to further."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"Tho he has shown that revolution is essentially hostile to the progress of civilization all right enough, it does not follow that he has shown us the way to go about avoiding revolutions."	Important.	Unpredictable.
FRANCIS THE FIRST First Gentleman of France *By Francis Hackett* (Author of *Henry VIII*) Doubleday-Doran—$3.00	For those who like to "follow the bright pageant of history"	*John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"Francis the First is a turbulent, a dizzying, a full blooded and a beautiful piece of writing. . . . Mr. Hackett's prose is sensuous, witty, forceful." *Isabel Patterson—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Mr. Hackett has been liberal in his scope and his use of color; the result is perhaps more impressive at a slight distance than when scrutinized closely. But the total impression is rich, agreeable and provocative of thought." *John M. S. Allison—Saturday Review of Literature*—"Packed with that witty writing we associate with Mr. Hackett."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"Elaborately circumstantial biography." *Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"Hackett sees Francis as the first gentleman of France—warrior, lover, diplomat and patron of the arts—who dominated women with his dash, good humor, and playboy spirit, and who in turn was dominated by women." *Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"The most readable biography of the season."	Distinctly readable	Best Seller Promptly on reputation of *Henry VIII.*
MOSCOW CARROUSEL *By Eugene Lyons* Knopf—$3.50	"Red-baiters will not like it," says *Wm. Allen White in Sat. Rev. of Lit.*	*Wm. Allen White—Saturday Review of Literature*—"Mr. Lyons' book first of all has charm. He has written of Russian personalities, Russian situations, not ponderously but with a certain tragic gaiety that gives what he writes an impress of veracity. The book is easy reading."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"A successful piece of work. Brief notes that convey a sense of the larger continuity of Moscow life." *Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"A realism that makes the tome a living monument to the Soviet capital."	All enthusiastic.	Unpredictable.
THE NATURE OF CAPITALIST CRISIS *By John Strachey*, author of *The Coming Struggle for Power* Covici Friede—$3.00	"Mr. Strachey's book is required reading for those who wish to keep up with economic thought." *John Chamberlain.*	*Ernest Sutherland Bates—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Skillfully constructed. . . . 'The Nature Of Capitalist Crisis' is companion piece to 'The Coming Struggle For Power,' the two together forming elaborate scholia upon Marx's twin theories of class struggle and surplus value." *John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"John Strachey, author of 'The Coming Struggle For Power'—"a solid politico-economic volume. . . . I am not at all certain of his details or tactics, nor am I certain of his implied time-schedule." *John M. S. Allison—Saturday Review of Literature*—"Capitalist theory is of no value for the making of revolutions. Marxian theory is extremely valuable. So far, Strachey's analysis is sound. But he goes further. Strachey searches for the *true* theory, for he believes that in truth there is might."	*Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"A book that everybody will be reading presently—to be read with hearty disapproval by many, with great enthusiasm by many others, but with ineluctable interest by all."	Important.	Best Seller bet.
NEW PATHWAYS IN SCIENCE *By Sir Arthur Eddington* MacMillan—$2.50	Philosophy, science, for those philosophically inclined.	*Waldemar Kaempfert—N. Y. Times*—"A collection of familiar lectures, a miscellany which, while it lacks unity, nevertheless does hang together by virtue of a binding philosophy by which we are brought into contact with a fine, powerful, original mind." *Gerald Wendt—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Essentially a book in the philosophy of science . . . exhaustive yet chatty analysis of the new intellectual tools that have come into use in the last decade."		Favorable.	Unpredictable.
A VAGABOND IN SOVIETLAND *By Harry A. Franck* Stokes—$2.50	For the armchair traveler.	*Don Gordon—American News of Books*—"The writing wanderer records in his usual entertaining fashion a 30-day trip thru the U. S. S. R. from Leningrad to Armenia and back."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"For once, you will have a chance to read about the Soviets without being dragged into an argument about the success or failure of the Soviet experiment. . . . A colorful narrative that is made to order for the armchair traveler." *Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"This great traveler . . . has made Russia, from Leningrad to Armenia and back, alive for us . . . well illustrated from photographs."	Favorable.	Deserves to sell.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 181

young husband could expect. She never, quite, gives herself to him, however.

The consequent result is, both she and he are vaguely unhappy, restless, quarrelsome. He tries to analyze the situation, tries to get at the psychological cause of her frigidity, tries to find wherein he himself is to blame.

The husband no sooner has the problem worked out and settled and they have no sooner come together in happy unity for the first time than he, in a mistaken outburst of loyalty, confesses an adultery he committed with his wife's best friend when he and his wife were most at odds and he was most distraught. This gums up the works worse than before and matters are not straightened out until she rights the wrong in her mind with revenge upon him in adultery with a man she does not respect. And even when the free give-and-take of love is once again established between the man and wife you are quite certain it is only a reconciliation to break-down and recur indefinitely. And so does the author realize this. Neither the husband nor the wife is wholly admirable and certainly neither is wholly sensible. The young physician, whose interior monologues are given by a device which prevents the confusion that often arises through the use of the interior monologue or stream of consciousness technique, knows his faults of character and temperament and confesses them and faces them—to himself.

The young physician does not face them or confess them to her; and neither does she confess her faults to him. There is the rub. Thence proceed the ward of the ego between those who are devoted to each other; thence proceed the hatreds and recriminations and the desperate desires to wound. James Gray had made a drama of this that is honest, true and beautiful, one that is much truer to the human heart and brain than the "daring" escape-fantasies like *Ann Veronica* and other H. G. Wells novels which set an older generation by the ears.

If Louis Zara had had just a little more human warmth in him or at least if he could have got a little more into his stories and if he could have polished off the rough edges of his diction he would have had a first class novel in *Blessed Is the Man*. It comes very close to being a first class novel anyway. First class novels are, as you are probably aware, few in number and far between.

Zara is a young Chicagoan and he is, I think, a discovery of this magazine. At least one of his first appearances in print was in ESQUIRE.

The novel is about Jake Krakauer, a vigorous and resourceful Russian immigrant and his family.

Jake Krakauer has will, ambition, shrewdness, optimism, all the qualities needed by an immigrant who, from his small native village, looked upon this country in the closing days of the last century as a land of opportunity if even a portion of his dreams were to be realized. Crude, jovial, crafty Jake does achieve his ambition.

He does become a sort of emperor in a little empire of which his large family is the center; and he is representative of the transplanted Taras Bulbas who became dominating influences in the political and economic life of our great cities. Jake is a Jew and this novel, like Abraham Cahan's *The Rise of David Levinsky*, is concerned largely with the depiction of Jewish family life, customs, rituals, feuds, fights and superstitions; it is lusty, comical in spots, naturalistic and yet very human.

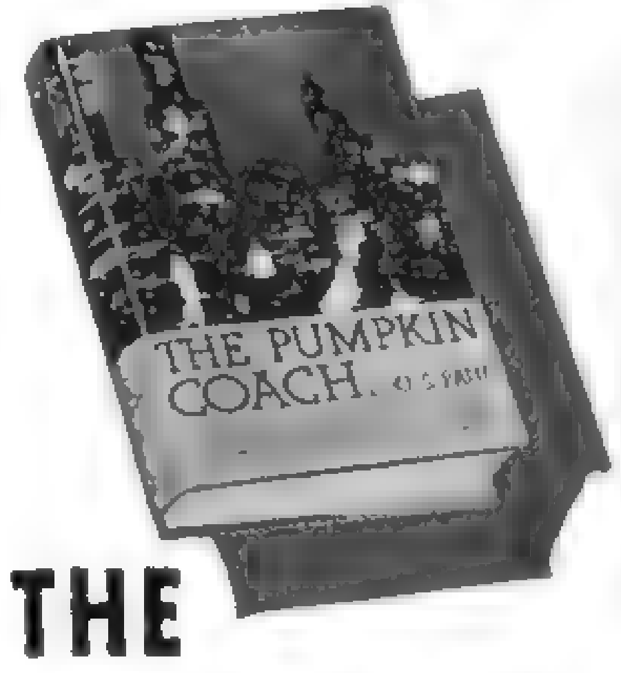
This is a novel in which even the mass of detail is extraordinarily entertaining.

Dorothy McCleary's *Not for Heaven* was one of the two stories which the judges, Lewis Gannett, Harry Maule and Margaret Foley, could not decide between in the Story Magazine-Doubleday, Doran Prize Contest for $1,000 for the best novel submitted by a contributor to Story magazine. Instead of splitting the prize, as is usual in such contests when there is a tie, it was decided by the publishers to award two first prizes of $1,000 each. The other prize went to Edward Anderson for *Hungry Men*. The editorial board of the Literary Guild also decided to make no discrimination between the two as to merit and chose to send both books, bound in one volume, as the Guild's selection for May. In the trade, of course, the two novels are issued separately. Although I am a member of the editorial board of the Literary Guild, it is my personal opinion, and this opinion was so registered in my vote, that there is a slight difference in the literary merit of the two novels and that one of them, *Hungry Men*, is not, strictly speaking, a novel, however good it may be—as what it was intended to be.

Miss McCleary's work is, in

Continued on page 184

LOUIS PAUL



The greatest literary "discovery" of the year, his first short story was published by ESQUIRE, won the O. Henry Memorial Prize...and now his first novel, just ready at all bookshops, is the April Selection of the Literary Guild.

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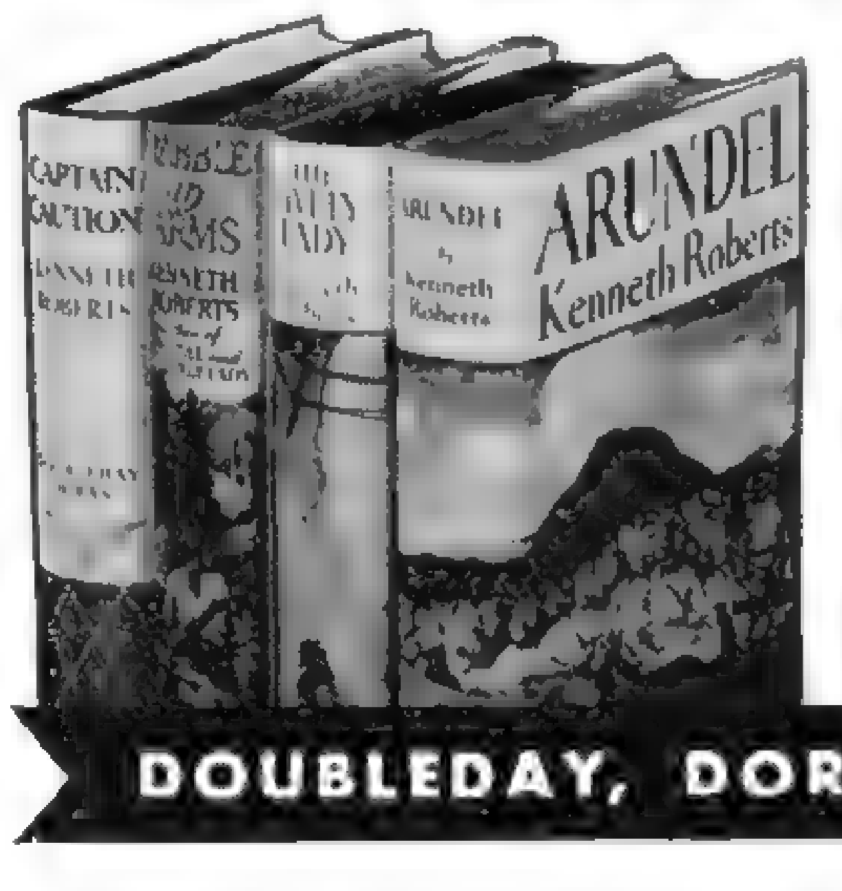

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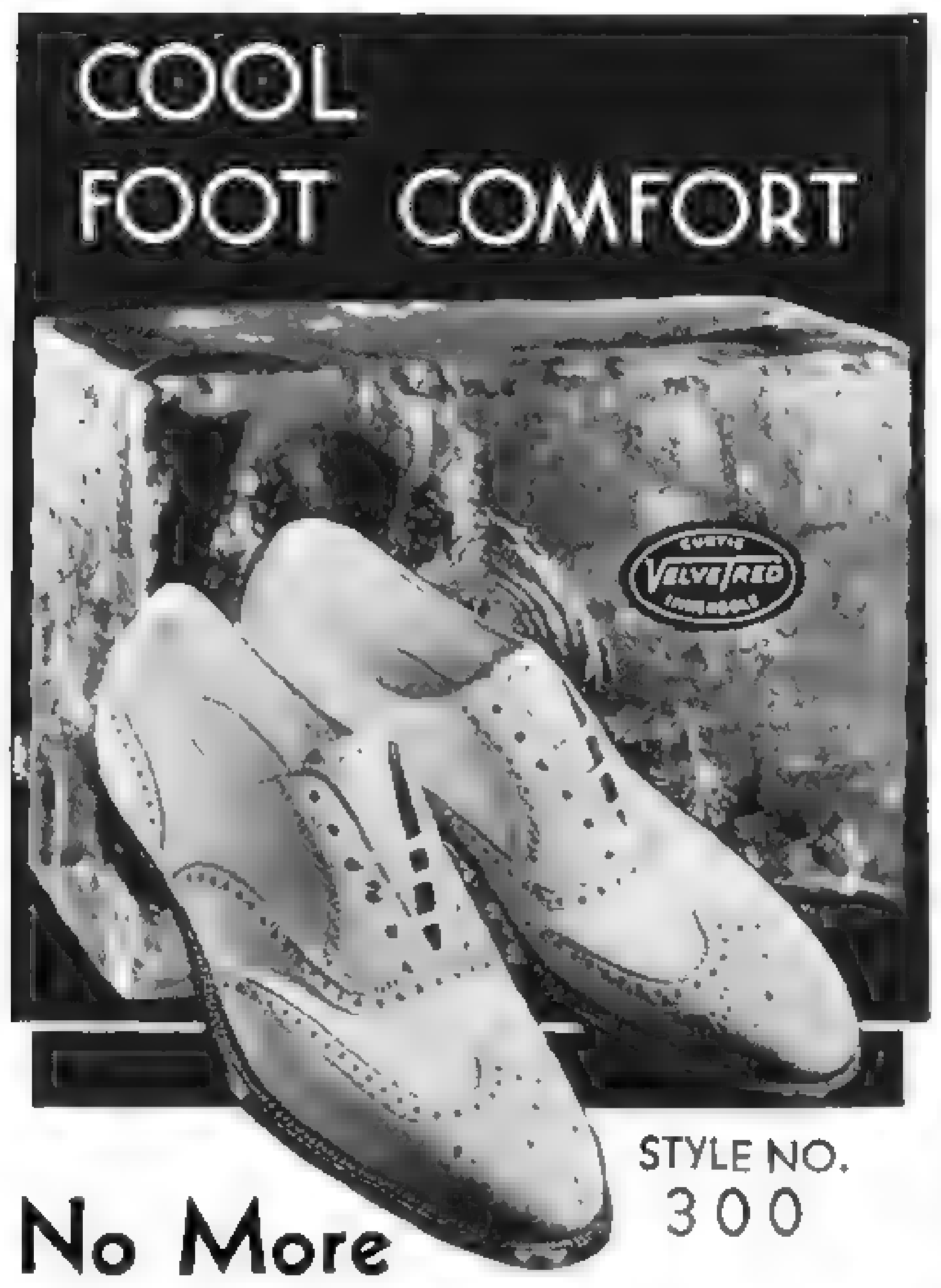

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 183

my opinion, the superior work of creative imagination; her novel is less timely than Mr. Anderson's and for that reason more timeless; and the Ma Bostwick of Miss McCleary's novel is one of the grandest creations in modern literature, a very scream of a wilful and sharp-tongued and very wise old woman, sort of like Ma Pettingill in a way and sort of like the bawdy old grandmother in *February Hill;* and her perverse devotion to her crummy old nag is made the matter of a mirthful and warmly appealing story of humble folk who have a fierce pride in their integrity and who also have a fundamental love of life.

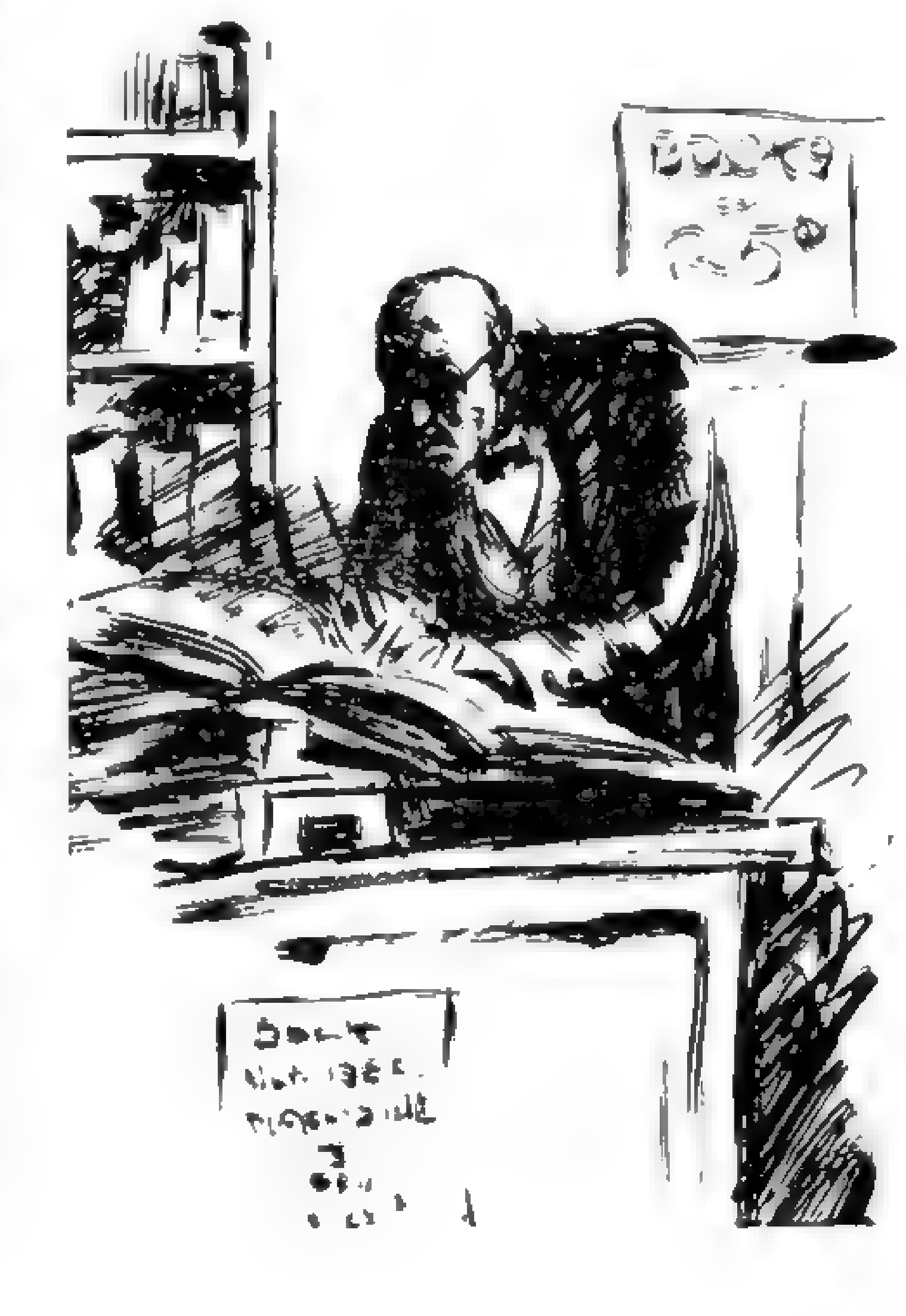
Reading Bruno Frank's *A Man Called Cervantes* you will come to know and understand the forces which helped to bring about the creation of *Don Quixote*, probably the greatest and profoundest novel of all time. Frank has recreated in moving prose (adroitly translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter) the atmosphere and the glamor of King Philip's court at the time of the great flourish of the Spanish Armada; and out of the facts and legends of Cervantes' turbulent and adventurous career as soldier, freebooter, pirates' captive, government employee, scalawag, vagabond, trencherman and scribbler an exciting novel has been made.

Louis Adamic's *Grandsons* (Harper, $2.50) does not come off as a novel and he seems to be trying to prove something about the atmosphere and conditions of American life but I could not make out just what. He tells his story in the first person and has his central character tell *his* story to Adamic in the first person, in a series of encounters spreading over a considerable period of time.

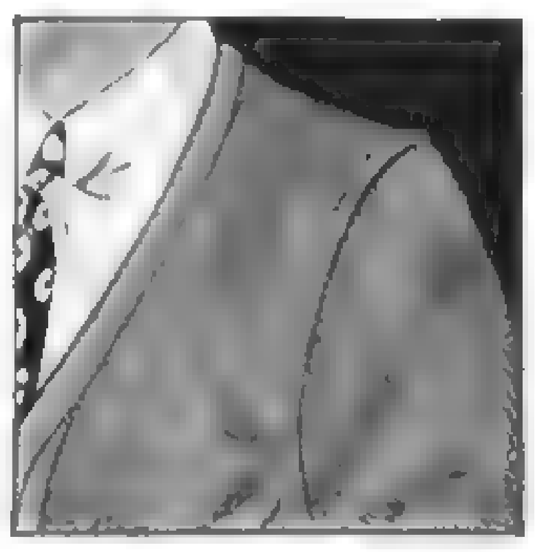
The two had met at the front overseas, and the Peter Gale of the novel is, like Adamic himself, from the melting-pot of America, Adamic as a Yugoslav immigrant and Peter as a third generation representative of a Yugoslav grandfather who had been a miner in Montana and had married an Indian and had been killed accidentally in the Haymarket riot in Chicago. There is some good stuff in the book, but whatever Adamic wants to say is not thought through. And perhaps, also, his talents do not lie in the direction of the novel.

I can see no excuse whatever for *Waiting For Nothing* (Knopf, $2), by Tom Kromer. It is related as the authentic experience of a down-and-outer who was formerly a teacher in a school for children of mountaineers, an educated and intelligent man. But, say what you will, it is masochistic in the extreme. When I tell you that the high spot in the book is when the author relates how he allowed himself to be picked up by a rich pervert and gives you the revolting details you will see the book as an indictment of the author not as an indictment of conditions.

Lady Chatterley's Second Husband (McBride, $2.) by Jehanne d'Orlac is swill. It is not even pornographic which would be its only excuse for being. Although much touted in advance, *I Came Out Alive* (Little, Brown, $2.50) by André Mikhelson so disgusted me with the author that I closed the book not only loathing it but not believing a single incident the author relates. It purports to be the personal narrative of a young scion of Polish wealth and nobility living in Moscow when the revolution broke out; of his embracing the cause of communism out of the excitement it offered and of his participating in sexual orgies, brutalities, executions and other "Bolshevik" activities until he had a change of heart and escaped from it all. He gives long dialogues, word for word, which he could not possibly have remembered; he tells of things he could not have known or witnessed; and he is throughout a disagreeable person, although he thinks he is quite all right. I don't think Virginia Faulkner's *The Barbarians* (Simon & Schuster, $2.) is funny or witty or smart or sophisticated, although it is touted as being all those things. Two timely books which you will want to read if not to keep are: *Ten Thousand Public Enemies* (Little, Brown, $3.) by Courtney Riley Cooper and *The Lindbergh Crime* (Blue Ribbon Books, $1.) by Sidney B. Whipple. The first written with the close cooperation of the fast-moving and extremely efficient Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice by one of the best of modern journalists is the amazing story of the Dillingers, Machine Gun Kelly, Baby Face Nelson and hundreds of other gunmen and criminals and how the federal agents have tracked them down. The second is a crackerjack newspaper man's complete and concise history of the kidnapping to the day Hauptmann was convicted of the murder of the child.



SOME call it a golf coat. It surely is that, and a good one, too. But even more—it's designed to give a lot of body warmth and arm freedom in any number of outdoor pursuits. Made of good suede leather with knitted sleeves—cut freely, yet tailored carefully. Pearson designers know the needs of out-of-doors men—they've been making fine coats and other things for them for 84 years. You'll find the label "Tailored by Pearson" in many of the best men's wear and sporting goods stores. J. B. Pearson Company, 65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.



The model illustrated is featured by Abercrombie and Fitch, New York. Colors of suede jackets are Cocoa and Champagne. Raglan shoulders or set-in sleeves.

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NOTE: The word "sport" is spelled that way, written that way, and pronounced that way in practically all modern languages. It is therefor being used here to illustrate a subject of which it is a part—a small part, but a significant part. The subject is a modern morning newspaper which (you are hereby warned) you will very probably want to read regularly if you are not already a member of the nationwide audience which reads it for sport news as it does for every other kind of important news.

To the Citizens of Emporia— Or Any of the 29 Springfields

It really makes no difference where you live—you read your news in your local newspaper, and you have little need for a New York City version of the same thing.

But what you *need* is one thing and what you may *want* is another—as far apart, and yet as close, as hunger and taste. You hunger for news. You have a taste for nationally important news as reported and interpreted by the best talent a nation can boast.

You may—as many do—get from New York the chatter columns on sports—the brightly written syndicate features by great names of newspaperdom. Or you may—as others are now doing—send for the complete news of sports as reported by a complete, outstanding newspaper.

It depends, naturally.

With the latter group in mind, with the obvious nationwide trend to complete sport news expertly reported, it was planned years ago that the New York Herald Tribune's sport section should be top of its kind, authoritative in every game.

* * *

Let's read the record backward, to see how the Herald Tribune accomplished this.

George Daley became sports editor of the Herald Tribune. Who was George Daley? He had already been sports editor of *The World* and the old *Herald*. He had graduated from Union College (which recently appointed him a fellow). He had become an authority on racing and football in particular.

On the more personal side, Daley admits to having received 37 invitations to make sport talks within the past month—(if you're not already familiar with it, "Sport Talk" is one of the much-read departments of every Sunday's and Monday's Herald Tribune).

Next: Harry Cross, a veteran among modern sportswriters—out of Harvard 1905. Also a Herald Tribune sportseditor, Cross knows as much of boxing as of football, is as well-versed in polo chukkers as baseball batteries, and as thoroughly at home wintersporting and skating as in Great Neck, Long Island, where he hangs his hat.

Sports statisticians figure Cross's active sporting contacts in the vicinity of 1000.

And then there is Stanley Woodward, another of these sports-bidextrous birds who can write with authority on all of them. But having graduated from the Amherst gridiron in 1916, his football learning soon made him a coaches' oracle. Incidentally, he made way-station stops at the Worcester *Telegram* and the Boston *Herald* en route to the Herald Tribune.

* * *

There's one man who could raise an army of followers from any of a dozen sport kingdoms—he also happens to be the fellow who gives Herald Tribune sports pages a peculiarly tasty flavor known as *Vidmer*. A concoction of stylistic sauce, word-sparkle and a dash of writing genius, Richards Vidmer's record reveals that he once coached football, and later impressed his employers on the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times* to the point of being a sports-page bright-light—in which capacity he joined the Herald Tribune in 1927.

In the same bracket belongs Rud Rennie. It was Rennie who stepped from Columbia to straight reporting and who proved forthwith that he owned a patent on a whimsical style. He now uses it to make newspaper masterpieces out of run-of-the-week ball-games.

The only thing he does better than ball game reporting is wrestling—it makes him laugh harder. If allowed, he would probably pay all college footballers a salary, believing, as he does, that pro-football makes the for-the-love-of-it version look almost silly.

Another man in the accounting is a racing authority of twenty years' standing, Canadian-born William J. MacBeth, who can be at once informative and entertaining on the subject of horse-racing. He, too, has a full sports editor's rating tucked in his bureau drawer. And there's likewise a New Yorker named Jesse Abramson who in 12 years of racing out to track and field meets for the Herald Tribune hasn't yet missed an important detail. Fact is, track followers and coaches keep racing after *him* for counsel.

As you might expect, the two Herald Tribune men with boats on their brain both came out of New Bedford, where the whale-ship atmosphere still hangs heavy. William H-for-Howland Taylor, because he sails his own and rates as both a newspaper and magazine writing authority on yachting, spends a good many waking hours dodging invitations to serve on this and that afterdeck. Everett Morris is one of these boat-knowing fellows who can glance at a fleet of sputtering outboards and make immediate sense out of it while everyone else is still trying to untangle the boats from the backwash.

* * *

Now this list is getting dangerously lengthy. Still, how can Fred Hawthorne be left off it? Entirely aside from his being the grandson of Nathaniel of the same name, he's been the Herald Tribune's tennis authority ever since Maurice McLaughlin wore knee pants and William J. Clothier was still national champion. There is, in addition, a well-founded report that no Madison Square Garden bicycle race has been known to start without his presence.

In connection with golf, it may be argued whether a man has any right to pick his own birthplace, but there remains the cold fact that the Herald Tribune's golf-expert reporter, Kerr Petrie, chose Carnoustie which is as near-Scotch as anything can be to the birthplace of golf. When the links freeze, the rinks get him—with the result that the Petrie twist and spark also appear in hockey news.

* * *

Here it is the end of the page, and a whole sports-writing squad still unaccounted for. Men like Murray Tynan whose department is his calling—"Saddle, Bridle and Spur"; and Donald Stillman whose "Rod and Gun" feature makes him an institution by himself. Nothing has been said either of Frank Dole—Number One man among dog lovers. Nor Guerney Gue—who paces the trotters. Nor Janet Owen, who covers the feminine world of sports.

But more than enough, certainly, has been said to give you the measure of just one Herald Tribune department—and a gauge for this newspaper as a whole.

And so—whichever of the 29 Springfields or the 48 States is yours, indulge your taste for nationally important news as covered by an internationally-known newspaper. It will prove a distinctly stimulating sensation. It will be a permanent boon to your news-reading pleasure.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

●

To the EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts

"Our Problems Are Different"

●

A business executive sooner or later will tell you, "Our business is different". And the natural follow-up to that is that his selling plan and advertising must be "different".

Of course it is possible to be both *original* and *different* and still be wrong. For example, there is the story of the restaurant which used pork instead of veal in making chicken sandwiches.

Unquestionably the executive is justified in saying that his business is different. But usually the difference is one of degree rather than of principle. Because those fundamentals of the selling structure which are of first importance, remain unchanged.

So it is possible to have what might be called a superstructure, of "original" sales plans and "different" advertising, but still lack a sound foundation in fundamentals.

Primarily, an advertising medium is a *Vehicle* for the delivery of mental impressions. In selecting a Medium, an executive is merely questioning (a) which Vehicle is best equipped for delivering his message, (b) to the *whole* group, *small* or *large*, which constitutes *all* of the potential buyers of his product.

A medium therefore must be prepared to answer, first *"How Many People?"*; next, *"How Frequently?"*; and finally *"At What Cost?"*. And the greatest of these is "How Many?" . . . because it means VOLUME.

Today, consumer advertising falls within three classifications, and in the following sequence of importance: (1) Maximum Volume (2) Fractional Volume (3) "Class".

Right now the VOLUME *Buying Power* of the nation rests squarely in the hands of the gainfully Employed. The vast army of Earners have a Vehicle of their own . . . to carry them to and from the very jobs which gain for them the power to buy your product. Their Vehicle is the street car.

So it is, that Car Advertising mingles intimately with the largest and most powerful gathering of Volume Buyers in the world today . . . not just once or twice a week or once a month, but every day, month after month.

This is one Vehicle's convincing answer to, "How Many People?" and "How Frequently?".

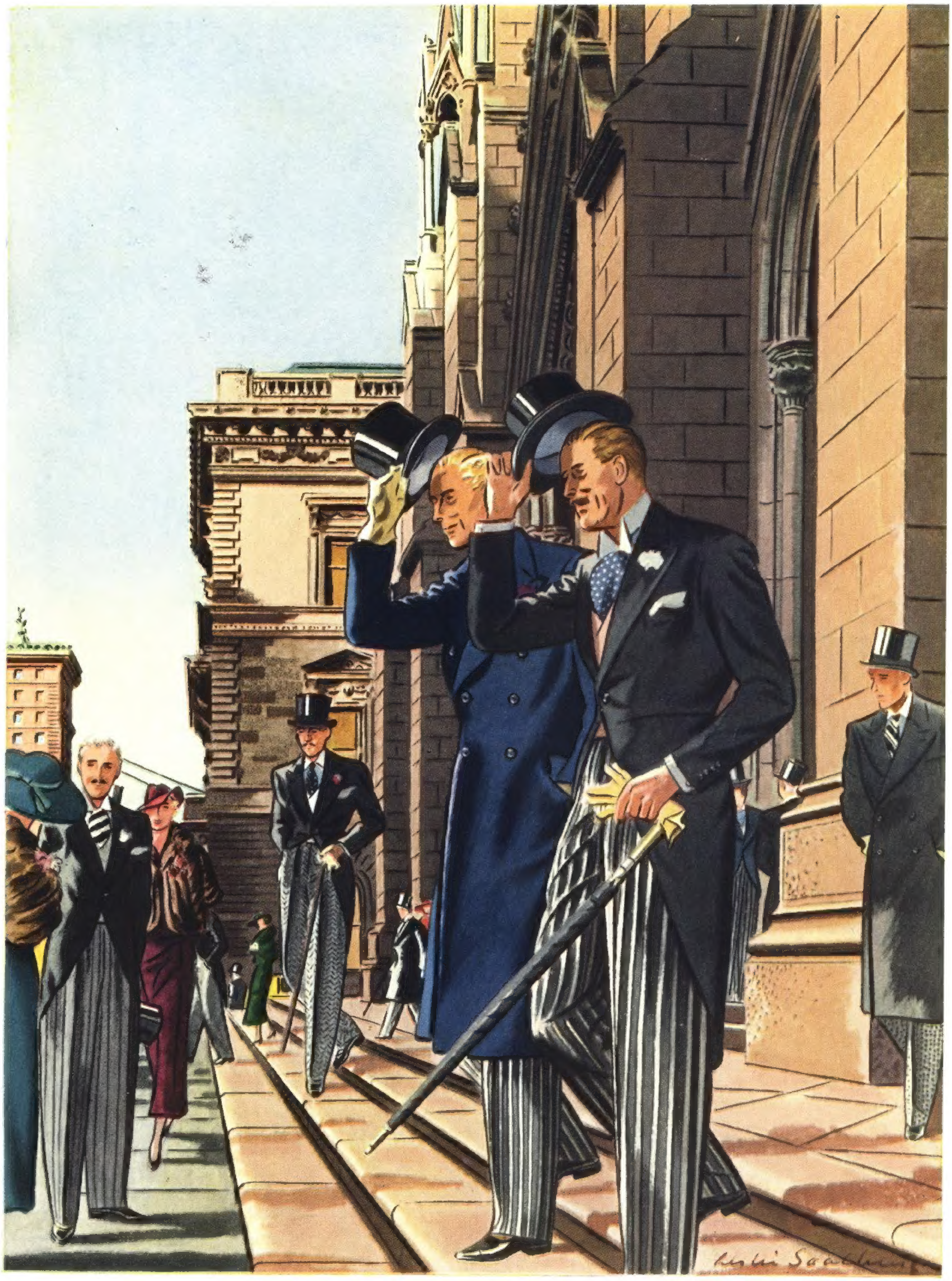
"At What Cost?": The street car is the only major medium which does not depend upon advertising for its chief support. The scores of millions of fares paid daily *by your Volume buyers* take care of that.

Elsewhere smaller groups of these street car riders may be reached, less frequently, at higher costs. Only in street cars can you reach *all* of them at the low cost of Car Advertising.

Be as *original* and *different* as policy permits . . . but when it comes to the serious business of selecting a Medium, remember that Volume has never been supplanted as a major objective. Perhaps you will go further than this and insist that Volume is the foundation of the whole sales structure.

Car Advertising is Volume Advertising. W.S.B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.
220 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK



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